The New Dawn

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The New Dawn
Chapter #1
Chapter title: Life is such a puzzling affair
18 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE TRIED, AND CANNOT FIND THE WORDS THAT ADEQUATELY CONVEY THE BEAUTY OF THOSE MOMENTS WHEN YOU ENTER THE AUDITORIUM. I SEE THE HEADS OF MY BELOVED FRIENDS BEND DOWN: THEIR LOVE AND REVERENCE FOR YOU IS SO POIGNANT, AND TOUCHES ME SO DEEPLY. AND WHEN YOUR EYES FALL ON MINE, I FEEL AS IF I AM DRINKING FROM A CHALICE FULL OF GOLDEN LIGHT. THIS CONNECTION BETWEEN YOU AND US, YOUR DEVOTEES, THIS IS THE REAL "HOLY COMMUNION," ISN'T IT?

Maneesha, the space, the connection, the merging and the melting that can be called communion, is one of the great

secrets of religious life. We have to understand another word before we can comprehend the meaning and the fragrance of the word `communion', and that word is `communication'. We all know what it means. When two persons are meeting without meeting, without any merging, without any melting -- both are keeping a safe distance from each other -- it is called communication.

They may be talking, but nobody is hearing. They are talking almost as if in sleep. Their talk may be apparently relevant, rational, but deep down, it is something totally different. When one is speaking, the other is pretending to listen, but he is really preparing what he is going to say after the other stops. He is not silent, he is not absorbing, he is not allowing the other to approach his heart.

In fact, when two persons are meeting, there are four persons, not two. Two are the real persons which are hidden behind two false personalities; both are pretending to be what they are not. Both are trying to show their best, both are on exhibition, both are showmen. The real persons are hidden behind; they are unapproachable. You can at the most have contact with the mask, with the personality. And because the personality is false, all its promises are false, all its commitments are false -- it says something, it does just the opposite. It says something, it means something else. To watch two persons, just as an observer, you will be surprised: nobody is hearing anybody, and yet both are pretending that they are not only hearing, they are understanding, they are responding. And what is their response? They just catch a word, and they jump in and start talking. It seems to be related, because they have caught a word from your talk. But they are not responding

to you; they have been preparing what they are saying without hearing you.

I have heard ... An old man is sitting in a railway compartment and a young man in front of him asks, "Can I know the time?" The old man has a watch, but the old man thinks for a while. The young man thinks, "It is strange, I have just asked about the time -- what is he thinking? Perhaps he is deaf, he is old." So he shouts loudly, "I want to know, what is the time?"

The old man said, "Listen, young man, I am not deaf. I have heard that you want to know what the time is, but I was thinking whether to tell you the time or not, because life is such a puzzling affair, and I am so experienced."

The young man said, "This is such a simple question. You have a watch, you can just tell me the time; there is no problem, no puzzle, nothing."

He said, "You don't understand. Once I tell you the time, one thing leads to another. I will ask you, `Where are you going?' And you will say, `The next station,' and I will say, `That's strange, I am also going there. In fact I live there, so why don't you come and have a cup of coffee with us?' But I have a young girl, very beautiful, and it is absolutely certain that you will fall in love with each other. And I don't want my daughter to be married to a man who does not have even a wristwatch. So I was thinking, `Now this young man is trying to create a trouble for me.'"

Life is certainly puzzling.

And these people are conversing with each other!

Two professors were in the same madhouse, and the superintendent wanted to know what would happen if they

were both put in the same cell. Both were great intellectuals, well-known writers.
So he puts them both in one cell, and he has a small window from where he can watch but they cannot see him. And they immediately get into a very involved conversation. He is puzzled because one is talking about the earth and the other is talking about the sky, and the conversation is going perfectly well; there is no connection at all. It is impossible to find at what point they connect. They are like parallel lines which never meet, but go on running side by side.
Finally he opens the door. He cannot resist the temptation, and he tells them, "I cannot understand. You are both talking, and talking beautifully, but you are not relating with each other." And they both say, "You need not be worried, we know the art of conversation: I wait while he talks; when he stops, I talk. He waits, he is a very polite fellow. When I stop, he starts -- this is the art of conversation."
But the superintendent said, "But you don't connect with each other." And both laughed; they said, "Who does connect with each other?"
In the whole world people are only pretending to connect; otherwise everybody is waiting for the other to stop, so he can start. He says what he wants to say; it has nothing to do with the other person and what he has said. You just watch yourself talking to people, and you will be surprised: those two mad professors were not wrong about everybody.

Paddy and Mick met in the street. "Have you seen Mulligan lately?" asked Paddy.

"Well," answered Mick, "I have, and I haven't."
"And what do you mean by that?" asked Paddy.
"Well," said Mick, "it's like this: I saw a chap that he thought was me, and when we got up to one another, it was neither of us."

It looks insane, but whenever you are meeting with people, neither you are you, nor the other person is himself. Both are wearing a facade, a mask. Both are hiding behind it; the realities don't come in contact, only the hypocrisies communicate. And communication is the only thing we ordinarily know. Communion is possible when the personalities are dropped and instead of four there are only two -- the real and authentic beings.
Communion is a silent meeting.
Just as a river disappears into the ocean, two beings disappear into each other, without holding anything back. Two flames come close to each other and suddenly become one flame. Neither loses anything, and both gain all the treasures of the other.
Maneesha, you are saying, "I have tried and cannot find the words that adequately convey the beauty of those moments when you enter the auditorium." Words will always fail whenever something really beautiful, something existential, something of the beyond, something sacred is happening. Words simply fall short.
Always remember, when words fall short, it is a very blissful moment; when you cannot express it, then it has some significance. If you can express it, if it is possible to put it into words and language, then it is just something below mind.

Everything below mind is mundane.
Everything beyond mind is sacred.
But that which is beyond mind cannot be put into language, into words. So whenever you see a moment arising in you that is so big that no word can contain it, you are blessed; you are showered by flowers from the beyond.
You are saying, "I see the heads of my beloved friends bend down: their love and reverence for you is so poignant, and touches me so deeply. And when your eyes fall on mine, I feel as if I am drinking from a chalice full of golden light. This connection between you and us, your devotees, this is the real `holy communion', isn't it?"
Yes, this is the holy communion, where the egos disappear in a great flood of love, where small minds are left far behind, and you are flying like eagles across the sun, in the infinity of the sky -- where you are not bound by your bodies, by your minds; where suddenly, you have become a freedom, a spirit. And if there are many people together in the same space it certainly deepens the mystery, the glory, the magnificence, the divineness of the moment. Yes, Maneesha, this is what I call "holy communion."
I am not.
I have not been there for a long time.
In certain moments you join me, and you are also no more. In this silence, in this nothingness, where neither I am nor you are, but only a silence prevails -- this is the "holy communion." This is the greatest beatitude, the highest benediction.
This is the door to the divine. This is the door invisible to the eyes, but perfectly visible to the inner being.

Those who enter this door are no more Hindus, no more Christians, no more Buddhists. They are simply pure spirits, just innocent beings -- with a fragrance they have never known, which surrounds them with a light that dispels all darkness ... with a music which is without any sound, and a feeling of dance, although there is not any movement.
This is the great secret of being religious.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
MANY GERMANS THINK MARTIN LUTHER TO BE A GREAT REBEL. HE TOPPLED THE ABSOLUTE POWER OF THE POPE, MADE THE LATIN BIBLE AVAILABLE TO ALL BY TRANSLATING IT, AND MARRIED A NUN. YET HE IMMEDIATELY JOINED OTHER VESTED INTERESTS. AND THE WHOLE EVENT IS CALLED "THE REFORMATION." CAN YOU PLEASE SPEAK ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN REBELLION AND REFORMATION, AND WHETHER REAL REBELLION CAN TURN INTO REFORMATION.

Prem Nirvano, I have never spoken on Martin Luther for a particular reason. He was neither rebellious, nor religious; he was a pure politician. He toppled the power of the pope, not because he was against power -- he wanted to have it himself, he was jealous of it. Because he could not get it, he created a split in Christianity between those who followed the pope and those who followed him.

His desire for power was so great that as soon as he had created the split in Christianity, he immediately joined hands with the vested interests. This is not possible for a rebel.

A rebel is always a rebel. It does not matter who has the power, he is always against people having power; his whole philosophy is decentralization of power. Power should not be centralized in a few hands, either political or economic or religious. It should be decentralized. It should be given to everybody -- to every individual, his own power. Nobody should be in possession of somebody else's power.

Martin Luther was a cunning politician. It was because of his cunningness and political acumen that he managed to create a rift in Christianity, pretending to be a great rebel. Jealousy finds a thousand and one ways to hide its face. His whole mind was bent upon becoming the pope, but if it was not possible, then he would not allow anybody else to remain in absolute power. The people who followed him are not accidentally called Protestants. Basically, he was protesting against the power of the pope, not so that the power should be distributed, but so that he should be given the power. And just to show that he does not care about the pope, he married a nun and he translated the BIBLE into the living languages.

The pope was against both: a monk should be a celibate, and the pope was not willing to have the BIBLE translated into the ordinary languages which people use. The reasons are clear -- it is not only the pope, all the religions in the world have resisted having their holy scriptures translated into the living languages which people speak. The fear is that if they can understand what is written in the holy

scripture, they will pass through a great shock -- because there is nothing much holy in it.

And there is so much unholy in it ...

these so-called holy scriptures cannot even be considered great literature. Their standard is so mundane, so mediocre that all the religions of the world have thought it is better that they should remain in languages which nobody understands anymore.

When you hear somebody chanting sutras in Sanskrit, it seems they must have meaning of tremendous significance -- particularly all old languages are very musical. They had to be, because writing came into existence very late, and people had to remember. And it is easier to remember poetry than to remember prose. So all holy scriptures are poetic, and all old languages -- Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian, Chinese -- are all very musical. If you don't understand them, they sound great. It feels like there must be a secret hidden meaning in these musical, beautiful words.

Translated, they fall flat on the ground; there is nothing much in them. They are so ordinary that sometimes one feels ashamed -- this is my holy scripture? Many of the holy scriptures are full of obscenity, full of pornography. The HOLY BIBLE has five hundred pages of sheer pornography. The pope was afraid because to bring the BIBLE into ordinary living languages, which people know and use, was dangerous. And celibacy was the fundamental attitude of all religions, not only of Christianity.

Martin Luther was so angry because he could not become the pope -- and it was not in his hands to become the pope; a pope is elected by the cardinals.

They have a special way of electing a pope: there are perhaps two hundred topmost cardinals who gather in the Vatican whenever a pope dies. There is a special place in the Vatican where there are two hundred small cells. Those cardinals move into those cells for twenty-four hours, fasting, praying, finding the message of God within their hearts: who should be the pope? After twenty-four hours, they write the name of one of the cardinals from amongst those two hundred cardinals, and then all those pieces of paper are collected. Whoever gets more votes, whoever gets his name written by more cardinals than anybody else, is chosen as the pope.

It is a very strange election: you cannot campaign, you cannot ask somebody, "Please give your vote to me" -- it is prohibited. And you cannot meet anybody else while you are deciding; you are closed in your small cell. It is hoped that, fasting and praying, you will do something which will be right, which will not come out of political considerations but which will come out of deeper feelings: who is really capable of being the head of the whole religion? -- because he is going to be the representative of Jesus Christ.

Martin Luther had no hope ... but he could create a protest, and he chose two particular points on which people would support him -- this is simple politics -- because many priests, bishops, and cardinals wanted to get married, but had not the courage to fight against the tradition. When Martin Luther married a nun, immediately so many other priests and bishops followed -- not that they were convinced that Martin Luther's ideology was right, but because he was giving them an opportunity to get married and yet remain a Christian. They were tired of suppressing.

And the masses supported him because he was bringing the BIBLE into the language of the people. People wanted to know what was in the BIBLE; it was a mystery to them. Martin Luther could not become the pope of the whole of Christianity, but he became the head of the Protestant Church. He became a second pope of a sect which had broken away from the mainstream. I have never spoken on him consideredly, because I don't count him, in any way, amongst the religious people -- he was not rebellious at all. He was simply jealous, and that is the reason why, as he separated from the church and created a new sect, he immediately joined hands with the establishments of other vested interests. He needed power, he needed money, he needed new churches; he needed everything to create a whole religion -- and he created it.

It is called in the books of history, Nirvano, "The Reformation." In a very ordinary way, it can be called a reformation -- nothing much to brag about. What is great in marrying a nun? Is there some great revolution happening? Millions of people are married. What is great in translating the BIBLE from Latin? It was translated from Hebrew into Greek, from Greek into Latin, so what was the problem? It had already been translated into different languages; now it could be translated into English, into German. Yes, there was some kind of reformation, but I don't give any value to it.

One man came to me a few years ago with a letter of introduction from one of my old professors: "This man is very revolutionary, you will like him. I am sending him to you, he always wanted to meet you."

I asked the man, "What kind of revolution have you made? Or what kind of revolutionary thoughts do you have?" He said, "I have married a widow."
I said, "What revolution is this? Every widow should be allowed to be married. What? Is this all the revolution that you have done, or is there any other revolution?"
He said, "Up to now I have done only this revolution."
I said, "This is not much of a revolution."
In another place I met a man who was known in that area as very revolutionary -- and what was he doing? He was doing collective marriages. Ordinarily, one man goes to marry a woman, but he would collect a dozen women and a dozen men to cut expenses -- just one priest can do the whole process for one dozen couples, there is no need to do it one dozen times. And he was thought to be a great social revolutionary.
I said, "What kind of revolution are you doing?"
But these are the things that are thought to be revolutionary. What Martin Luther has done is just ordinary; it does not make any change in human consciousness. It has not raised the Protestant Christians, in any way, higher in consciousness than the Catholics. It does not in any way contribute to the betterment of humanity. It has just fulfilled the egoistic desire of Martin Luther to be a pope himself, the head of the Protestant religion; he claimed to be the real successor of Jesus Christ. I am not interested at all in these kinds of reformations; basically, they are stupid. But people will start proclaiming such things to be revolution, social reformation.

Revolution is a big word. It should change some foundations of life. Reformation is not that big, but still it should formulate better life systems.
What has Martin Luther done? He translated the BIBLE into German, and became himself a head and proclaimed, "I am the real representative of Jesus Christ" -- because he did not have any hope or any possibility to be chosen as pope. He was so stubborn and so egoistic that nobody wanted him. He was not even a cardinal -- the question of being chosen as pope does not arise.
So it was just ambition, and to fulfill his ambition he had to persuade the public mind that he was doing something good for their welfare. Of course nuns liked it, because many nuns were dying to get married; many monks liked it -- they were dying to get married and they could not tell anyone. The people who followed him were the people who were cowards and could not take a stand on their own. And the masses loved the idea that the BIBLE should be available in their own language, but it changes nothing. Instead of one pope, now there are two popes. Instead of one Christianity, now there are two Christianities. And what is the difference between them? -- just these are the differences, not even worth calling differences.

Paddy was dawdling on the way to work, looking half asleep. Mick caught up with him. "What is wrong with you this fine morning?" asked Mick. "You look half asleep."
"I am half asleep," said Paddy. "I was up half the night."
"What was the trouble?" pursued Mick.

"It was the cat," replied Paddy. "I had to sit up till midnight waiting for her to come in so I could put her out for the night."

Reformation, revolution, rebellion -- we have to take these words out of the hands of those people who have destroyed their beauty and their meaning.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
GROWTH IS MY PASSION, TRANSFORMATION MY FIRST LOVE. BECAUSE I HOLD THE BELIEF THAT GROWTH COMES THROUGH HARD WORK, STRUGGLE, AND AGONY, I AM HAPPIEST WHEN I AM IN PAIN, WHICH I INTERPRET AS BEING USEFUL FOR MY GROWTH. I KEEP THIS BELIEF, BECAUSE MY EXPERIENCE IS THAT MANY TIMES AFTER DEEP SUFFERING, A BREAKTHROUGH HAPPENS FOR ME. WOULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN THE SUFFERING I FEEL AS A SEEKER AND HOW IT DIFFERS FROM MY OLD NEUROTIC MISERY?

Avirbhava, I think you have a certain point of significance: misery can certainly be different from suffering -- it may not be, but there is a possibility of its being different. Misery is a state of mind when the night is dark and you don't have even a hope of any dawn. When all hopes die, you shrink within yourself.
You want to die, but you cannot die either. You cannot live, you cannot die; you are crushed between the two. This kind of misery does not help growth; on the contrary, it destroys

all the possibilities of growth. The night becomes longer and longer, and the dawn goes on receding farther and farther. Instead of having a breakthrough, you can only have a breakdown.

But there are states of mind when you are in suffering; misery is absolutely negative, suffering has a positive side to it. Suffering means you have a longing, a hope, and you are not finding a way. You are searching, but you are failing again and again. You are trying your best to come out of it -- you are struggling with your suffering, you have not accepted it as your fate. Then there is a possibility that the night will end -- a new dawn, a new beginning, a new consciousness.

The difference is in whether you have accepted your suffering as your fate -- "this is all life is" -- then it is misery. If you have not accepted it as your life, but only as birth pangs -- that when you are being born you have to pass through a certain pain, but there is a future beyond pain, and the pain is going to help you to reach that state beyond it -- then suffering has a possibility of breakthrough.

And Avirbhava, as I know you ... I have been watching you. It is something special -- you may start crying, in a moment, tears, big tears, real big tears. And then suddenly all the clouds have moved and Avirbhava starts smiling a beautiful smile. The tears have disappeared. And within a second again -- as many seconds as it takes for me to come from the room to my chair, or to go from my chair back to the room -- in this small time span, Avirbhava can go into many breakthroughs. I just go on watching her, and she goes on changing.

Any moment, absolutely unpredictable ...
so many seasons come and go, and between all these tears and laughter, she looks absolutely innocent, like a child, utterly pure. Her tears don't look like tears of misery. And her observation seems to be perfectly right. Perhaps what brings tears to her eyes helps her to move towards laughter. And so easy and quick is the change. Everybody once in a while feels such things, but you have old type gears, you have to change by hand. She has automatic gears -- just for no reason at all, one moment ...
Just one joke for her:

Hymie Goldberg was stopped on the highway for speeding. The traffic officer was about to book him when he saw there were fifteen penguins sitting in the back seat of Hymie's car.
"What are those penguins doing there?" asked the traffic officer.
"They were hitching a ride," said Hymie, "so I picked them up. I am taking them to the zoo."
"Okay," said the traffic officer, "I will let you off this time."
The following week Hymie was stopped for speeding on the highway again by the same traffic officer, who recognized the same fifteen penguins in the back of the car. This time all the penguins were wearing sunglasses.
"I thought you said you were taking those penguins to the zoo?" said the traffic officer.
"Yes, officer," said Hymie, "that was last week. Today we are going to the beach."

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn

Chapter #2

Chapter title: Sanity is just boring
19 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
FOR THE PAST THREE MONTHS, I HAVE BEEN WORKING PHYSICALLY QUITE HARD IN THE GARDEN. I LOVED THE WORK VERY MUCH, AND I FELT DEEPLY CONNECTED TO YOU. IT WAS AS IF YOUR CREATIVITY AND GRACE WERE BLISSFULLY FLOWING THROUGH ME. BUT SOMEHOW IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS, I HAVE FALLEN OUT OF THIS BEAUTIFUL SPACE AND I HAVE SEEN A LOT OF OLD GHOSTS TURNING UP AGAIN: IMPATIENCE, COMPETITIVENESS, PERFECTIONISM, LOTS OF ANGER AND SERIOUSNESS. SIMULTANEOUSLY, I VERY PAINFULLY EXPERIENCED MY BEING LESS CONNECTED WITH YOU, TO WHOM I HAVE FELT SO CLOSE AND WHO ALLOWED ME TO BE SO CLOSE.
WHILE WRITING THIS I CANNOT CONTAIN MY TEARS. WHAT WENT WRONG? SOON I HAVE TO LEAVE BUT I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE WITH THIS BURDEN. PLEASE, BELOVED, HELP ME, AND

SHOW ME WHERE I MISSED, SO THAT I CAN LEAVE IN JOY AND PEACE AND CARRY YOU WITH ME IN MY HEART.

Premda, the evolution of consciousness goes through many ups and downs. It is a hilly track. Nothing has gone wrong with you -- it is just that you are not acquainted with how the path moves. Many times it goes down just to go higher than before. It passes through valleys to reach to the peaks, and each peak is just a beginning of a new pilgrimage because a higher peak is ahead of you. But to reach to the higher peak, you will have to go down again. Once you have understood that it is natural, all your misery, all your clouds will simply disperse.

You have been doing perfectly well. So the first thing to be remembered is, never be worried when days of down-going come; keep your eyes always on the faraway stars. Those valleys are parts of the mountains. You cannot take the valleys away and leave the mountains alone. Once this sinks deep into you, you will pass through the valleys dancing and singing, knowing perfectly well that a higher peak is waiting for you. And there is no end to this pilgrimage. Just as every day is followed by night, every height is followed by a down-going.

One has to learn not only to rejoice in the day but to rejoice in the night too -- it has its own beauty. The peaks have their glory, the valleys have their richness. But if you become addicted to the peaks only, you have started choosing, and any consciousness that starts choosing gets into trouble. Remain choiceless, and whatever comes, enjoy it as a part of natural growth.

The night may become even darker, but the darker the night becomes, the closer is the dawn. So rejoice in the darkening night, and learn to see the beauty of darkness, of the stars, because in the day you will not find those stars. And never compare what has been, and what should be, and what is. What is has to be rejoiced.

Now you are going away from me -- this will give you a new experience, because you may be going away from me but I am not going away from you. You will find me in your joyful moments and you will find me in your sad moments. A life which knows no sadness, no tears, remains poor. Life has to know all the varieties of experiences to be rich. The more you know different aspects of existence, and still keep yourself together and centered, the more your life will find itself becoming richer and richer every moment, every day.

Going away is just a means of coming back again. How can you come back if you don't go away? Always look at life as a dialectical process.

Here, night brings the day.

Here, death brings a new life.

Here, sadness brings a new rejoicing.

Here, emptiness brings a new fulfillment.

Everything is connected together ... it is part of one organic whole. We create problems by dividing things. Learn the art -- not to divide, but simply to remain alert, watchful, enjoying whatsoever life provides.

You are here with me; you will be in Germany with me because my being with you is not a physical affair. It is a love affair which knows no distances of time, no distances of space. Wherever you are, you will find me. In whatever

situation you are, you will find me. Just remember one thing: accept everything that life gives to you. If it gives you darkness, enjoy it -- dance under the stars in the dark night, remembering that every night is nothing but a womb for a new dawn, and every day is going to rest again in the darkness of the night.

When it is fall and the trees become naked, and all the foliage falls down, just watch the old leaves flying in the wind in the forest, almost dancing. And the naked trees have a beauty of their own against the sky, but they are not going to remain naked forever. The old leaves have fallen just to give place for new leaves, new flowers.

Existence goes on renewing itself every moment. You should keep in tune with existence, never ask otherwise. That is the root cause of misery: when it is night, you cry for the day; when it is day, you cry for the rest of the night. Then life becomes a misery, a hell. You can make it a paradise by just accepting whatever is given to you with a grateful heart. Don't judge whether it is good or bad. Your gratefulness will transform everything into a beautiful experience, and will deepen your awareness, will heighten your love, will make you a beautiful flower with great fragrance.

Just learn the art of total acceptance.

Gautam Buddha calls this the philosophy of thusness: whatever is, accept it as the nature of reality. Don't even imagine to go against it. Never go against the current; just follow the river wherever it leads.

Two tramps sat with their backs against a tree. "You know, Jim," the first tramp mused, "this business of tramping your

way through life is not what it is cracked up to be -- wandering, unwanted everywhere, sneered at by your fellow man."
"Well," observed the second tramp, "if that's the way you feel about it, why don't you go and find yourself a job?"
"What?" exclaimed his friend, "and admit that I'm a failure?"

Never admit that you are a failure. The secret of thusness, the secret of total acceptance, is the secret of absolute success; you cannot fail. There is no power anywhere that can make you a failure, because even in failure you will be dancing and rejoicing. Transform every opportunity into something creative and beautiful.
I don't want you to get the illusory idea of remaining permanently in the same state of mind; that is possible only if you are dead. If you are alive, climates will change, seasons will change; and you have to learn through winters, through summers, through rains. You have to pass through all these seasons with a dance in your heart, knowing perfectly well that existence is never against you. So whatever it gives, it may be bitter, but it is a medicine. It may not taste sweet to you in the beginning, but finally you will find it has given you something which just one state of mind could not have given.
So whatever is happening is good ... take it easy. This will not stay, this will also change; but don't make any effort to change it. Leave it up to existence. This is what I call trust. Existence is wiser than you and will provide you with all the opportunities needed for your growth.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
THE WHITE CLOUD IS NOW AN EXPERIENCE. THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGED THE MOMENT I LET GO. EXISTENCE TAKES CARE, AND LIFE IS AN ADVENTURE. SO THIS WAY OF LIFE -- NO NATIONALITY, NO HOUSE, NO SOCIETY -- IS TREMENDOUSLY RICH AND BEAUTIFUL INSIDE. THE OUTER WORLD SEEMS SOMETIMES LIKE A BAD DREAM. EVERYWHERE I GO I AM A PROBLEM FOR PEOPLE, AND EVERYWHERE THERE ARE HOUSES IN WHICH THERE IS SOMEBODY WHO SAYS, "THIS IS MY HOUSE." MANY ARE AFRAID OF DROPPING THEIR MASKS, BUT HAPPINESS IS MY BLESSING. THANK YOU, OSHO, FOR CREATING ME. AS YOUR LOVER NOW, IN THIS REALITY, MY CHARACTER HAS BECOME LIKE YOURS. WHEREVER I GO, IT FEELS YOU GO THERE -- OR SHIVA, OR KRISHNA. THIS IS MY REAL FAMILY. IS EVERYTHING OKAY WITH ME, OSHO?

Shanti Vikalpa, everything is absolutely okay with you. That's what I was telling Premda. He is feeling something has gone wrong. The only thing is that somewhere in the corner of your mind there is still a question mark; otherwise the question would not have arisen. Everything is perfectly good except the last sentence when you ask, "Is everything okay with me, Osho?" That sentence is not right; otherwise, everything is perfectly okay.

But I can understand when it happens for the first time ... it is so vast, so enormous, so inconceivable to you that you cannot believe it is happening to you. And when you look at others ... and just because of old habit, you compare; then the question arises -- it is not happening to everybody, it is happening only to me. Am I right or have I gone crazy?
In fact, you have gone crazy -- that's why you are right.
I teach nothing but craziness.
This whole existence is crazy. Here, sanity is sickness. Here, wildness ... a beautiful madness, a state beyond mind is the way to know the greatest blessings and the purest joy, the secret-most truth.
Look at all the trees, the birds, the stars, the ocean, the mountains -- do you think all these people are sane? If they were sane, they would have been praying in churches, reading the HOLY BIBLE or SHRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA or the holy KORAN, praying in some synagogue, listening to some stupid rabbi. But these crazy people all over the vast universe don't care a bit about any religion, about any philosophy; they simply go on singing their song, dancing their dance.
Do you think these birds who go on chitchatting ever bother whether they are right or wrong? Spring comes and trees are burdened with flowers and fruits. Do they brag? Their acceptance is so total that in their acceptance and totality, no question arises at all. This is their beautiful craziness.
Craziness has something tremendously interesting.
Sanity is just boring. If by some misfortune you happen to be with some sane person for a few hours, he will start driving you insane.

I have a story: When India and Pakistan were divided, there was a big madhouse just on the border. Nobody was interested in the madhouse, whether it goes to Pakistan or to India, but it had to go somewhere. And because no politicians were interested, finally the superintendent gathered all the mad inmates and asked them, "Do you want to go to India or to Pakistan?" They said, "We are perfectly happy here. We don't want to go anywhere."

The superintendent tried hard to explain to them that, "You will not have to go anywhere. You will remain here, but just tell me where you want to go -- to India, or to Pakistan?" Those crazy people said, "Have you gone crazy? You are saying, `You will remain here.' And still you are asking, `Where are you going -- to India or to Pakistan?' We don't want to go anywhere. We are perfectly happy here."

The superintendent tried in every way, but he himself started feeling a little dizzy because what they were saying seemed to be absolutely right: if they don't have to go anywhere, then what is the problem? They are perfectly happy.

Finally it was decided ... because they could not be convinced, they could not even be explained to; they were all laughing and enjoying the whole thing -- what kind of stupidity is this? So finally the superintendent decided to divide the madhouse into two parts.

A big wall was raised in the middle; those who were living on the other side became citizens of Pakistan and those who were living on this side became citizens of India. And I have heard that still those madmen climb up the wall and talk to each other, and they say, "This is strange. We are

where we used to be always, and now you have gone to Pakistan and we have gone to India. It seems the whole world has gone insane. By great fortune, it is good that we are inside and not outside; outside it seems everything has gone insane."

They are still meeting on the wall, laughing and enjoying, that this is a wonderful experience. Everything is as it used to be, everybody is in his own room -- just a wall has been added in the middle. Those mad people seem to be certainly more sane than the people outside in the world. We go on drawing lines dividing countries, making new countries, fighting for new countries -- and we are where we are.

You are perfectly right. Just don't listen to the insane people of the world, and don't compare; otherwise, this question will become a persistent visitor to you. Except the last line, your whole question is a beautiful statement of how a sannyasin should be. Just drop the last line; I don't think it will be very difficult to drop.

Two Irishmen are driving to a pub with a bomb in the back of their car and evil plans in their minds. One turns to the other and says, "What if the bomb goes off before we get there?"

"Don't worry," the other replies, "I have got a spare in the boot."

Just enjoy the insanity all around.

Of course they will call you crazy; there is no need to argue. There is nothing wrong in being crazy. They have always called the people who were different from them

crazy. They have called Socrates a madman, they have called Jesus a madman, they have called Mansoor a madman, they have called Sarmad a madman. And this is their strategy: first, they call these people mad; then they have found a right excuse to kill them. But they don't know they are killing their highest peaks of consciousness, their greatest sons. They are destroying their own glory.
Socrates is reported to have said to the chief judge who ordered his death sentence by poison, "Remember one thing: your names will be remembered only because of me; otherwise you would have been forgotten. You will remain obliged forever to the man you are sending to death because I am going to become an immortal, and your names will be remembered only because you did this stupid thing." And certainly, it is true; who would have remembered those judges? But because of Socrates, those names are remembered.

Who would have remembered Pontius Pilate? It is because Jesus was ordered to be crucified by him; otherwise Judea was such a small country of no significance, and there have been many governor generals before Pontius Pilate and after him ...
nobody remembers their names. There is nothing in Pontius Pilate for which he should be remembered. He is remembered only because he killed a man who was unique and different from the masses.
I have heard ... In a small school the teacher was telling the students, small boys and girls, about the trinity of Christian theology: God, the son Jesus Christ, and the holy ghost.

These three are equivalent to the Hindu trimurti, the three faces of God -- Brahma, Vishnu, Mahesh.
After explaining everything about the concept of the trinity, she asked the students, "Can you draw a picture of all three according to your own idea?"
They all tried, but she was struck by a small little boy because he had made an airplane with four windows. And from each window, one face was looking out. The teacher said, "I have been telling you for one hour continuously that God consists of the trinity."
The boy said, "That's what I have made: this is God in the first window, in the second window is his son, Jesus Christ, and in the third window is the holy ghost."
And the teacher said, "Why is this fourth window there? Who is this fellow?"
He said, "In an airplane, without Pontius the pilot who will fly the airplane?"
A pilot is absolutely needed. Even small children remember according to their own idea. Pontius Pilate becomes Pontius the pilot.
Don't be worried what people say about you. Remember only one thing:
If you are feeling blissful, you are right.
To me, that is the criterion of being right. If you are feeling ecstatic, you have super-sanity, because that is the only criterion of an authentic intelligence and a sane person.
Always look within yourself, not outside at what people are saying. They will call you all kinds of names; they will try to prove that you are mad, you are insane. It does not matter what they say. It is their problem if they think that you are insane; it is not your problem. You should look

within yourself. If there is light, beauty, peace, silence, and if flowers are blossoming in your consciousness, then you can stand against the whole world without ever doubting, because the inner experience has an intrinsic certainty, absolute and categorical.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
WHEN I LOOK INSIDE MYSELF, I CATCH A GLIMPSE OF WHAT SEEMS LIKE CENTURIES OF CONDITIONING. I FEEL THAT I CERTAINLY WILL NOT BECOME ENLIGHTENED, ALTHOUGH OTHERS MIGHT. IS THIS ATTITUDE A NATURAL MISTRUST? IS THIS ATTITUDE A HABIT I HAVE TO BREAK? OSHO, WILL THIS ATTITUDE PREVENT ME FROM BECOMING ENLIGHTENED? PLEASE, SHOWER SOME LIGHT ON ME.

Divyam Mayo, your question needs great consideration for the simple reason that it is going to arise for many sannyasins at different stages, but it has to be divided so that you can understand clearly what is happening.
First you say, "When I look inside myself, I catch a glimpse of what seems like centuries of conditioning." This will happen to everybody because everybody has been conditioned for centuries. You are forgetting just one thing -- which is often forgotten by seekers of their inner world, and this is most important to remember, not to forget.
You are saying, "When I look inside, I catch a glimpse of what seems like centuries of conditioning." One thing is certain: that you are not part of the conditioning, you are

the watcher. When you go in, you see centuries of conditioning around your consciousness. But you are not part of the conditioning, and that is the only ray of hope. Conditionings may be of centuries, it does not matter. The moment you disidentify yourself with them, they lose all power. You become immediately free. Who is seeing the centuries of conditioning? Certainly the seer, the observer is separate from that which he is seeing. You go into the garden and you see all these trees, but you don't feel identified with those trees; you go inside and you find centuries of conditioning, but you are not the conditioning. Realizing this is the beginning of a revolution in your very idea about yourself.

You are consciousness.

Conditionings are just like dust which has gathered on the mirror; it can be washed away, and the mirror will come to its purity immediately. No dust can destroy the mirror, it can only hide it. Conditionings can hide you, but they cannot destroy you. Just as dust can be removed from the mirror, conditionings can be removed as easily.

Secondly you say, "I feel that I certainly will not become enlightened, although others might." This certainty that you will not become enlightened is arising because of your misunderstanding about conditionings. Seeing so many conditionings, you have lost hope. You think you will never become enlightened -- you are certain -- "although others might." Do you think others are new people in the world? They are as old as you are. They have passed through all that you have passed through. They have gathered as much dust as you have gathered. But your misunderstanding is giving you a certainty. Once your

misunderstanding is dropped, you are enlightened in that very moment.

Only one thing is certain:

Nobody can prevent anybody from becoming enlightened. There is no power in the world which can prevent anybody from becoming enlightened because enlightenment is your very nature. You are already enlightened -- you just don't know it. You have forgotten it -- it is a forgotten language. It has only to be remembered, and the way to remember is to disidentify with all the conditionings; they may be there, let them be there. Remember: "I am not one of them. I am the knower, I am the seer, I am the observer, I am the awareness." And the awareness cannot be touched by any conditioning.

The third thing: "Is this attitude a natural mistrust? Is this attitude a habit I have to break?"

Yes, it is a natural phenomenon. Everybody gets mixed up with their conditionings, and it is only a habit and nothing else. You can drop it without any effort, just by becoming aware of what I am saying to you.

And lastly, you are asking, "Will this attitude prevent me from becoming enlightened?" Certainly, if this attitude prevails ... it will not prevent, but it will go on postponing; it can go on postponing for centuries, which is almost like preventing. But if you drop this attitude, this very moment you are free. This very moment you can open your wings and fly into the sky.

And the last thing, Divyam Mayo: your whole question is intellectual. You have not been meditating. You have been just thinking about things; hence, the question. If you had

been meditating, then what I have said to you, you would have found yourself.

Mrs. Goldstein's frustrated next door neighbor is trying to squeeze some affection out of little Hymie.
"Do you love me, darling?" the neighbor asked Hymie.
Little Hymie nodded.
"Then put your arms around me, honey, and give me a great big kiss," she said. Hymie went on kicking his football.
"How much do you love me, precious?" the neighbor kept on. "Show me how you would cry if I died," she urged.
"Die first!" said Hymie running off.
Do something. Don't go on intellectualizing. Children are very clear about their perceptions. What is the point of thinking intellectually that "If I die, would you cry?" Hymie is absolutely right -- "Die first! And then we will see."
You have to stop thinking about these things. Thinking is not going to lead anywhere. Start meditating, becoming more aware, alert -- and then you don't need my answer. The answer is within you. I am simply saying that which you will find arising within yourself.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
LIFE IS SO EXCITING WHEN I AM OPEN TO EACH MOMENT AND NOT ASKING WHERE IT IS GOING TO TAKE ME NEXT. THE PROBLEMS DISAPPEAR AND NOTHING CAN HARM ME. THE MOMENT MY MIND COMES IN SAYING, "WATCH OUT!" THE

FEAR ARISES AND LIFE LOOKS DANGEROUS, AND I TAKE ONLY CALCULATED STEPS. HOW CAN I REMAIN WITH THE RELAXED, JOYFUL, AND TRUSTING EXPERIENCE?

Indradhanu, mind is a coward. Those who listen to it become utterly cowardly. Mind is not an adventurer, it is very cautious. It takes every step with long thinking and calculation until it is certain that there is no risk, till it has seen others taking the step and there has been no danger; hence, listening to the mind is the most disturbing phenomenon in your growth.

Everything is going good with you, but immediately the mind comes in and says, "Watch out!" Once and for all say to the mind, "Shut up! I am watching in; why should I watch out?"

Because you listen to it, "Fear arises and life looks dangerous, and I take only calculated steps." You stop living. Mind is a mechanism, dead. Do you know that the mind can be taken out of your skull and kept separately? Only oxygen and necessary nourishment has to be provided to it, and it will go on living. It does not need you. There are many minds under observation in scientific labs. They are functioning perfectly well; they don't need you. And perhaps in most of your life, you don't need them either.

I have heard about a politician who was having a brain operation. His mind had collected so much junk inside that the doctors thought that it would be easier, far easier to clean it if they took it out completely; otherwise, it would take many hours. So they left the politician in the operating theater and took his mind to the next room to clean it. And

naturally a politician's mind needs great cleaning ... almost dry cleaning.

While they were cleaning his mind, a man came running. Knowing nothing about what was happening, he shook the politician, who opened his eyes. And the man said, "What are you doing here? You have been chosen to be the president of the country."

So the politician got up, and as he was leaving the hospital, the doctors saw him. They said, "My God! His brain is still in the lab." They rushed out and told him, "Wait! Your brain is still being cleaned."

He said, "Now I don't need it; I have become the president. You keep it -- after five years if I'm not chosen again, perhaps I may need it; you can preserve it. What do I need a brain for now that I'm the president?"

In a strange way, the meditator also does not need the mind -- but in a very different context. A meditator goes beyond the mind. The mind becomes slowly, slowly silent, calm and quiet. And more efficient, of course -- whenever the meditator wants to use it, he can use it better than anybody else. Whenever he does not need to use it, he is enjoying his inner spaces, ecstasies, blessings. The mind remains silent, it does not disturb.

That's the whole art of meditation: to keep the mind completely quiet, and make it understand that it is not supposed to comment on any experience that is beyond it. Meditation is beyond the mind.

You say, "Life is so exciting when I am open to each moment, and not asking where it is going to take me next." That's what I call being in a let-go, being relaxed with existence.

"The problems disappear and nothing can harm me. The moment my mind comes in saying, `Watch out!' the fear arises, and life looks dangerous, and I take only calculated steps. How can I remain with the relaxed, joyful, and trusting experience?" You will just have to teach the mind: "It is not your territory; you are not supposed to interfere or say anything."
It is just an old habit that the mind goes on making commentary on whatever is happening, goes on giving its opinion and advice, whether asked for or not. It is simply a habit, a habit of thousands of lives. So it takes a little time, Indradhanu, and a little patience, but you are going perfectly well. Just whenever the mind says, "Watch out!" tell him, "I am watching in, you watch out. I'm not watching television."
Don't take the mind in any way seriously about your interior experiences, about your trust with existence, about your love with each moment.

Little Hymie arrived home from school with two black eyes.
"Fighting again," said his mother. "Haven't I told you when you are angry to count to a hundred before you do anything?"
"Yes, I know," replied Hymie, "but the other boy's mother told him only to count to fifty."

Calculated steps won't work.
Life is not a calculation.

Mathematics is only a purely fictitious science, totally created by man's mind. It has nothing in the objective world. That's why it is perfect; only a fiction can be perfect. Reality is always imperfect because reality is always growing, changing. Reality is always moving towards perfection but never becomes perfect, because to be perfect means nothing but ultimate death.

Just drop the habit. The mind will try in every way to keep its old control. But you are the real master, and however much the mind tries to control, it cannot succeed if you are determined to put it into its place as a servant. Your consciousness, you, are the master.

It is a struggle only in the beginning. Once the mind understands that you have started reclaiming your mastery, he becomes just like a dog wagging his tail, ready to follow your orders and never interfere in your work -- particularly in the work which is not his territory at all.

Mind cannot understand ecstasy, cannot understand trust, cannot understand moment-to-moment living, cannot understand the blissfulness that arises out of this living.

So it will be sheer stupidity, Indradhanu, to listen to the mind -- who is absolutely inadequate, incompetent as far as the inner world, your interiority, your subjectivity, is concerned. Your ecstasy is far beyond the reach of the mind. So teach the mind, train the mind not to interfere -- and don't listen. It may go on just out of old habit saying, "Watch out! Take calculated steps!" Just ignore it.

That word `ignore' reminds me of Gautam Buddha. His suggestion to his disciples was, "As far as meditation is concerned, ignore the mind." His word for ignoring is upeksha, which is a very beautiful word. "Just bypass it; let

it go on saying whatever it wants; don't pay any attention to it." Soon the mind understands where he can be listened to and where he is absolutely unwelcome.
The day the mind understands where it is unwelcome, it stops saying anything about that. And it has to be stopped from interfering in your inner growth.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #3
Chapter title: A feeling of coming home
19 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
AN EARTHQUAKE IS HAPPENING: MY ANCIENT CRUST IS CRACKING AND MARVELOUS SQUIRTS OF BLISS ARE POURING OUT. MORE AND MORE, YOUR WORDS ARE INCREDIBLY ACCURATE DESCRIPTIONS OF MY INNER WORLD, NOT JUST BEAUTIFUL IMAGES OF SOMEWHERE ELSE. YOUR FINGER USED TO POINT TO THE MOON, BUT NOW I HAVE SEEN MY OWN MOON; YOUR FINGER IS POINTING TO MY VERY CENTER. I AM SHY TO WRITE THIS. I NEEDED COURAGE TO UNCOVER MY ANGUISH; STRANGELY, ACKNOWLEDGING MY JOY NEEDS EVEN MORE.

Devageet, it is one of the most fundamental experiences that you have pointed out in your question. It certainly needs more courage to expose your joy, your blissfulness than it needs to describe your anxiety, your anguish. The difficulty is, of course, different in each case.

To expose one's anguish, anxiety, misery, suffering, courage is needed because it is exposing yourself in your utter nudity: your wounds, your ugliness, your insanity -- things which everybody wants to hide from the world. It goes against your ego, against your personality.

But to express your joy needs more courage for another reason. There are two reasons: one, it is difficult to find words -- almost impossible -- to describe your blissfulness, your silence, your serenity, because the experience of all these things is beyond the scope of the mind; hence it is naturally beyond language, beyond words, beyond explanations. Secondly, to say "I am joyful," to say "I am blissful," to say "I am discovering my own center," is dangerous because it creates envy and jealousy all around. Everybody will believe your misery; nobody will believe your joy. Everybody will believe -- even if you are lying -- your anxiety, your suffering, because everybody knows what suffering is, what misery is; it is everybody's experience. Nobody is going to believe your joy -- it goes against their egos to accept that you are reaching closer to your discovery, closer to your center. It goes against their very ego that they are still far away from the goal and you have reached so close. It cannot be believed -- you must be lying, you must be deceived.

If you go on insisting that you have achieved and if your life starts showing evidence of it, they will create all kinds

of explanations to demolish your evidence. They may say you are a hypocrite, you are a pretender, that there is no joy in you -- you are simply smiling to befool people. If you are still adamant, and you go on dancing and singing on your way without bothering what they are saying, their second step will be to say that you are mad.

To accept that somebody is coming closer to home is so difficult; it hurts so deeply and so many people, that they are always in the majority and you are alone. It is easier for them to declare you mad, because the only way to save their skin will be for them to be as joyous as you are, which is not a simple matter -- they will have to go for a long pilgrimage. But it is easy to condemn you, to find reasons ... and if everything fails, you are insane -- that is their last resort.

But even calling you insane will not satisfy them, because deep down they feel the jealousy, the envy; they would like to declare themselves also closer to the center, closer to the truth, closer to blissfulness. But they are in darkness, in utter misery, in anguish. They don't see any end to their night, and you are talking about a beautiful dawn ... that you have seen the first ray, the sun is rising, that you have heard the birds singing, that you have experienced the fragrance of the flowers that open in the early morning to welcome the sun, to begin the day.

If you don't listen and don't accept that you are mad ... The masses have crucified people like these: Al-Hillaj Mansoor, or Jesus, or Socrates, or Sarmad. The masses have become bloodthirsty, and these people were absolutely harmless; they have not done anything, any harm to anybody. In fact they were the greatest blessings to humanity: they were

pointing to your potential, your possibility, your future; they were pointing at your dawn -- the night is not going to be forever. They were your very hope to get out of the darkness and the deathly life, where you have not found anything except misery.

But instead you demolished them, you destroyed them rather than rejoicing with them. Rejoicing with them needs tremendous intelligence, but to crucify them, any stupid, retarded majority of the masses is perfectly capable. That's why I say you have made a very important observation: that it is more difficult to expose yourself and to declare to the world that you are feeling blissful, you are joyous.

But in this place, there is no need to be afraid. In this place the exposure of your anxiety will be accepted, the exposure of your blissfulness will be rejoiced -- that's the whole meaning of a religious communion -- you will be encouraged. People will see their own future in your eyes, they will see their own crippledness gone in your dances. They will see that if you can reach, Devageet, then we are also not far away; perhaps we are not looking in the right direction, perhaps we are not moving in the right direction ....

I have heard about a man who was asking, on a crossroad outside New Delhi, "How far is New Delhi?" And the old man who was sitting under a tree said to the man, "Before I can answer, I would like you to move in the direction you are going. Unless I know in which direction you are moving, how can I say how far New Delhi is?"

The man thought, "This is a strange old man" -- he had asked many people, many times, and everybody had simply answered. He said, "First, I would like to see."

So the man moved a few feet, and then he asked, "Now?"
The old man said, "Now Delhi is very far away, because you are going exactly in the opposite direction. You will have to go around the whole earth, then you will come back to Delhi; otherwise, you have left Delhi eight miles behind."
When you see somebody blossoming, it is a sign that the spring has come. All the flowers don't blossom together; first one flower opens its petals, then a few more, then many more, then millions. Spring comes step by step, slowly. When you see one flower blossoming it is an indication that your time is also close by.
In this communion there is no problem; you can expose yourself whatever your situation is. All these people are fellow travelers; they will try to help you come out of your darkness. They will help you if you have reached to the light in your celebration; they will help you in every possible way, in every possible situation.

The inmates of a mental institution were listening to modern jazz records. Finally one patient could contain himself no longer; he jumped up and started banging his head against the wall in time to the music.
The other inmates applauded and shouted, "Sane, man -- sane!"
This place belongs to the people who are drunk with the divine, mad after the search for godliness. They will enjoy your realizations: your realization is their realization too. It is a brotherhood -- there is a deep connection -- it is not an organization. It is a love that is overflowing from each heart, joining it with others.

Here, nobody is a stranger; here, everybody knows you. He may not know your name, he may not know your country, he may not know your religion, he may not know your race. He need not know any of these things but still he knows you, he knows that you are on the same path, in the same search. You are arrowed towards the same star; you are part of one journey, one pilgrimage. If even one of you reaches, that will be a confirmation that you have also reached; maybe a little time more, and the spring will come close to you.

So, never be worried and never be concerned -- nobody is going to deny your experiences here. Everybody is going to rejoice, celebrate, feel proud of you.

This is how it should be in the whole of humanity, but unfortunately ... what can be done? People should have rejoiced in the presence of Socrates, they should have loved the presence of Jesus, they should have joined their voices when Al-Hillaj Mansoor was shouting, "ANA'L HAQ!" -- I am God. He was speaking for you too; for everybody, past, present or future. He was not speaking only for himself. People have not been sane enough to understand the madness of those who are seekers after truth, after bliss, after godliness, after the ultimate meaning of life. But here, my people are all mad enough to celebrate with you; your blossoming is their blossoming.

Hence, Devageet, not only for you, but for all I am saying this: always expose yourself. If you don't expose yourself when you are in misery, it is okay, because everybody knows you are in misery; that is not a revelation. Whether you say it or not, it is taken for granted -- where else can you be? But when it comes to the point of joy and bliss and

benediction, you should not remain silent, because then you become evidence that all these people are not unnecessarily wandering in a desert. If your thirst is quenched, their thirst will also be quenched. If you have arrived home, they can also arrive.
So you can hide your anguish, your misery, your suffering -- there is no problem about it. Anyway somebody else will be asking about those problems. But when it comes to your blissfulness, which is very rare, it is unforgivable to keep it a secret because it is going to become a proof for everybody of the goal they are searching.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE CRITERION OF THE TRUTH?

Sahabsadev Hasan, truth is not an experience of the mind; hence no logic can prove it or disprove it. No argument can convince you about it or unconvince you about it. Truth is an experience beyond mind, so there is no objective criterion possible. That's why science never talks about it, because science can only talk about things which can be objectively proved.
Truth is a subjective experience, just like love. What is the criterion of love? Can you prove when you fall in love? Can you prove that really you have fallen in love? Is there a way to prove it? Is there any argument, any logic that will support you -- any eyewitnesses? All that you can say is, "I know for certain that my heart is beating differently" -- but that is something inner to you. You can say, "I am feeling so blissful," but that is something subjective. You cannot

bring some part of your blissfulness and show it to people as a criterion.

Love, or truth, or bliss, or God -- they don't have any criterion; they are experiences of the inner. Criteria are always of the outer. Don't impose outer criteria for the inner -- that is the fallacy of the atheist.

Why does the atheist deny the existence of God, the existence of soul, the existence of truth, the existence of a life beyond life? For the simple reason that there is no criterion, and no proof, and no evidence. No atheist has ever been defeated by any theist in argumentation -- still the atheist is wrong. He is wrong because he is asking for an objective criterion for a subjective experience.

It is just like somebody asks you -- you have been listening to classical music, and somebody asks -- "What was the taste of it?" or "What was the color of it?" or "How did it feel when you touched it?"

You will say, "Are you mad?" Music is not an experience of the eyes, it is not an experience of the nose; music has no smell. It is not an experience of the tongue; it has no taste. It is not something tangible that you can touch. It is an experience of the ears -- and for an experience of the ears, eyes cannot give any proof.

Neither is the opposite possible. For an experience of the eyes -- for example, light or colors -- ears cannot give any proof. And if you want proofs that are understandable by the ears, then there is no light; you have to deny it. Then there are no colors, no rainbows. You have to deny everything that belongs to the world of eyes, and almost eighty percent of your experience belongs to the eyes. Eighty percent of your life will have to be denied if you

insist for some criterion that belongs, not to the eyes, but to the ears, nose, mouth, hands ....

The same is the situation about truth. Truth is the space within you when there is no thought, no feeling, no emotion -- when there is utter silence and a light which is eternal, which has no fuel ... because all fuels are bound to be exhausted sooner or later.

At the innermost core of your being there is a light which is inexhaustible, which has always been there and will always be there, which is beyond time and beyond space ... a deep silence. Not the silence of the graveyard -- not a negative silence, not a silence which means absence of noise -- but a silence which means a positive, affirmative presence of peace, of coolness, of a soundless music ... a light that is eternal and a life that is eternal.

When you find these things in the innermost center of your being ... the whole experience of bliss, joy, the feeling of coming home, of finding yourself at last -- all this is contained in the simple word `truth'. You can experience it, but you cannot find any explanation for it. You can find a way to it, you can find a method to reach it, but nobody can tell you beforehand what it is.

Gautam Buddha used to say, "Buddhas only show the way; nobody can walk the way for you. You will have to walk and you will have to find ... and those who have found it have all become dumb." It is almost like giving a dumb man delicious sweets .... It is not that he does not know the taste; he knows. He rejoices, but if you want to ask how it tastes, of course he cannot say anything; he is dumb.

All those who have known truth become dumb about truth. They can tell you how to reach it; they can show you the

way. They can take you to the window, to the door, but you have to find it within yourself, following the path alone ... the ultimate experience.

Only one thing can be said from the outside:

The man of truth has no fear of death.

The man of truth is never miserable.

The man of truth is never a coward.

The man of truth is constantly in a state of celebration; the man of truth is an eternal dance.

These are the things which can be seen from the outside, but these are just faraway echoes; these are not the truth.

These are the faraway echoes in the individuality of the person who has found the truth. These are the reflections -- reflections of the stars in the lake. But don't jump into the lake to find the stars! You will not find anything there. Stars are far away; these are only reflections.

In the personality, in the presence, in the gestures, in the eyes of the man of truth you will find something, if you are not completely closed, completely prejudiced, if you have not already decided for or against.

If you are open and vulnerable you will recognize that there is something charismatic, something magnetic, something that invites you to come in ... something that invites you to be closer, something that creates suddenly a new dimension of search for you; something that starts silent bells suddenly ringing in your heart of which you have never been aware.

He has touched your heart. His very presence is creative, his very presence is converting, his very presence is the only criterion -- but it is not logic, it is a love affair.

Remember: I repeat again, truth is not a question of logic, it is a search of a loving heart.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SELF-RESPECT AND PRIDE?

Indradhanu, there is no difference between self-respect and pride. There is a difference between the ego and self-respect or pride. Self-respect and pride are simply natural to your individuality. They are your dignity. They are your acceptance of yourself.
The ego is a comparison.
Self-respect and pride are noncomparative; that's the basic difference.
In ego you are always comparing: I am superior to others, I am better than you, I am higher than you, I am holier than you -- I am a saint and you are a sinner. Whatever the reason, you are comparing yourself as being superior and reducing the other to being inferior. This is the formation of the ego.
But pride is noncomparative. It does not say anything about anybody else. It simply says: I am respectful of myself, I love myself, I am proud just to be -- just to be here in this beautiful existence. It does not say anything about anybody else. The moment you go into comparison, you start an ugly game.
My respect towards myself is not a hindrance for you to be respectful towards yourself. In fact I would love you to be respectful towards yourself because if you are not

respectful towards yourself, who is going to be respectful towards you? If you are not proud of being a human being, the most evolved consciousness in existence, then who is going to be proud of you?

And your being proud is really nothing but a gratefulness for all that existence has given to you -- it is tremendous. We are not worthy of it; we don't deserve it. We have not earned it, we can't claim it. It is just out of the abundance of existence that it has given to us everything. We don't value what we have because we take it for granted.

I am reminded of a Sufi story .... A man was going to commit suicide because he was poor, uneducated, unemployed, and he hated to beg. Rather than begging, he thought it is better to commit suicide. He was going towards the river to jump from a high point and get drowned, but by coincidence, at the highest point from where he was thinking to jump, he found a Sufi mystic. And the Sufi mystic said, "So you have come? Here people come only to commit suicide. I have chosen this place to meditate because very rarely do people come to commit suicide, so this is a very silent place."

The man said, "It is strange that I have not uttered a single word and you have said the right thing -- I have come to commit suicide."

The Sufi said, "You can commit suicide. But I have one offer: how much would you like to have for both your eyes? The king needs two beautiful eyes and you have beautiful eyes. And the king knows that I always sit at Suicide Point" -- that's what the place was called. "People come here when they are going to commit suicide .... What are they going to do with those two eyes? They can give

them to the king. So whatever you want for your eyes, you just say it; your offer will be accepted."
The man thought for a moment -- how much should he ask? He could not think. Whatever he thought ... five hundred thousand rupees? He thought, "Five lakh rupees for both my eyes? -- ten lakh? twenty lakh? ...." But nothing seemed to be the right price. Finally he said, "Ten million rupees."
The mystic said, "That is accepted. You come with me. First we will take your eyes ... and I will bring you back here; then you jump and commit suicide."
On the way the Sufi said, "But I have a few other customers too. How much would you like to take for your head, without eyes?"
He said, "You are a strange person. Who would like to have my head without eyes?"
The Sufi said, "I have a customer. He's a magician and he needs a skull very desperately and he is not interested in eyes. Anyway he is going to take away all the skin, everything, and clean your skull completely."
The man said, "My God! Then how am I going to come back and ...?"
The Sufi said, "That I will manage."
The man said, "I have never thought about it. How much will be appropriate? What do you think?"
He said, "Any offer ... it will be accepted." So the man sold his skull for another ten million.
On the way the Sufi asked, "Would you like to sell the remaining body too? -- because what is the point: you are already dead; your eyes are gone, your head is gone -- what is left? There is no point in keeping the body ... and I have a customer. He is a scientist and he dissects bodies; he is

always in need of bodies, fresh bodies. And he will be absolutely happy because he cannot get such a fresh body, that has only just died. The eyes have been taken, the head has been cut, but the body will still be warm -- it is just like a flower torn from the tree while it is still alive; it will take two or three days to fade away."

The man said, "But ... suicide is finished!"

The mystic said, "There is no need of any suicide; everything is sold!"

The man asked, "But who will get all that money?"

The mystic said, "Of course, I will get it, because you will be gone. Who else can get it? You can think of it as my commission. If you want to take it with you, you can take it, but you will be gone, you won't need it."

As they reached the palace he started thinking again: what is he going to do? He had never thought that his eyes have such value, that his skull has value, that his whole body has value ... that this man is going to earn thirty million rupees.

He said, "I don't want to do this business."

The Sufi said, "What about suicide?"

The man said, "I don't want to commit suicide either! For the first time I have realized that I am a rich man. Up to now I have always thought that I am a beggar. I was going to commit suicide because I was thinking I have nothing; now I realize how much I have got."

The mystic said, "It is up to you -- I will have to go back and wait for somebody else -- but think again; you won't get such customers."

The man said, "Just leave me alone! You are a dangerous fellow. I used to think that you are a religious saint, always meditating on that hillock. You seem to be the most

dangerous man -- you were selling me piece by piece, and finally all the money would come to you! I don't know how many people you have sold, but I can understand why you go on sitting there; that is where your business comes. I will make the whole city aware: Don't go to that point, and beware of that man -- he is dangerous, very dangerous."
The mystic said, "I was just trying to help you. You were going to destroy such precious things by drowning in the river. I have been trying to wake you up. Existence has given you such precious things and rather than being grateful, you are behaving in such an ugly way.
"There is no customer; it was all fiction. What will the king do with your eyes, dead eyes? And the magician can get as many skulls as he needs from the graveyard. And every day people die in the hospital and fresh bodies are available to the scientist. So there is no customer at all. It was just to make you aware that you have so many precious things given to you by nature and you are not feeling grateful, you are not feeling prayerful. Don't you have any gratitude, any thankfulness? Is suicide your thankfulness?"

Self-respect is respect without comparison. Pride is dignity, a feeling of dignity that existence wants you, that existence has created you, that existence needs you. You are welcome in existence, you are not an unwanted child, an orphan. Moment to moment, existence is giving you nourishment, life, light, everything that you need.
Indradhanu, pride is not equivalent to ego; neither is self-respect equivalent to ego. Ego is comparative, and because it is comparative it is ugly, it is sick. The very idea that "I am superior to you" -- for any reason -- is inhuman.

But being proud of oneself does not make anybody inferior. In fact it shows the other also the way to be proud of himself, to be respectful of himself.
I am against the ego, but not against pride, not against self-respect. Those are the most important human qualities.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
COULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT I HAVE THAT MAKES ME WORTHY OF SUCH COMPASSION FROM YOU, FROM LATIFA, FROM EXISTENCE AND FROM ALL MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW TRAVELERS? AND PLEASE, DON'T FORGET TO HIT ME WHEN YOU SEE SOMETHING LIKE A COCONUT STANDING ON MY HEAD.

Dhyan Om, as far as I am concerned, I cannot be other than compassionate; I am just helpless. It has nothing to do with you, it is just the only possibility for me.
The day I came to know myself, I lost many things and I gained a few things. Of the things that I have gained, the most important of them is compassion. So it is irrespective of who is the receiver: a coconut tree or Dhyan Om, it does not matter. I can only look with compassion. My eyes don't have anything else and my heart doesn't have anything else.
As far as existence is concerned ... you are part of existence, you are an extension of existence. Existence also doesn't make any discrimination between a coconut tree and Dhyan Om. It gives to the coconut tree what it needs; it gives to Dhyan Om what he needs. Existence is compassionate to everything, because everything belongs

to it. Existence is flowing in everything without any discrimination.
The only problem is Latifa. That surprises me too, why she is compassionate to you. A few jokes perhaps may help you to understand the compassion of Latifa.

In Ireland an old woman went to mass on Sunday, as usual. A new young priest was preaching about marriage. After mass the old woman remarked to her friend, "I wish to God I knew as little about it as he does."

Do you get it? -- No!

Mrs. Cohen was at the movies watching "Superman." Suddenly, a man approached her and asked, "Pardon me madam, but do you mind if I occupy that empty seat next to you?"
"Not at all," replied Mrs. Cohen. "I expected it to be taken when I bought the tickets, but all my friends are at my husband's funeral."

"I don't know why you married me!" cried Mrs. Cohen.
"Because," Mr. Cohen said, "you defied the law of gravity."
"What are you talking about?" said his wife.
"Well," said Cohen, "you were easier to pick up than to drop!"

It is a mystery why Latifa has picked you up. Only her compassion has to be considered as a mystery. She knows perfectly well that you are a nut. You think you are a coconut, but she knows -- and everybody else knows -- you

are only a nut! You are unnecessarily making a fuss about being a coconut -- just decorating yourself, making a big name. A simple nut does not appeal ... a coconut, a coconut from Goa, a Goa-returned coconut. Latifa is certainly compassionate!

As far as I am concerned and existence is concerned, we are helpless. Be grateful to Latifa; she goes through hell, but still she goes on being compassionate. She suffers badly. Whenever I look at her, I immediately know whether the coconut is here or somewhere else.

For five weeks she was just a beauty to look at, always smiling and happy and surrounded by an aura. And the moment she received your message that you are coming back ... just the message was enough. You took seven days to come, but those seven days ... whenever I looked at her I thought, "This is strange: Om is coming from Goa and this Latifa seems to be coming from hell itself!"

Since then, because I have talked about it, whenever I look at her she tries to smile. But a smile which is made by effort is one thing, and a smile that comes on its own is a totally different phenomenon.

Dhyan Om, you continue to be what you are. This is at least going to help Latifa to become enlightened. This is her austerity, her discipline, her sacrifice, and the whole credit goes to you. When she becomes enlightened you will be praised, because it has rarely happened this way. Women have made men enlightened -- that is an old story. Men have never made a single woman enlightened. You are doing such a pioneer work. Your name will resound in the corridors of history!

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #4
Chapter title: A different wavelength
20 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
ON ONE HAND THE WORLD IS PREPARING FOR A GLOBAL SUICIDE; IT LOOKS LIKE THERE IS NOT MUCH TIME LEFT FOR OUR GROWTH. ON THE OTHER HAND, WHAT I HEARD FROM YOU IS THAT GROWTH IS ONLY POSSIBLE WHEN WE RELAX, SIT SILENTLY, AND WAIT. THIS IS A PARADOX. BELOVED OSHO, PLEASE CAN YOU SPEAK ABOUT HOW TO COME OUT OF SITUATIONS WHERE ONE PART OF ME IS RESTLESS AND WANTS TO DO SOMETHING? -- YET DEEP DOWN I FEEL THAT THIS LEADS ME NOWHERE.

Puja Kavina, it is not a paradox, it only appears so. The world is certainly preparing for a global suicide; about that there are not two opinions -- it is becoming every day more and more certain. Naturally you think you have to do something to prevent it. It is beyond your doing; whatever you do will bring it closer.
What can you do? The power is not in your hands; the power is in hands which are absolutely stubborn, and they

don't care a bit what happens to humanity. Their ego is their supreme value, the only value. Even though it means their own destruction, they will take the risk; they will destroy whoever they think is their enemy.

In the beginning, when this kind of war material was in the hands of two countries, the Soviet Union and America, there was some possibility that they may come to some negotiation. Now with the power of nuclear weapons in five countries, the possibility of negotiation has become more difficult, more complicated. And by the end of this century, the power will be in twenty-five countries' hands. Then the question of negotiation does not arise.

My suggestion is: time is certainly very short, but it is enough to become enlightened, and it is enough to spread an enlightened atmosphere around the world. That is the only possibility.

If we can make the people of the world ... not the politicians, leave them aside; they have the power but without the consent of the people of the world, their power is not of much use. If armies simply say, "No, we are not going to use nuclear weapons," if the scientists simply say, "No, we are not going to produce any more nuclear weapons," if the whole intelligentsia of the world unanimously creates a great uproar: "It is not a question of war; wars we have seen in thousands -- they have been destructive, but they have not destroyed all life. This is not war, this is simple suicide!"

But these people: the scientists, the armies, the intelligentsia, the poets, the musicians, the mystics, the painters, the actors -- the people who have a certain impact on the masses, although they don't have any power except

their individuality and their creativity -- if they join hands together, this global suicide can be avoided. Not only suicide can be avoided, but with the same energy that was going to destroy all life, the planet can be turned into a paradise.

Energy is neutral -- it can destroy, it can create. Nobody has thought: What can be the creative use of atomic energy? What can be the creative use of nuclear weapons? If the destructive power is so great, the power for creation will be equally great. Hence, I say not only can global suicide be avoided, but we can bring into existence a new dawn, a new man, a new humanity.

Perhaps for the first time there can be an authentic civilization which loves peace, which is compassionate, which is creative, which drops all discriminations of nations, religions, races, and makes this whole globe one family.

Once there are no discriminations of religions, races, nations, war becomes impossible.

We have to avoid the suicide that is oncoming and we have to change the whole structure of the world so that war itself becomes impossible. All our efforts, all our energies ... seventy-five percent of human energy is pouring into creating war material. We are living only on twenty-five percent of our energy. If that seventy-five percent is also released for living, there will be no poverty, there will be no sickness. Life can be prolonged. People can live young until their last breath; they need not become old.

All this is possible, and for this, there is enough time. But you have to understand perfectly well: anything on your part as a protest is not going to help. You will be simply

crushed, ignored .... Pacifists have existed for centuries; they have not been able to avoid any war.

In fact I have seen so many processions of protest and I have always wondered ... the people who were protesting were all violent: their slogans were violent, their gestures were violent. If they had power in their hands, they would start killing those people whom they think are warmongers. They are doing the same thing, they are not peaceful people; they may be pacifist in ideology, but they don't know what peace is.

I want my people to know the peace, to know the silence, to know the beauty of their inner being, the blissfulness and love and light, and spread it. And spreading it is not going to be a missionary thing -- you are not to convert anybody. Just your very presence, just your loving eyes, your peaceful existence -- the charisma that arises with enlightenment, a certain different wavelength that the enlightened man starts radiating around him, changes people's hearts without their knowing.

It is not a question of convincing them intellectually; for that, time is certainly very short. We have not been convinced for centuries, intellectually, although great efforts have been made that there should be no war, there should be no government, there should be no nations. Great intellectuals have been trying -- like Bakunin, Bokharin, Leo Tolstoy, Bertrand Russell -- but it has not created any visible effect anywhere.

My understanding is that these people themselves were not peaceful people. They have not known anything of the eternal joy of their own interiority, the dance of their own being. They have not tasted from the springs of nectar that

are at their very center. Once you have tasted your own immortality, you start spreading an invisible fire ... no intellectual argument, but people will be immensely touched by your very presence, by your aroma, by your fragrance, by your love.

We need in the world more love to balance war.

We need in the world more creativity to balance the destructive forces. We need in the world more enlightened people to balance the blind politicians. For this there is still time enough, because enlightenment can happen within a second. It does not need time; it needs only a total longing for it, a longing as if your life is at risk.

Kavina, I can understand why you are feeling a paradox. You would like to do something, but things have gone beyond your doing. What can you do to prevent the Soviet Union or to prevent Ronald Reagan? And soon nuclear weapons will be in twenty-five countries, with pygmy politicians. What can you do?

The only thing possible is: forget doing.

Think of being.

You can be more joyful, you can be more loving -- that is within your capacity. No Ronald Reagan can prevent you. No nuclear weapons can prevent you. People have never thought this way. They have always tried to protest against wars -- nobody has listened to them.

I am suggesting a totally new solution. And in the circumstances, that is the only alternative possible: forget doing, grow into your being. And the growth of your being is contagious; it will help many people to light their unlit torches from your life fire.

If we have people around the world who know the beauty of life, of creativity, of poetry, of music, of painting, of dancing, of love, then nobody -- no politician -- will have the guts to force humanity into a war. So rather than going against war, you create the balancing force -- which is in your hands. If the warmongers have nuclear weapons, then you have to create something equivalent, or more powerful -- and enlightenment is certainly more powerful than any nuclear weapon.

In the Old Testament, there is a beautiful story of two cities, Sodom and Gomorrah. God became very angry with these two cities, because in both people were practicing perverted sex. In Sodom people were making love to animals; hence `sodomy' has become the word for making love with animals. In Gomorrah people had become homosexuals, and all kinds of perversions ... God finally decided to destroy both those cities completely, and in the Old Testament he did destroy Sodom and Gomorrah.

It does not look right of God, but the Jewish God is an angry God. That is our projection: it is not a question of whether God is angry or not. God is a hypothesis -- you can make anything out of it, whatever you want. God declares in the Jewish scriptures, "I am a very angry God, very jealous. I will never forgive you if you go against me; I am not your uncle, I am not a nice man."

But in Judaism there is a rebellious stream, a very small minority stream of Hassidic mystics. The orthodox Jews don't accept them as religious at all, but as I understand it, they are the only religious people in the whole Judaic tradition. They are people who dance, sing, love, play music. They are very joyous people and they have

interpreted Judaism according to their own joy and blissfulness.

They cannot tolerate such a thing, that God destroyed ... and a God who is omnipotent, all powerful, he could have changed them -- if he can create the whole world, can't he change two cities and their sexual perversions? Has he to resort to destruction and death? He is the father of those two cities also, and when he has all the powers ... this whole universe was created by him and he could not manage to change those two cities?

Hassids have changed that story and I love it, although that change is not in the Jewish scriptures. Jews will never accept that change, but I, for one, accept it. It makes a tremendous impact on anyone who can understand.

The Jewish story is: When God decided to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah, a Hassidic mystic went to him and asked, "Have you decided?" God said, "I am absolutely certain; I am going to destroy these people completely."

The Hassidic mystic said, "But I have a question to ask: If there are two hundred people, one hundred in each city, who are good people, who are authentically religious, who are awakened, will you still destroy those two cities? Those two hundred people will be destroyed with them. It seems you are taking too much care about the perverted and you are not taking any interest in the awakened."

God had to think it over; the argument was significant. How can he destroy the awakened people, the spiritual people, the good people? He said, "If you can prove that there are two hundred people in those cities who are awakened, enlightened, then I will not destroy them. How can I destroy them?"

The Hassid -- they are very beautiful people with a great sense of humor -- the Hassid mystic said, "If I cannot prove two hundred but only twenty, are you going to destroy the twenty enlightened people in those two cities? Do numbers matter so much? Are you thinking of quality or of quantity?"

God was at a loss to argue with this man. He said, "Okay, you prove twenty."

The Hassid said, "And if I can prove only two?"

Now God was perfectly aware that the question of quality and quantity ... it does not matter whether there are two enlightened people or two hundred enlightened people, they cannot be destroyed. To destroy them is to destroy the whole base, the whole foundation of religion. God said, "Okay, okay, you prove two persons!"

The Hassid said, "In fact there is only one -- but he lives six months in one city and six months in the other city. What do you think about it?" From two hundred he has come down to one.

God said, "I have understood your logic. You bring that man before me."

He said, "I am that man. Can't you see me? Can't you look inside me? Are you going to destroy me? -- because I live six months in Sodom and six months in Gomorrah." And God had to concede: "In that case I will not destroy Sodom and Gomorrah."

Jews will not be ready to accept it, because it is not in their scriptures, but it is in the Hassidic teachings. I have loved the story, because the Hassidic mystic has proved far more intelligent than the so-called God, far more loving and compassionate than the so-called God.

Even God cannot save the world from the hands of politicians. Now you will need mystics; only mystics can create the atmosphere around the world of love and peace, of silence and joy, of song and dance; they will make life so rich that it becomes impossible for people even to think of war.

Politicians will be left alone without any support from their armies, from their scientists, from their intelligentsia, from mystics, from poets. And against all this intelligence, all their nuclear weapons will become impotent. They can create war only if unconsciously we are ready to commit suicide, if in some way we are supportive to them. It is our support that has given them power. If we withdraw our support, their power disappears. They don't have any power of their own.

What power does Richard Nixon have now? Once he is no longer the president, nobody even bothers whether he is alive or dead, what he is doing; otherwise if he had just a little cold it was headline news. Now if he wants his name to be in the newspapers again, the only way is to commit suicide. But he will not be able to see it; others will read it -- and that too in a small corner on the third page of the papers. Who cares about people who are no longer presidents, no longer prime ministers? It is our support that gives them power.

There is time enough to withdraw our support; there is time enough to create a non-political humanity. And the times are such that it is possible. In ordinary times you cannot convince people to withdraw their cooperation from the politicians, but the times are abnormal and every day the war keeps coming closer. In this moment, people can

choose very easily not to cooperate, because cooperation simply means committing suicide.

So one thing: make people's lives more joyous so that even the unconscious desire for suicide disappears from their being. And second, make them aware the power is in your hands, and if the war happens and life disappears from the earth, you will be responsible, not the politicians. They are simply puppets. We give them power and then the puppets start behaving like masters. Withdraw the power and you will see that their size goes on becoming smaller and smaller and smaller, and they will disappear. They don't have any power of their own; it is your power given to them.

Kavina, for that there is enough time. And it is a great challenge, a very adventurous time. When the world is facing suicide, the possibility is that the world can be convinced -- not intellectually but through your growing hearts, your love -- to let the old world die and a new world with new values be born.

You won't have such an opportunity again. In the past there was never such an opportunity. It is not to be missed.

It is so simple a matter, but you have to begin with yourself. It is not that you have to do something. I am saying you have to be something: a force, a charisma, a magnet, which can pull people's hearts towards you; a poetry, a song, such that people unknowingly start being influenced by it; a dance, so that people who had forgotten how to dance suddenly feel energy arising in their feet. They would like to join you in the dance.

So we are not to be against the politicians or against their nuclear weapons; we have to create a balancing force --

more powerful. And once people have tasted life, which they have forgotten completely, they will automatically withdraw their support. It has already started happening. In the Vietnam war thirty percent of the soldiers did not use their weapons. The American government was at a loss about what to do. The generals could not figure it out because such a thing had never happened -- a soldier goes to war to kill. But in Vietnam it was so clear: America is doing something simply absurd -- destroying poor people who have not done anything against America. And because it was the younger generation who had gone as soldiers, they could see the futility of it. Why should they be killed? Poor people working in their fields or in their orchards, small children, women -- why should they be killed? They are not fighting; they are not a danger to America.

Thirty percent of the soldiers would go to the war front every day with their guns loaded and would come back in the evening without having used their guns at all. These thirty percent have shown the way. If it can happen to thirty percent, why can't it happen to a hundred percent? -- and the Vietnam war was not going to destroy all life.

Soldiers should be made aware ... in fact the whole atmosphere around the world will become a warning for everybody that politicians have gone mad and now they don't need anybody's support. Just think of it: if armies simply march and meet the enemy armies and have a beautiful dance together, come home happily -- and they go home happily -- what can the politicians do? They could have court-martialed one soldier, but they cannot court-martial all the soldiers. And who is going to court-martial them? -- because the generals will be part of the dance.

A great adventurous moment is coming close to us; there is nothing to be feared. You cannot do anything to prevent it, but you can be in such a way that your very being becomes a prevention.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
I'VE OFTEN EXPERIENCED A STRANGE SPACE WHILE SITTING IN FRONT OF YOU, AND THESE DAYS IT IS HAPPENING MORE AND MORE. IT IS LIKE BEING SUCKED INTO A SPACE WHERE I TEND TO PASS OUT, ALMOST FAINT. A JERK -- MY EYES OPEN, BUT ONLY FOR A SHORT TIME; THEN IT HAPPENS AGAIN. I'VE TRIED TO MOVE INTO IT WITH WATCHFULNESS, BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO WORK MUCH.
IT SEEMS LIKE A PRECIOUS EXPERIENCE, BUT SOMEHOW I FEEL I AM MISSING SOMETHING BY NOT BEING AWAKE ENOUGH. ANY SUGGESTIONS, BELOVED MASTER?

Chidananda, what is happening to you is absolutely right. There is no need to create a problem out of it; you are not missing anything. In fact you fall into such harmony, in such deep communion, that it appears as if you have fallen asleep.
Whatever I am saying you may not be able to repeat in words, but it will be resounding in your heart, in your being, and it will do its work. It will change you. You will see the change in your actions, in your behavior, the way

you respond in situations. That will be the proof -- not that you remember what I have said.

And don't force yourself to remain awake, because that means you are creating a disturbance in the harmony. Allow yourself to be overwhelmed completely and lost into it. It is not falling asleep, it is falling into samadhi.

Samadhi and sleep are very close; they appear almost the same. Because we are accustomed to and we know sleep, when for the first time samadhi starts happening we think it is sleep. Sleep is known, samadhi is unknown. The only difference is in sleep you have dreams; in samadhi you don't have any dreams but just a silence, utter silence -- a deep stillness as if you are no more.

In church, the priest did not allow anybody to leave in the middle of his sermon. His reason was that it wakes up people who are taking a beautiful morning nap.

I also prevent people from leaving in the middle, although for a different reason. There are a few people who are moving towards samadhi and if you simply leave, it creates a disturbance. You may disturb their state, their harmony; they may lose the track.

Whatever is happening, Chidananda, is perfectly beautiful; just accept it with great gratitude. This is what I want to happen to everybody.

That will be one of the happiest days for me; when everybody here is absent, is in a state of nothingness -- in a sense present, perhaps for the first time in his life; present as a silence, and for the first time absent as a separate entity; when everybody becomes one with the whole and slowly slowly melts. The place is no longer so many people here, but just a lake of consciousness without any ripples.

Just to check whether you are in that state or not, my strategy is to use a joke; that gives you a jerk. If I see that it is giving you a jerk, that means you were in the right space. And after the joke ... you have laughed and you go back again.
Chidananda, you don't need anything but a joke.

A zebra managed to get loose from a zoo and wandered into the countryside. He came to a farm, where the first thing he saw was a sheep. "What do you do?" asked the zebra. "I grow wool," said the sheep.
Then he saw a cow. "What do you do?" asked the zebra. "I give milk," said the cow.
Next he saw a hen. "What do you do?" asked the zebra. "I lay eggs," said the hen.
Then he saw a bull. "What do you do?" asked the zebra. "First take off those fancy pajamas and I will show you!"

So just a joke once in a while ... you wake up, you have a jerk and then again the silence.
You have heard Basho's famous haiku:
An ancient pond,
A frog jumps in,
The sound and the silence again.
And the second silence is deeper than the first silence. The frog has disturbed it for a moment, but again the silence comes back and it is deeper than the first.
It is just like you are walking on a street in the night. It is dark. A car comes by and you see the light. It passes by you and for a moment there is light, strong light, and then again there is darkness. You will be surprised: now the darkness

is deeper than it was before. The experience of light has thrown you deeper into darkness.
Many times, not knowing how life grows, we start creating problems. Now, Chidananda is going perfectly well ... even that becomes a problem. One starts thinking something must be wrong: nobody else is going perfectly well, and I am going perfectly well ... I am not normal. Everybody is fully awake, listening, and I am disappearing into a deep silence -- and certainly you will not be able to recall what I have been saying.
But that is not needed, this is not a university where you have to be examined for your memory. This is a mystery school where your test is your actions, your responses. Whether you have heard me or not will depend ... if it changes your behavior pattern then you have heard me. Whether you remember my words or not, that is irrelevant.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HUMAN NATURE, INSTINCT, AND HABIT? ARE THERE ANY MEANS BY WHICH THEY CAN CHANGE OR NOT?

Sahabzadev Hasan, habit is not nature, it is nurture. You learn it by imitation. By seeing people doing things, you start doing them. By seeing what makes people successful, you follow them. It does not come out of your nature, it comes out of your surroundings. Yes, it can become so deep-rooted that in every language there is an expression: habit is second nature. It becomes so deep-rooted that you

cannot even make the distinction whether it is habit or nature.

But habit is never nature. You did not bring it with you, and any day you want to drop it, you can drop it. Any day you want to change it you can change it.

Nature cannot be changed.

And instinct is part of nature. In you, nature is expressed in four layers. Instinct is the lowest. Then there is intellect, which is higher than instinct. Most people never know anything more than these two, and these two are always fighting for supremacy. All the religions have remained with intellect; that's why they are against instinct.

Only a few great thinkers like Acharya Bruhaspati in India and Epicurus in Greece have been in favor of instinct against intellect. These are very rare people; otherwise everybody has been in favor of intellect, because intellect has a higher position. It brings more respectability to you, more honor. Instinct is almost like the animals. Intellect makes you superior to the animals -- but instinct is juicy, intellect is dry. Hence the people who live with instinct are joyous, happy, loving, and the people who live with intellect are dry, quarreling.

In fact there is an old story that dogs must have been great intellectuals in their previous lives; that's why they are continuously barking at each other. You cannot stop dogs from barking at each other, and you cannot stop intellectuals from barking at each other; there is a similarity. It can be either that dogs are born as intellectuals, or intellectuals are born as dogs -- or perhaps there are both types.

Beyond your intellect is your feeling. Another name for your feeling is intuition, a more scientific name. But very few people reach to intuition, because to reach to intuition, you have to go beyond intellect, and meditation is the only way. But unfortunately meditation is not part of our education. Education stops at intellect, creating a quarrel between your instinct and intellect, creating a split, a schizophrenia that you will suffer from your whole life.

If you meditate, something beyond intellect starts functioning. You can call it the heart, you can call it intuition. It has no arguments, but it has tremendous experiences. But it is not the end of your whole nature. There is, beyond this third, the fourth, which has not been named. In the East, it has simply been called turiya, and turiya means "the fourth." It has not been named because any name falls short of it. It is your ultimate nature, your very essential nature. It is where you meet with the universal nature, just like a dewdrop disappearing into the ocean.

Nature is a vast world -- it begins with instinct and ends with the fourth, the turiya.

Habit is a nurture; you learn it from others.

For example, when I was a student and I wanted a scholarship for my post-graduate studies, my professor was absolutely confident: I had all the qualifications. There was just one great disqualification -- that I might get into an argument with the vice-chancellor about something. So my professor, the head of the department of philosophy, went with me just to prevent me from quarreling. He went on telling me on the way, "Listen, everything depends on him. It is a special scholarship; it comes from the vice-

chancellor's special fund. Other scholarships are very small; this is the biggest scholarship, and you need it."
He knew that with whatever money I was getting from my home I was purchasing books. Even if I had to go hungry it was okay, but I could not resist ... if I saw in the university bookstall a new book, I had to purchase it. The head of my department supported me as much as he could. Knowing me -- that I could go hungry, but I would purchase the book -- he had arranged with the mess manager: "I will pay his bills for food and everything that he needs, so don't ask him." He wanted me to get the biggest scholarship, so I could purchase as many books as I wanted.
He was persuading me all the way while going towards the vice-chancellor's office: "Just remember one thing, you have one disqualification. Don't get into an argument with that old man; otherwise all your qualifications won't do. It is simply in his hands." I remained silent, non-committal, and he said to me, "Why are you silent? -- because I am afraid ..."
I said, "I cannot commit myself and I cannot promise. If he provokes me, then I don't care about the scholarship. I will not miss the opportunity to have a good encounter."
He said, "You are mad, but I will be sitting by your side, and if you start some argument, I will start pulling your shirt. That is to remind you that you are forgetting."
I said, "You can do anything you want, but I am not promising anything to you."
He said, "You are stubborn."
I said, "I am not stubborn; if he does not provoke me, there is no question."

But as I entered the office, he provoked me immediately. He said to me, "Why are you growing your beard?"
The head of my department looked at me and thought, "Finished! That scholarship is gone!" because I said to the vice-chancellor, "You are asking an absurd question. The beard is growing by itself. I'm not growing it, I'm not pulling out these hairs."
He said, "That's right; but you can shave."
I said, "That brings up the question: I can ask you why you have been shaving your beard which nature has given you. You cannot ask the same question to me because I am not growing it, just as I am not growing my nose. And what can I say if somebody asks me, `Why don't you cut off your nose?' Why are you shaving twice a day?"
He was an old professor of history from Oxford ... he was a professor in Oxford, and when he retired from there he was appointed here as vice-chancellor.
I said, "You have to give me an answer."
He said, "You are asking a question I have never thought about. And you seem to be right ... why did I start shaving my beard? The only thing I can think of is that because everybody else was shaving, I started shaving."
I said, "It is only a habit. And you are living in a habit blindly -- not even alert about why you are shaving your own beard twice a day, wasting time. And the imitation of others does not show much intelligence; you should have asked why they are shaving. And you would have found that their answer is the same: they are imitating others."
I told him, "You just think of one possibility: if women start growing beards ... which is possible. Just by giving a woman certain injections, hormones which man has and the

woman does not have, she will start growing a beard and a mustache. Do you think she will look beautiful?"
He said, "My God! She cannot, she will look awful."
I said, "The same is the situation with you. You look awful without a beard, which is a natural phenomenon."
When I said, "You look awful," my professor started hectically pulling my shirt, hitting my leg with his. I said to him, "Professor S.S. Roy, you have not come with me to pull my shirt, or to hit my leg with your leg."
I told the vice-chancellor, "You have to interfere. He is disturbing our conversation."
Even today, I can remember Professor S.S. Roy's face! He could not believe that I would do that to him.
The vice-chancellor said, "Professor S.S. Roy, that's not right."
I said, "I have been telling him all the way, but he is greedy about me getting the scholarship, so he wants me not to argue with you. But I don't care about the scholarship; I care about whatever is the truth, scholarship or no scholarship."
The vice-chancellor looked at me and he said, "Don't be worried about your scholarship." He did not ask anything about my qualifications ... whether I qualify for the scholarship or not. He simply signed. He said, "I loved you. No student has ever dared to say in front of me, `You look awful.' And I cannot answer it! Perhaps you are right, because it is unnatural what I am doing, and what you are doing is natural. And I would love once in a while, passing by the office ... you are always welcome, you can come just for a chitchat. I enjoyed just this small talk with you."

My professor was amazed. Coming back, he was absolutely silent. I said, "What is the matter? You are very silent."
He said, "I am wondering what kind of man you are. You managed so quickly, and you said to him, to his face, `You look awful.' And we know that he is a very angry man and very revengeful. And he has invited you: `Whenever you want ... there is no need for any appointment. You can come directly in.' What did you do? It was almost like magic -- within a minute. And you made me into such a fool. I could not even raise my eyes. I was looking down ... What to say? I have done those things; I cannot deny it."
People don't think what they are doing: what kind of dress they are using, whether it is comfortable or not; what kind of houses they are living in, whether they are aesthetic or not. They are simply imitating others.
A life of imitation is not a true life. It is not sincere. One should live naturally on all the four steps:
Instinct is of the body.
Intellect is of the mind.
Intuition is of the heart.
And the fourth, turiya, is of the being.
If you can live all these four in harmony, you are the perfect man. Nothing should be denied in favor of anything else. All four have to be together in a harmony. And if you can avoid habits, if you can allow your nature to be your whole life, no space for habits at all .... All habits take you away from your nature; all habits prove you to be mediocre.
Live naturally and you are as natural as a roseflower; live through habits and you are made of something plastic, dead, meaningless. Then you feel miserable, and nobody

else is responsible for it. You allowed imitation to enter in your authenticity and it has poisoned everything. Just follow your inner voice.
Your body has its own wisdom -- use it.
Your mind can grow into a great giant as far as intelligence is concerned; use it, but don't be used by it.
Your heart has so much love, so much beauty; it can fill the whole universe, it is oceanic. Allow it to spread and expand, and share it with people.
And the fourth is the ultimate. That is your eternal life with all conceivable blissfulness, ecstasy, joy, fearlessness, deathlessness.
If one lives simply according to his nature on each of these four rungs, he is a true man; he does not have any habit. Habits destroy your truth and impose things on you which were never intended by nature to be your destiny.

An American, an Englishman and an Irishman were all facing a firing squad. "Listen," said the American to the other two, "one at a time we will think of a means to distract the fire; then when the firing squad turn their backs, the one who creates the distraction runs over the hill. I will go first and show you."
The squad lined up and took aim. Quickly the American shouted, "Tornado!" The squad turned round to look and the American ran over the hill.
The squad started to line up again and the Englishman yelled, "Flash flood!" Again the squad turned, expecting to see a tidal wave of water.
For the third time the squad lined up to take aim. The Irishman, thinking quickly, yelled out, "Fire!"

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #5
Chapter title: How to avoid the ditches
20 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
GOING INSIDE TO FEEL THE QUESTION, I WAS REMINDED OF THE TIME I FIRST SAT AT YOUR FEET, TWELVE PRECIOUS YEARS AGO. I SAID, "I HAVE NO QUESTION." YOU THEN LOVINGLY DIFFUSED ME. OSHO, I NEVER WANT TO RECOVER FROM THIS LOVE. DO I NEED TO KNOW THE QUESTION?

Prem Satyabodhi, neither the question matters nor the answer; what matters is a silent being, which has no questions and no answers. This is what I call innocence. The moment a question arises the innocence is lost. And one question brings another, there is no end to it. You will go on finding answers to each question and, strangely enough, every question creates new questions; in the same way, every answer also creates new questions. This way ends in insanity.
The sane being has no question and has no answer. Ordinarily there is a misunderstanding that the man of

wisdom knows the answer. That is absolutely wrong. The man of knowledge may know the answers, but the man of knowledge is not a man of wisdom. And the difference is great. The man of knowledge is as ignorant as anybody else. All his answers are borrowed. In fact he is in a more difficult situation than a person who has only questions. He has a far deeper slavery to the mind than the ignorant man. The ignorant man can go out of the mind, transcend it without any fear, because he has nothing to lose. But the knowledgeable man hesitates to step out of the mind, because he has much to lose: his whole knowledge, his whole prestige, his whole respectability. And that's all he has, he has no wisdom.

Wisdom is a space without any ripples of questions and answers -- neither knowledge nor ignorance but a pure silence, innocence. This is the state of the awakened one, the enlightened one, the buddha.

You are asking me, Satyabodhi, "Do I need to know the question?" No, nobody needs to know the question and nobody needs to know the answer either; everybody needs to know himself. And that revelation of oneself, that realization of oneself comes only when there are no questions, no answers ... just a pure sky without any clouds, an utter peace that passes understanding.

This is the definition of the authentic seer, the true mystic: one who knows without knowledge, who is as ignorant as a small child -- whose ignorance is innocence, whose knowing is innocence.

Ramakrishna lived just in the last part of the nineteenth century ... such an innocent being. And one of the very learned men, a great scholar -- perhaps the greatest scholar

of those days -- was Keshav Chandra Sen. They both lived very close; Keshav Chandra lived in Calcutta and Ramakrishna lived outside Calcutta by the side of the river Ganges, as a priest in a small temple in Dakshineshwar. Keshav Chandra was respected all over the country for his wisdom, for his knowledge, for his tremendous rationality, intellectuality, authority over scriptures and his logical acumen. People from all over the country used to come to sit at his feet.

But slowly, slowly he became very puzzled: the people who had been listening to him for years started going to Dakshineshwar to sit at the feet of Ramakrishna, who was uneducated, who had no knowledge of any scripture, who could not be called in any sense a man of knowledge. He could not argue, could not convince anybody about anything.

But what was happening? Keshav Chandra was puzzled that the people who had been with him for years were slowly disappearing from his gatherings and going to the gatherings of Ramakrishna. And whatever information he had collected about Ramakrishna simply showed him that Ramakrishna seems to be half mad -- suddenly he starts dancing, singing; just listening to a beautiful song, he goes into samadhi. For hours, he is lost somewhere; you cannot even wake him up, he has gone so deep into himself. It is not ordinary sleep, it is almost like a coma.

Once he remained in such a state for six days continuously. Every effort was made to wake him, but all efforts failed. And finally when he awoke, the first thing he said, with tears in his eyes, was, "Why have you people forced me to wake up? I was enjoying myself so deeply, and you go on

pulling me to the outside world, where there is nothing. I have known everything; I have experienced everything and found that it cannot give me lasting peace or eternal bliss or the realization of my own self. So, whenever I go inside myself, please, don't disturb me." Naturally his followers became very much concerned; six days is too long a period, and he remained in a coma.

All the reports that reached to Keshav Chandra proved that this man was hysterical, whimsical, a crackpot. But the people who used to come to him were intellectuals, professors, well-versed in scriptures. Why have they moved towards Ramakrishna?

Finally, he had to decide to go and see this man. Not only to see, but to challenge him to a debate. He informed Ramakrishna, "I am coming on such and such a date. Be ready, because I am going to challenge you to discuss with me matters of ultimate significance."

Ramakrishna laughed. He said, "It will be really a great joy to meet Keshav Chandra. He is such an intellectual giant and he does not know whom he is challenging. But let him come, this is a good excuse. I will accept the challenge."

His disciples said, "But this will be very humiliating. He will bring all his followers, and before all these people ... we know you cannot argue -- you have never argued in your life."

But what Ramakrishna said is something to be remembered forever. He said, "I don't argue because I am the argument. Just let him come. I don't know the scriptures, I don't need to know them. I know the truth -- why should I bother about borrowed knowledge? I don't have any education, I don't know how to prove something or disprove something,

but I don't need to know -- my presence is the proof. Just let him come."

The disciples were afraid because they could not understand that Keshav Chandra would accept his presence as an argument. And Keshav Chandra came. Ramakrishna hugged him -- he was not expecting that Ramakrishna would come out of the temple and hug him -- and took him inside. He said, "I am so grateful that you came, I have been waiting for so long. Whenever you feel like challenging me, you can come. Whenever you feel the urge to argue, you can come. I am always available, there is no need even to make any appointment; I am twenty-four hours in this temple. You can come day or night, any moment."

Keshav Chandra kept himself aloof, but found it was very difficult: this man is so loving, his very vibe is so touching. And Ramakrishna said, "First, before you start your argument, for your welcome I will dance." And he had his musicians there who started playing drums, and Ramakrishna started dancing ....

Keshav Chandra could not believe it, his followers could not believe it. He had challenged many people, he had argued all over the country with great scholars and defeated them, but he had never seen such a man, who is welcoming him with a dance. And the dance was so beautiful -- it was not the dance of a technician, it was the dance of an overflowing love. It was not formal, the welcome was not just etiquette; even Keshav Chandra could feel that the man was authentic.

After the dance Ramakrishna said, "Now you can start."
And Keshav Chandra said, "First I want you to prove the existence of God."
Ramakrishna laughed. He said, "The existence of God? You are the proof. Otherwise from where does such great intelligence come? It must be coming from existence, and if existence can produce Keshav Chandra that means existence is not unconscious, is not unintelligent. That's all we mean by God: that existence is not only matter. You are the proof. It is strange that you are asking for the proof and you don't know that you are the proof. I can bring anybody before you as a proof that existence is intelligent. That's all we mean by God: that existence is not without consciousness."
Keshav Chandra's followers could not believe that they had seen Keshav Chandra in shock for the first time. He was silent, he could not find what to say. And Ramakrishna's disciples were also in a shock. They said, "My God, we used to think: `How is this poor fellow going to argue?' But he has silenced him without much trouble; no scripture has been quoted -- nothing. Keshav Chandra himself has made the argument against himself."
And each time Keshav Chandra said something Ramakrishna would clap -- just like a child. And he was saying things against him! The disciples thought, "Keshav Chandra will think Ramakrishna is insane. He will not be able to understand: `I am arguing against him, and he is clapping with joy?'"
And just in the middle Ramakrishna would stand up and hug him again and say, "That was really a beautiful point. I

loved it, you go on." His joy, his love, his unruffled calm became his victory, without any argument.

Keshav Chandra fell at his feet and said, "Just forgive me, I have had very wrong notions about you."

Ramakrishna said, "What are you doing? You are a man of knowledge, I am an ignorant man -- so ignorant, so uneducated, I cannot even sign my own name. I know myself but I cannot sign my own name, I cannot read anything. What are you doing?"

And Keshav Chandra became one of the great lovers of Ramakrishna. And Ramakrishna had no answer for any question, nor did he have any question. But Ramakrishna's innocence touched many people and transformed many people. Just his love was a great alchemical process.

Satyabodhi, you don't have to ask any question and you don't need to receive any answer. Just drop both. They are not opposites to each other -- the question and answer -- they are not contradictions, they are complementaries, they are part of one whole. You have to drop the whole thing, you have to come out of this childish game. I answer your questions just to help you to come out. Slowly, slowly, your questions will die out, your answers will die out, and just a cleanness remains behind -- that is your true being.

All the questions are created by the priest, all the answers are created by the priests; it is a silly game. They create the answers, they create the questions, and in their questions and answers they divide the whole humanity into fragments. Otherwise what is the difference between Christians and Hindus, except their answers? -- so trivial that you will find it hilarious.

But people go on creating questions. Mind is a very efficient mechanism to create questions, and it is also very efficient at creating answers. Each answer brings more questions; there is no end to it. There are thousands of philosophies in the world and none of them has come to any conclusion. None of them is complete or is ever going to be complete, for the simple reason that every answer will create new questions; it is an endless process.
The moment you drop all questions and all answers you have dropped all the priests, all the philosophers; you are freed from the whole past. You are freed from the mind, you are freed from language -- you have moved to the beyond, into the inner sky, where there is your eternal life, your infinite light, your deathlessness, your bliss, your ultimate blissfulness; where you will find everything that man has ever dreamt of finding, and a contentment, a fulfillment that is never disturbed again.

A big revival meeting was being held. It was midwinter and all the motels were filled with preachers. The small son of the owner of one of the motels came in from the cold and found the lounge crowded with preachers. The boy announced to the room full of preachers that he had dreamt of hell. One of them grinned at him and asked, "What was it like?"
"Just like here," said the boy, "I almost froze."
"You froze?" asked another preacher.
"Yes," replied the boy, " the preachers were so thick around the fire, no one else could get near it!"

These preachers who are talking about heaven and hell, who are talking about God and truth, have never entered their own being. I have met with almost all types of monks, priests, preachers, philosophers -- none of them is interested in meditation. They are all playing games of the mind, which are childish, absolutely meaningless. You can go on playing those games and wasting your whole life.
I teach you a simple thing: just be silent, utterly silent, and you will have found all the treasures and all the mysteries and all the secrets of existence.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
THE DICTIONARY DEFINITION OF HUMBLE IS: "HAVING OR SHOWING A CONSCIOUSNESS OF ONE'S DEFECTS OR SHORTCOMINGS. NOT PROUD, NOT SELF-ASSERTIVE, MODEST." IS A REBEL HUMBLE? IS THERE MORE TO THE DEFINITION OF HUMBLE?

Dhyan Nidhi, the dictionary definition of humble is one thing, but to know humbleness as an experience is totally another. The dictionary is the world of words, and humbleness ....
So, do you want to discuss the word `humble' or the experience of humbleness? They are totally different things. The word `love' will have a dictionary meaning, but the experience of love will be a totally different thing. So always remember, the dictionary meaning is not relevant in this gathering of mad people. Their search is for the living experience, not for dissection of dead words.

The dictionary meaning almost always falls short of the actual experience. For example, the dictionary meaning of humble is, "Having or showing a consciousness of one's defects or shortcomings. Not proud, not self-assertive, modest." All these three things have to be understood.

First, the man of humbleness is not an exhibitionist; he does not show a consciousness of his defects or shortcomings. A man of humbleness simply is no more; he exists without an ego, without a personality. And without a personality you cannot have shortcomings and you cannot have defects. These are possessions of the ego. That's why ego feels a deep inferiority complex whenever it sees some defect, some shortcoming.

The dictionary meaning is that if the ego accepts and shows its shortcomings and defects to people, it is humble. But the existential humbleness simply means egolessness: there is nobody to experience defects, there is nobody to compare oneself with others as being inferior, as having shortcomings.

Second, the dictionary meaning says, "not proud." Anybody who says, "I am not proud" will be proud of this very fact. He will declare loudly, "I am not proud," and if you say, "I am even more humble than you, even less proud than you," he will feel offended. He is proud, but from the back door. The true humbleness knows nothing of pride or no pride. Just a small child ... does he know if he is proud or not proud?

The sage comes back to the same state of innocence; he is neither proud nor not proud -- he is not aware. The very ego that could have decorated itself with being non-proud is missing.

The dictionary meaning again says, "not self-assertive." A man who is not self-assertive is bound to be self-repressive: where will the assertion go? The self is there, the ego is there. He may not assert it -- then he will have to repress it, but a repressed ego is more dangerous than an ego which is assertive because the repressed ego goes on accumulating, and you are sitting on a volcano which can erupt any moment.

The authentic humbleness knows nothing of assertion or repression. Do you think a roseflower is assertive because it is opening in the morning sun and blossoming, and because it is spreading its fragrance to the winds? It is simply natural; there is no question of assertiveness. Whether anybody sees the flower or not will not make any difference, whether anybody passes by the side of the flower or not will not make any difference. The flower will go on dancing in the wind, in the rain, in the sun, will go on spreading its fragrance; it is simply natural.

The humble man is just like a flower He is not assertive, he is not repressive, he is simply natural. When he blossoms, fragrance comes out of him. When he becomes enlightened, he radiates light. Love overflows ... his compassion is so abundant that it has to be shared with others. It is not assertiveness. Do you think that when a rain cloud showers it is assertiveness? What should a rain cloud do with its rain? It becomes heavier and heavier and heavier; it becomes a burden. It has to share its rain with the thirsty earth. A humble man is simply natural. And whatever grows in this naturalness -- whatever blossoms, whatever fragrance, radiation comes out of naturalness, without any effort on his part -- is a happening, it is not a doing.

It may appear to egoistic people as assertiveness, that the roseflower is asserting its redness, its fragrance; it is doing a kind of PR job, inviting people to see, inviting people to smell, declaring to the world, "Look, is there any other rose better than me?" But this is your own projection. You are not being kind to the poor roseflower. He is not doing any PR job, it is just his nature.

And finally, the dictionary says, "the humble man is modest." But a man without ego -- how can he be modest? Modesty means you have an ego but you have controlled it. You have made boundaries, limits; you have cultured it, you have made it civilized. But it is very thin ... skin-deep. All your so-called modest people, just scratch them a little bit and immediately their barbarous ego will be out.

A truly humble man has not practiced humbleness. It is not his discipline, it is his understanding and it is his renouncing of the ego. He is not modest, he is simply what he is. You will interpret him according to your own projections ... somebody will think that he is too proud, somebody may think he is too self-assertive, somebody may think he is very humble. But it will depend on you. He is only a mirror; he will simply show your face.

Dictionaries cannot do justice to real experiences of life, particularly experiences which go beyond mind.

Dhyan Nidhi, you are asking, "Is there more to the definition of humble?" These are not the definitions of humble at all! The dictionary cannot understand what humbleness is. To understand humbleness, you don't have to go into a library, you have to go into meditation. You don't have to consult a dictionary, you have to consult your own being. There you will not find any definition, you will

find the real thing -- humbleness itself. And don't be satisfied until you have found the real thing.
As far as religious experiences are concerned, dictionaries are absolutely useless, because religion is not part of linguistics; it is something beyond language.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
OH, MY GOD, HOW AM I EVER GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS ONE?

Vimal, I don't know who "this one" is but I will tell you two jokes. You can figure it out, who "this" is. One:

Mr. Isar was attending his friend's wife's funeral. "It must be hard to lose a wife," remarked Mr. Isar. "Almost impossible," remarked his friend.

Perhaps you are in trouble -- I can sense it from your question. But don't be worried, every night has an end, and every wife too! Just a little patience ....

Mrs. Kessy has just returned home after her holiday. "How did you get along with your father, whilst I was away?" she asked her son.
"Just fine," says the boy, "every morning he took me out on the lake in a rowboat and let me swim back."
"Goodness!" exclaims Mrs. Kessy, "isn't that a long distance to swim?"
"Ah, I always made it alright," says the boy. "The only trouble I had was getting out of the bag!"

Vimal, you are in the bag. Just try first to get out of the bag, then swimming out of the lake is not going to be a great trouble. But getting out of the bag I can understand ... and I have deep compassion for you. That's why I was always seeing Vimal in tears -- what is the matter with the poor fellow?

Now he has come out in the open, "Oh my God, how am I ever going to get out of this one?" That means this is not the only one; he has had other troubles before. He has got out of those troubles, he is experienced. So I am not too worried about him, he will get out of this one and he will fall into another ditch.

This is the trouble with experienced people: they think that they know so much -- now they can manage not to fall into another ditch. And again they find that not only are they getting experienced, ditches are also getting experienced. It has been going in parallel for millennia.

But there is hope. Just make it a decision, that if you can get out of this one, you will not fall into another ditch. Then I can bless you. But you have to make a commitment; otherwise, what is the point? It is better to remain with the old one. You are familiar, the ditch is familiar, you know each other perfectly well. And slowly, slowly, one becomes immune. The problem arises with the new ditches: you have to start learning from ABC.

In the East, things are simpler, because people remain in one ditch. There is no divorce, they become accustomed, habituated. And because there is no question of any possibility of changing, there is no point in crying over spilled milk. It is spilled, it is better to forget and live life as

your destiny has given it to you. It is written on your forehead, it is written in your birthchart -- everything is decided beforehand. What can you do? It gives a certain consolation. Hence you will find in the East husbands and wives suffering exactly the same as in the West, but with tremendous contentment.

In the West the suffering is not that great, but discontentment is very great, because the possibility is there that you can change. And the hope is that perhaps you can get someone better, someone specially made for you. Nobody is specially made for you. Everybody is made for himself; nobody is made for anybody else. But just the idea that you can change ... a small trouble, and immediately you feel frustration, freaking out, and all kinds of things. In the East these things happen also every day, but nobody freaks out. It is just fate, it is kismet, it is written in the lines of your hand; it is God who decides. You have simply to learn how to live with the person God has decided you should live with.

But in advanced countries, the trouble has reached a climax: all contentment has disappeared from married life. Now the next step is the disappearance of marriage itself. And unless people are allowed to move easily, without any legalities, without any social hindrances, from one partner to another partner at any time of the day or night ... if movement is made absolutely easy, perhaps people will not feel so frustrated, so much in slavery and imprisonment. But so much change will bring new problems ... you will be utterly tired. Remember that any solution is not going to have only positive effects; it has its own negative shadow. If change is allowed it is going to be tiring, exhausting,

making life a kind of despair, because each time you have to prove again your manliness, your womanliness, your beauty, your strength. And all these things go on declining, so each time you have to be more of a hypocrite.
Hypocrisy in life is never a blissful state, and hypocrisy with a partner you are living with twenty-four hours a day cannot be continued. It is good for one hour or two hours, meeting the woman or the man on the beach, or in the movie hall where everything is dark and you cannot see whether her hair is false or dyed, whether her teeth are real or artificial, whether she is alive or dead -- in the darkness, anything goes. Neither does she know about you.
But living twenty-four hours together, hypocrisy is bound to be broken; the reality has to surface, and that will hurt you very much. Again you will say,"My God, I have fallen in a bigger ditch." And as you go on and on you will find bigger and bigger ditches ... because smaller ditches are for beginners; bigger ditches are waiting for the experienced ones.
It is better, Vimal, to try to understand the woman you are with. Try to understand what her problem is, because if she is a problem to you, she must be a problem to herself. If you love her, have compassion for her; try to understand her difficulties, her problems. Perhaps that will melt the ice and she will start trying to understand your difficulties, your problems. That's exactly what love is: two persons are trying to solve life's problems together without getting fed up and bored too quickly -- patiently seeing it as an opportunity for learning and growth.
Each relationship is a growth opportunity. Don't condemn it, enjoy it in all its phases -- in the moments when

everything is beautiful and in the moments when everything goes dark.
That's how life is, ups and downs.
And you have to learn, you cannot expect things to be always going up; for that, first you have to be enlightened and then you have to find an enlightened woman -- that is very difficult. First, it is difficult to become enlightened, and then to find an enlightened woman is an almost impossible job.
It has not happened up to now in the whole history of man; not a single enlightened person, man or woman, has been able to find another enlightened person, for a simple reason: Why should any enlightened person get into any ditch, man or woman? If after enlightenment you still have to fall in the same ditches, what is the need of enlightenment?
The whole secret of enlightenment is in how to avoid the ditches. Without enlightenment you cannot avoid; if you avoid, the ditch will follow you. These are not static ditches that you go around and run away from. They run faster than you!
Mulla Nasruddin was saying to one of his friends early in the morning, walking on the lawn, "My wife is almost like a mousetrap." And women are so attuned, their antenna is always up in the air; if you speak loudly they may not listen, but if you whisper they will listen to every word. The wife came out and she said, "What are you telling him? Yes, I am a mousetrap -- and who are you? You are a mouse. And remember, the trap was not running after the mouse, it was the mouse himself who entered the trap. So what are you telling your friend?"

But this story is old. Now traps have wheels, dry batteries -- they run. Once they see a mouse anywhere ... even if they smell a mouse, they run. They don't wait for the mouse to come. So it is better, Vimal: become enlightened, be a Gautam Buddha, sit under a bodhi tree with closed eyes. Only then can you hope ...

But keep your eyes closed, because there are stories in the scriptures that ladies from heaven come to distract the people who are becoming a threat to the king of the gods. His throne starts wavering when somebody becomes enlightened -- that means a competitor is coming ... fresh. The man there on the golden throne may be very old and this new man is coming fresh, young; there is every danger .... To avoid the danger, they send ladies from heaven, who dance around the person who is becoming enlightened -- naked; they don't care about police commissioners!

I have nothing to do with the PURANAS. In the Hindu PURANAS -- which the police commissioner should be respectful of -- they dance, they seduce. So perhaps the idea of wheels on mousetraps is not new, it is as ancient as the Hindu PURANAS. They are the most ancient scriptures in the world. They sent not only ditches from earth, but ditches from heaven also to destroy your enlightenment. And once they have destroyed your enlightenment, they disappear; then they leave you here for the earthly ditches to take care of you. So be aware!

Gautam Buddha has strict instructions for his followers: "Never look more than four feet ahead, so at the most you can see the feet of the woman, that's all -- don't go more than that. And run away -- don't talk to a woman ...." Clear-cut instructions: "Don't touch a woman, don't sit in a place

where a woman has been sitting. At least for ten minutes leave that space empty, because for ten minutes it remains vibrating."

And I am not saying anything of my own, I am simply quoting things within quotation marks. And not one scripture -- Hindu, Jaina, Buddhist, all three religions ... thousands of scriptures with the same idea. There must be some truth in it, and the truth is that those people were trying to become enlightened with a repressed sexuality. There is no heaven and no ladies are coming from there and no old guy is sitting there on a golden throne who becomes afraid; these ladies are coming from repressed sexuality. The more silent you become, the more vulnerable to your own unconscious -- you can become a victim. Your unconscious can create all kinds of hallucinations, and those hallucinations can destroy your peace, your silence, your feeling that you are coming to the peak of your realization. Suddenly you fall with a thud on the ground, flat. You look all around: there are no ladies, they have gone. There were no ladies before either; it was just your repressed psychology projecting.

So don't repress and try to become enlightened, but still keep your eyes closed as far as possible. Don't take any chances. It is better to be fully cautious; otherwise you may fall again into trouble.

That is one way to get out of trouble. The other way is to understand the woman. Be human. She is human; some bridge is possible -- it is not impossible. And just making the bridge is a great experience, just coming to a state of harmony where there was conflict before is a great realization. My preference will be for the second, and if

you become enlightened with this harmony, then no woman or man can disturb your enlightenment.
I don't consider those seers who were seduced by their fantasies worthy of being called seers. They were perfectly ready to be seduced by their own repressed sexuality, and they have created all these beautiful stories to console themselves: it is not their fault, it is God from heaven who sends beautiful women.
Strange, you are searching for God, and God is trying to keep you away; you are a devotee of God, and God is sending troubles for you as a reward. You have renounced your wife, your children, your family, but God is not satisfied -- he is sending more beautiful women. He does not want many more people to become enlightened it seems; he seems to be against enlightenment. This cannot be so. God should be -- if there is any God -- immensely happy when somebody becomes enlightened, because he becomes the argument to the world proving the existence of God.
So it is good, Vimal, for you to try to understand the woman; create a bridge between yourself and her. Learn patience and learn humanness, and see that humanity is frail, is defective. Just as it is defective in the other person, it is defective in you. Perhaps you cannot see your defects and your woman cannot see her own defects -- she sees your defects, you see her defects. That is the whole problem: not only yours, but of everyone who has a woman to live with; they are both capable of seeing each others' defects.
Just the other day, Anando brought me a piece of news. In the Soviet Union, one woman who was a crane driver

struck an electric pole with her crane, and got such a great electric shock the doctors declared her dead. According to their old tradition, she was waiting two days to be buried. But before burying her, one of the doctors who was taking care wanted to do an autopsy. And when he cut some part of her body, blood came out of it. He could not believe it: she was alive!

She came back to consciousness, but with a strange phenomenon which has never happened before: her eyes had become x-ray eyes. Now she can take your x-ray photograph. She is being used in a hospital: the patient simply stands before her and she can see the whole skeleton. She can find where the disease is, where the problem is, where the fracture is, where the cancer is, where the operation is needed. But she is suffering from immense migraine, because there is so much electricity in the head that her eyes ... and she cannot see anything other than skeletons all around.

Of course, Anando has brought the news because of her own ghost -- afraid that "I am troubled by only one ghost." What about this woman who will be seeing the doctors, the nurses, then everybody in the street ...? If she is moving, she will see only skeletons moving all around.

But I had a thought, that this is a very good idea: somehow, some way should be found that every woman can have x-ray eyes, so she can see into Vimal, where the defects are. In fact, they don't need x-ray eyes, they see with ordinary eyes every defect. Not only do they see it, they exaggerate it as much as they can. Being with a woman is a discipline, it is a religious austerity.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #6
Chapter title: What has god been doing for eternity?
21 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
LATELY, I HAVE BEEN FEELING VERY INSECURE, AND I SEE HOW MUCH I DISLIKE THAT SPACE OF NOT KNOWING. AND THEN I TRY ALL KINDS OF STUPID THINGS TO CONTROL THE SITUATION. I FEEL AS IF IT IS SUCH AN IMPRISONMENT, AND AT THE SAME TIME, I HAVE A DEEP FEELING IN ME THAT KNOWS THAT THIS IS HOW LIFE IS, AND I SHOULD ACCEPT IT. I FIND IT VERY DIFFICULT TO WATCH MYSELF, AND THE INSECURITY COMES UP EVEN MORE. COULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT?

Anubhasha, we are trained in wrong ways; otherwise, security is something to be afraid of, and insecurity is something to be rejoiced. What exactly is insecurity? It means tomorrow is not going to repeat today. It means tomorrow you may not even be alive. It means that one has to live each moment as if it is the last moment.
A life of security will be simply boring. It will be like seeing the same movie again and again and again -- knowing every detail of what is going to happen. You can

enjoy a movie only once. If you are an idiot, then it is another matter ....

Insecurity is the very fabric of life. If you don't understand insecurity, you can never understand life. Seasons will change; climates will change; the fall will come, the spring will come. Everything will go on changing, nothing can be taken for granted; this is insecurity. You want everything to be certain, permanent. But have you ever thought what will be the outcome of it if everything is permanent? You eat the same food every day, you say the same things every day, you listen to the same things every day. And there is no death even to demolish this tragic living -- you are living in a nightmare.

Insecurity keeps people fresh, alive, adventurous -- knowing that things can be changed. Even without their changing them, they are going to be changed. So there is great scope for change, for transformation.

An ancient saying is, "The authentic man is one whom the sunrise never finds where the sunset leaves him"; or, "where the sunrise leaves him, the sunset never finds him there." He is always on the move, he is a flow ... he is not a dirty pond going nowhere.

But the whole training of our minds is such that we are made afraid of insecurity, and our whole life we are trying for safety. Financially, politically, religiously -- in every dimension we want to be secure. But security means death, a living death. It means tomorrow will be simply a repetition of today, and today is a repetition of yesterday. Are you living? Is there a dance in your life? Are you moving, growing, risking, taking the challenges of dangerous paths? In the acceptance of the danger, in the

acceptance that anything can happen any moment, life comes to its best, to its fullest.

Your question is, Anubhasha, "Lately, I have been feeling very insecure, and I see how much I dislike that space of not knowing." You are completely upside down; you will have to change your posture. Insecurity is not a space that has to be disliked, it is a space that has to be loved and cherished, celebrated ... because tomorrow will bring new news.

And because of the fear of insecurity, you are also fearing not knowing; and not knowing is the highest peak of consciousness. But certainly you must be afraid of peaks because you can fall from there; you prefer the plain, asphalt road -- no danger of falling from there. You would like to be at the lowest point in consciousness, because from there you cannot fall.

Millions of people have decided to live at the minimum out of the simple fear that from the maximum you can fall. It is safer to live at the minimum; it is even safer not to live at all. Nobody has ever heard that dead people are insecure; graveyards are the most secure places. Once you enter your grave, there is no fear: even death cannot do anything to you -- one cannot die twice.

Man has been trying to create false props for security, knowing perfectly well that they all fall down, but still he goes on piling up props around him. Time does not care about your props, nor does life care about your props. In fact, it is compassionate of nature that whatever you do, you remain insecure. You can have a bank balance, you can have a big insurance -- but these are just strategies to befool yourself. What insurance can there be against death? What

insurance can there be against the constantly changing flux of life? You cannot prevent it: it is a mountain river flowing fast, dropping from high mountains into waterfalls, moving into valleys towards the ocean where it will disappear completely.

The idea of safety has created the idea of accumulating knowledge -- nothing should be left unknown because the unknown creates insecurity. If it is known, you feel safe. Even small things, you are continuously trying to know ... even if you are traveling in a train with a passenger, you immediately want to know his name, where he is going, what religion he belongs to, what his profession is. You may not have thought that this is a way of feeling safe about the man; otherwise, who knows? You may be traveling with a madman, and in the middle of the night he may sit on your chest.

That's why people are always afraid of strangers. They become uneasy even if you start living your own style of life, not following the crowd. That means you are becoming an outsider, a stranger. So people go on filling their heads with all kinds of knowledge, most of which is simply rubbish and crap; people become walking encyclopedias.

In my village, I used to know a brahmin. He was a little cuckoo -- I have never come across another man like that. He had crammed the whole OXFORD DICTIONARY; that was his great achievement. You could ask him the OXFORD DICTIONARY meaning of any word, and he was almost like a computer: he would immediately give you the exact words that the OXFORD DICTIONARY

says. And he was living under the wrong impression that he knew the English language.

By cramming the OXFORD DICTIONARY, one cannot know the English language. Language is a living phenomenon: it comes through dialogue, it comes through contact with living people. The OXFORD DICTIONARY may be marginally helpful, but just the OXFORD DICTIONARY .... He was not able even to make a single sentence, because in the OXFORD DICTIONARY there are only words. He knew the whole language, and still he was not able to make a single sentence.

This is the situation of the scholars: they are afraid of their not knowing; they go on piling up scriptures over their not knowing, covering it up with thick layers of knowledge. But underneath they are as ignorant as ever.

Ignorance has not to be covered, but transformed into innocence. Ignorance has not to become knowledgeability, ignorance has to become a feeling of the mysterious and the miraculous in existence.

This is the way of a religious man. The scholarly man is never religious -- cannot be.

Your whole approach, Anubhasha, is categorically wrong -- not in part, but absolutely. You have to understand that insecurity is the very nature of life; there is no way to avoid it. And when there is no way to avoid it, the only wise way is to enjoy it. When it is impossible to avoid it, why go on hitting your head against the wall? Then it is better to transform insecurity into a beautiful experience. In fact, it is that.

Man can never demystify existence, he can never become all-knowing. The desire to become all-knowing is

dangerous. In this ambition of becoming all-knowing so that you can be safe, the possibility is that you may collect much information. And in collecting information, you will forget one basic thing: that you have to go through a transformation. Information is not going to help you at all -- you need a transformation of your consciousness. By transformation, you will not become a knower, you will become more and more a mystic.

Each and every thing in life, from the smallest grass leaf to the biggest star ... it is all mysterious. Neither holy scriptures have any answers for it, nor science has any answers for it, although they both go on proposing hypotheses. Religion tries to propose a hypothesis of God: that he created the world. This is really pitiable; it has nothing to do with authentic religiousness, it is a childish effort to forget your ignorance. Nobody has witnessed any God creating the world. By the very nature of the fact, nobody can be a witness; otherwise the world is already there, somebody is there to witness it.

Man's stupidity knows no limits. Christianity believes God created the world ... but this is not enough: they have to know the exact year, date, day -- in detail. And they have calculated -- nobody knows how they have come to this calculation because they have not given the process of their calculation -- that God created the world four thousand and four years before Jesus was born. Of course, it must have been Monday, and the first of January, because he cannot start in the middle of the year. In fact, wherever and whenever he started, that was the first of January. How can the calendar exist without a world?

And it raises a thousand and one questions which Christian theologians have not been able to answer -- not even a single one. What was God doing for eternity? And why did he create the world exactly four thousand and four years before Jesus was born? What is the secret of it? And where has this fellow been before? And the more basic question is: From where did God come? Who produced him? Is he an orphan, with no mother, no father? Who created him? If the world needs a creator, then God also needs a creator. This hypothesis can satisfy only very childish minds, and can give them security. But millions of people are in that space. In temples, in synagogues, in mosques, they are praying to a God which is just a hypothesis.

Some day when man really comes of age and to maturity, he will laugh at us: "What kind of idiots is the whole history full of? They create a hypothesis, and they worship a hypothesis."

Two plus two make four: that is a hypothesis, but you never worship it -- or do you? Just writing "two plus two is equal to four" ... and then flowers and devotional songs ... But your God is not better in any way than `two plus two is four'.

But science is not in a better position either. They say that at a certain point, nearabout four billion years ago ... Their calculation is as bogus as the religious calculation: four thousand and four years, or four million years, or four billion years. How do you come to that conclusion? It is simply whimsical. They say the world came into existence out of an explosion. Explosion of what? They have removed God; now instead of God, it is an explosion of

energy. But that means the energy was there. And if the energy was there, existence was there.
Gautam Buddha seems to be more logical, Mahavira seems to be more logical; they don't believe in the creation at all. They have simply denied that the world has ever been created: it has always been there, and it will always be there, changing its forms.
You cannot conceive a point when the world was not, and then suddenly it was there. It is not logic, it is magic: a moment before there was nothing and a moment after, there was everything. God seems to be a street magician! But the street magician knows only tricks. Out of an empty cap, he brings birds -- but they are hidden in the empty cap. He creates the illusion that the cap is empty, but it is not empty.
Gautam Buddha is right when he says, "The very idea of the creation of the world is foolish. It will lead to more stupid answers and questions." But why do people want to know such things? There must be a psychological need, and a universal psychological need. This is the need: safety. Knowing that God created the world, you feel at ease. Strange, I have never felt any unease about whether God created the world or not. Who cares? In what way am I related to that creation? It does not affect me this way or that. I am ready to accept the mystery of life, and I am against all those people -- whether religious scholars or scientific researchers -- who are going to satisfy your fear of insecurity by giving you hypotheses.
Even science could not control its temptation and accept the mysteriousness of existence, that we don't know. Not even a single scientist has been so courageous as to say,

"We don't know." In fact, the whole project of science is such that slowly, slowly our area of knowledge is growing, and the area of our ignorance is decreasing. Logically it can be inferred that one day, somewhere in the future -- it may take millions of years -- a point will come when everything will be known; the whole area will be covered by knowledge, and there will be nothing left to be known anymore.

I cannot agree with this. Yes, science tries to know things, but that does not demystify them. It simply pushes the mystery back a little. You split the atom -- soon you will be able to split the sperm -- and then you say that the atom consists of electrons, protons, and neutrons, and you think you have provided the knowledge. But the question is, why does the atom consist of electrons, protons, and neutrons? The mystery is not dissolved, it has become more subtle. The man of understanding will accept that insecurity is the very fabric of life, and that not knowing is the counterpart of the miraculous and the mysterious existence. We know nothing. All that we know is very superficial, and all that we know goes on changing. That which seems to be so certain today becomes uncertain tomorrow.

Have you observed that for almost thirty years, no big volumes on science have been written? Only periodicals, monthly publications .... And people don't write big books for the simple reason that by the time their book is finished, it will be out of date -- so great is the explosion. All old theories become wrong; new theories come in. All old hypotheses drop dead; new hypotheses arise like the phoenix, out of the ashes of the old hypotheses. And they

know perfectly well that these are also going to fall.

If you are trying to write a complete history of something scientific, you are wasting time. So scientists only write papers, not books; they read papers, not books, because a paper can be read in a university or at a conference of scientists. At least it is real, true at that moment; nobody knows about tomorrow. People used to think that Albert Einstein will never be refuted. He has been refuted, he is no longer the giant he used to be. Inch by inch, his whole theory of relativity has been criticized, and better proposals have come into being.

But now one thing is certain -- because three hundred years' experience of science shows that no theory is going to become authentic knowledge, it is only a temporary hypothesis. Somebody with a better intelligence, with more logical acumen, with better scientific equipment, is going to demolish it.

Charles Darwin is no longer accepted. The idea that man has come from the monkeys or apes is very appealing; looking at man, it needs no proof! But for millions of years, monkeys have remained monkeys, man has remained man. Neither do we see people falling back towards monkeys -- going up the trees, and growing tails, and jumping -- nor do we see another modern monkey getting down from the tree, standing on two feet, and declaring, "Now I am a human being."

There has not been a single scientific theory which has remained true. Everything has changed, and everything is changing so fast that perhaps in the future it will not be possible to read even papers.

One of the great mathematicians -- perhaps the greatest mathematician, Goedel -- was writing a book on mathematics. His lifelong effort -- he wasted forty years -- was to give to the world a complete book on mathematics; there would be no need of any improvement in it. He was a great genius. And when he was coming to the conclusion of his book, Bertrand Russell demolished the whole book of forty years just by a small puzzle.

Bertrand Russell was also a mathematician; he has also written a very great book on mathematics, PRINCIPIA MATHEMATICA, which I don't think anybody ever reads, except a few crazy people like me! He came to know about a problem: the government of Britain had ordered all the libraries to make a catalog of all the books they had, to keep one copy of the catalog in the library, and to send another copy to the central government library so that they could know how many books were in the whole country. The librarians made the catalog ... and finally a few intelligent ones became very disturbed: what to do about the catalog they are keeping in the library? -- because that has become a big book itself. Should it be included in the catalog? If they don't include it, then it is against the order. The order says, "All the books in the library should be included in the catalog." So according to the order, the catalog also has to be included. But it looks very foolish that the catalog includes itself.

But they were just small town librarians. The idea came and puzzled them, but they thought, "We should not worry, we will just send them to the central library." But to the central library, the order was the same, that they should

make a catalog of all the catalogs, keep one copy with them, and send the other copy to the government.
The man at the central library was far more educated, far more intelligent, but even he could not figure out what to do: whether to have the catalog included in the catalog itself ... That looks ridiculous, and hilarious. But not to include it goes against the order. So he asked Bertrand Russell, "You are a great mathematician, you have to solve this puzzle."
Bertrand Russell worked on it but could not find any solution. Everything was wrong: If you put it in the catalog, it does not look right that the catalog is cataloged in itself. If you don't keep it in the catalog, that is not right because the catalog is in the library and you have left one book uncataloged.
Remembering Goedel, the old man who was a world-famous mathematician and who was known to be completing a book on which he had worked for forty years -- and perhaps no mathematical book would ever be so complete, so exhaustive -- Bertrand Russell sent the puzzle to him. Goedel was just completing the final chapter, the last pages. His whole hypothesis was that mathematics can solve all problems ... but he could not solve the problem of this catalog: whether to include it in itself or not.
He became so shocked that just a small thing cannot be solved by his whole mathematical experience that he did not publish his book. He became so frustrated, he sent the puzzle back to Bertrand Russell and told him, "I'm not going to complete the book and I'm not going to publish it although I have wasted my whole life on it. What is the use? It cannot solve a simple thing."

Science is an effort to demystify existence in every way. And that's what theology has been doing before science -- trying to demystify everything. God created the world -- that makes you safe. God is the father -- that makes you secure; he will take care of you. Everything is decided by God; of course, it cannot be against you. God is compassionate ... that's what Mohammedans say: "RAHMAN RAHIM" -- he is kindness, he is compassion itself. So don't be worried about anything. Even all your sins will be forgiven, because his compassion is far bigger than your ability to commit sins.

How many sins can you commit in a small life of seventy years? If you go on committing sins day and night, without taking time for eating and sleeping and bathing -- just sins and sins and sins, a continuum from the cradle to the grave -- even then you cannot commit so many sins that they are greater than the compassion of God. You will be forgiven -- it gives great safety, a great consolation -- just believe in God.

Theology was trying to create safety, consolation, security. And now science has taken over from theology, on a more pragmatic basis, and is doing the same thing: just giving you a false idea that you need not worry, science knows all. The very word `science' means knowing.

But I want to insist again and again to you: neither theology, nor science, nor philosophy -- no effort of man can demystify existence.

You need to be courageous to accept the insecurity -- not only accept, but rejoice in it. You have to rejoice in the mystery of existence: the trees, the oceans, the mountains, the stars ... everything is mysterious. From the smallest

pebble on the beach to the whole universe, everything is so mysterious that there is no possibility of knowing it.
Not knowing is the way of the mystic. Insecurity is the way of the mystic. And to be a sannyasin is to be on the path of the mystic.
Anubhasha, if you change your basic standpoint -- which is wrong, utterly wrong -- then your whole problem disappears. And then you are capable of dancing amidst all insecurity; you are capable of loving and laughing amidst all not knowing.
Not knowing is nothing but innocence, and insecurity is nothing but a constantly changing panorama, always fresh and new. Nothing is repeated in existence.
You must have heard the saying, "History repeats itself." History repeats itself because history has consisted up to now of stupid human beings. Existence is so intelligent: it never repeats itself; it never creates another Jesus, another Moses, another Buddha, another Chuang Tzu, another Socrates. It simply never repeats. Its creativity is tremendous, inexhaustible.
Yes, the history of man repeats itself, because the life of man is a routine. If you look at your life ... you go on repeating it. Slowly, slowly the repetition becomes your efficiency: you become almost a robot, you lose your consciousness. Consciousness is needed only if each moment is new, because you have to respond to a new situation. Old answers won't do.
It is a great blessing that life is insecure, love is insecure, and fundamentally we are in a state of not knowing. We can be childlike -- running after butterflies, collecting

seashells on the beach, or colored stones, as if they are diamonds, and enjoy all of them.
In my childhood, I used to have as many pockets as possible. My tailor used to be very angry with me. He said, "You will spoil my credit; nobody will come to me for their clothes to be made. What kind of dress is this? -- with four pockets in front, pockets even on the arms, pockets on the pants ... not just two, four." He said, "You are mad, and you are driving me mad."
I said, "I need all these pockets because I love the river, and I find so many beautiful stones that all these pockets fall short."
Whenever I would come home with my pockets full of stones, I would even go to bed with all the stones. Everybody was angry ... "What do you think these stones are? Diamonds, or emeralds, or rubies?"
I said, "I don't know, but they are immensely beautiful and I cannot sleep without my treasure; it feels good that they are close to me."
Not knowing is nothing but innocence. These two things are very foundational: insecurity and not knowing. If you can relax in these two, you are a sage, you are awakened. If you go against these two, you are going against your own enlightenment, against your own possibility of being a sage.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
IT IS A SHATTERING, AN UPHEAVAL FROM THE DEPTHS. TEARS POUR THROUGH THE CRACKS, WASHING THE STONES INTO JEWELS IN THE

MOONLIGHT. MY EYES ARE NAKED AND UNPREPARED FOR THIS GARDEN: BLOOMING, SILENT, AND UNKNOWN IN THE DARKNESS -- BLOSSOMS IN THE NIGHT. OSHO, IS IT POSSIBLE, IS IT REAL? AND TEARS, TEARS, TEARS .... OSHO, I HAVE BECOME JUST EYES IN THE NIGHT, AND YOUR BLESSINGS ARE THE MORNING DEW.

Devageet, the tears of joy, the tears of peace, the tears of silence are the most precious things you have. Laughter cannot reach to that height. No words are able to express the beauty of the tears. Your eyes are the most transparent part of your body, and your tears come directly from your very heart. It is a silent dance, a very silent music ....
One should not think of it as a shattering experience. In a way, it is shattering: it shatters that which is false in you. But it cleanses and brings into light that which is real in you. Don't pay attention to the dying false, it has never been alive -- it was only a pretender. Focus your whole consciousness on the uprising of the real. That is your very being. The tears are welcoming your very being and its discovery.
You are asking, "Is it possible, is it real?" Yes, Devageet, it is possible. It has to be made possible for everybody. And it is the most real thing in you. Nothing is more real than your tears. But the tears have a negative side too: if they come out of sadness and suffering and misery, then they are negative, then they create a dark night around you. But if they come out of joy and bliss and ecstasy, they create a great light within you and without you. And that's what is happening.

You are saying, "It is a shattering, an upheaval from the depths. Tears pour through the cracks, washing the stones into jewels in the moonlight. My eyes are naked and unprepared for this garden: blooming, silent, and unknown in the darkness -- blossoms in the night. Is it possible, is it real? And tears, tears, tears .... I have become just eyes in the night, and your blessings are the morning dew." Devageet, what is happening to you is expected to happen to everybody who has become intimate to me, who has come close to me -- not physically, but spiritually. It is a great moment to welcome and to rejoice and to dance to abandon. You are coming out of your grave, you are going through a resurrection.

The funeral procession was reaching the top of the hill when the rear door of the hearse burst open. To the horror of all the mourners, the coffin slid out, and then proceeded to bounce and clatter its way down the hill. At the bottom of the hill, its speed carried it right through the open doorway of a chemist shop. Before the appalled surprise of the chemist, it crashed into the counter, causing the lid to fly open.
"For goodness sake!" said the corpse. "Give me something to stop this coffin."

You are coming back out of the coffin. It must have been a long journey. It must have been very shattering, but it brought the dead man back to life! You are coming back to life. You have been dead ... now you will know life for the first time. And millions are the people in the world who are living in their coffins, and don't know what life is.

To experience life in its totality and intensity is to know the only significance and meaning of existence. That's the only way. No philosophical thinking can make you aware of the tremendous meaning, and the beautiful blossoms, and the immortality of your being. Then the juice of life, drinking the juice of life is the only way there has ever been of finding godliness in the stones, in the trees, in the rivers, in people, in animals, in the birds. The whole of existence is full of vibrating light. It is just that we should be tuned in -- and then suddenly everything becomes such an ecstasy, you could not have conceived of it before.
Just to welcome your tears, a joke for you.

A layman and a vicar were playing golf, and the layman was not having a good game.
"Ah, damn, I missed!" said the layman at the first green. And then missing an easy putt, he said, "Ah, damn, I missed again!"
The layman kept on playing a bad shot, and kept saying, "Ah, damn, I missed!"
The vicar put up with this for half the round, but then he felt he owed it to the dignity of his calling to say something to the layman. "You really must not keep using such dreadful language, my dear Sir," said the vicar, "or the Lord may well strike you down."
And just as the words were out of his mouth, there came a jagged flash of lightning; and in a split second the vicar was burned to a crisp. Above the rolling thunder clouds, a deep voice was heard to say, "Ah, damn, I missed!"

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #7
Chapter title: Your ego is the distance between you and me
21 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I LOOK AT OTHER PEOPLE'S QUESTIONS TO SEE HOW THEY CAN EXPRESS THESE FEELINGS. I JUST CAN'T FIND WORDS TO EXPRESS MY TEARS OR MY LOVE, ALTHOUGH THE LONGING IS THERE. DO I NEED TO USE WORDS TO EXPOSE MYSELF?

Prem Nityamo, language is useful, but not always. Words have a utility, but not everywhere. There are spaces where language falls short, words prove impotent, and in fact those are the only spaces which have any significance. That which can be contained in language is mundane; that which always eludes language is sacred. Hence, nothing has ever been written anywhere, in any age, about love, about peace, about silence -- although these words have been used as a necessary evil, as a human frailty, because man cannot speak through silence, cannot just speak through tears. He has to resort to something which is too small to contain the vast experiences; it distorts everything. Hence there is no need: if you feel contented, if you feel something beyond words is arising in you ... it comes out

through your tears, which are far better an expression than words.

Words have a limited meaning; tears have only hints about the unknown, just fingers pointing to the moon. If it is coming through songs or through music, it is far better. If it is coming through a dance, it is far more authentic.

But even if there is no expression at all -- it simply remains within you like a flame in a temple where no wind is blowing, unwavering, utterly calm and quiet but still radiating the space inside you -- some of that radiation is bound to come out of your body, out of your eyes, out of your hands. It is not your doing; it is happening on its own, and then it has a beauty. Then it can express without expressing, can say something without saying.

But I can understand your problem: you listen to others' questions .... This is not only your problem, this is our whole upbringing. We always go on looking at what others are doing, and if they are all doing it, there must be something in it. So many people are asking questions, and you cannot manage to reduce your feelings into a question. You may be feeling as if something is wrong with you. Nothing is wrong except the idea of comparison, the idea of imitation. Those who are asking questions may not have such deep experiences. Their experiences may be very superficial -- language is perfectly capable of translating their experiences into words. Their questions may be only intellectual, nothing to do with anything beyond the mind. They may be very articulate, well-versed, scholarly. But even a parrot can be a scholar -- only parrots are scholars. But the parrot does not understand the meaning of what he is saying; neither do the scholars understand anything. But

they know a vast vocabulary, they know many, many words, with different nuances. Their capacity to express is great, but they don't have anything to express -- their words are empty.

So some may be asking out of intellectual curiosity; some may be asking just to show their knowledge -- not that they want to know the answer but that they already know the answer. They are just checking whether I also know the answer or not. There are different categories of questioners. A few are very childish. One man is continuously asking that he should be allowed to sit in the first row. It seems he has come here only to sit in the first row, because he is threatening that if he is not allowed to sit in the first row, he will go away from here, be against me, propagandize against me. The qualifications that he is showing in his threats certainly prohibit him from the first rows -- he will never be allowed to be in the first rows. He seems to be absolutely stupid. Does he think that he can threaten me, or blackmail me?

And the very desire to sit in the first row is nothing but egoistic; here you are to be humble. The people who are sitting in the first rows have been here for years, and they have disappeared long before. That's why they are in the first rows -- just posthumous existences. Once they used to be; now they are no more. You are too much -- you will have to remain in the very last row. If you want to be in the first row, disappear. Your question is coming out of your ego and you must be blind, utterly blind, because you cannot see what kind of question you are asking.

And I don't determine who should sit in the first row. It is something autonomous: slowly, slowly, as people drop their egos, they start moving closer to me.
Your ego is the distance between me and you.
If you want the distance not to be there then you have not to ask, you have to destroy your ego and the distance will disappear. One day you will find yourself sitting in the first row.
Nityamo, there are questions and questions. A few people are asking because I have said something before and now I am saying something which appears to them to be different or even contradictory. Neither were they hearing at that time, nor are they hearing at this time -- because those who have listened to me are not going to find any contradiction anywhere. Their deep listening will make a great harmony out of all statements that I am making. If the statements look opposite, that means you are incapable of creating a harmony. You have not heard, you have not understood.
A few people go on asking questions just to show others that they are growing spiritually very high. One day they are touching the very sky; another day their girlfriend has left them, and all their spiritual flight is finished! One day they are beyond jealousy, beyond ego, and the next day their question comes: "What to do with jealousy? Perhaps it has come back ...." It has never gone anywhere. They were just enjoying the idea that they don't have any jealousy. Perhaps there was no opportunity for jealousy to show, and now the opportunity has arisen.
You are asking, "I look at other people's questions ..." In the first place, that is wrong. You are here to listen to my answers, not to listen to others' questions. "I look at other

people's questions to see how they can express these feelings." How can you see their feelings? You can listen to their questions but whether they have those feelings within them or not, there is no way to see. In fact, the people who don't have those feelings find it easier to express; those who have those feelings find it almost impossible to express.

And you are unnecessarily worrying: "I just can't find the words to express my tears or my love, although the longing is there." Your tears are enough. Your love is enough. There is no need to send the question; just drop a few tears on the paper and write underneath: L-U-V, love. Don't write the exact spelling, because that means it is coming out of the mind.

Or just make ... Many small children who are sannyasins send me letters -- they cannot write much, they simply make a picture of the heart and an arrow. And they have said everything, far better than any poet. What more can any poet do? Just drop two tears also -- then it becomes more heartful, more expressive. And it is not a question, it is simply an expression. Love is not a question; neither are your tears a question. They will show your longing; they will show the space you are in.

"Do I need to use words to expose myself?" There is no need. But if you feel the need -- not because others are asking ... If you feel the need without any comparison and without any imitation, then ask, use words. There is no harm in it. But I repeat again: don't imitate. Don't do just anything because everybody else is doing it and if you don't do it, what will people think? -- perhaps you don't have any

love, perhaps you don't have any tears, perhaps you don't have anything to ask.
Here, nobody is going to think about you. Even to think about somebody is an interference in his freedom; it is trespassing his territory. Who are you even to raise a question in your mind about somebody else? My whole effort is to make you respectful of the dignity of everyone else, and his absolute freedom.
Even to think about him is a very subtle interference.
Mrs. Isaac was dying. "Rosen, dear," she pleaded weakly, "I want you to promise me that you will ride in the same car with my mother at my funeral."
"Okay," sighed Rosen, "but it is going to ruin my whole day."

There are a few things which should not be expressed; it is better not to express them.

Little Hymie was taking his bath with little Becky before the Sabbath. They were making soap bubbles, when suddenly little Hymie looked at Becky and said, "And now I am going to duck you."
"Ha!" said Becky with contempt. "You don't even know how to pronounce it!"

It is better sometimes to keep silent.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
AFTER BEING HERE WITH YOU FOR A WHILE, THE WORLD LOOKS TO ME LIKE A BIG MADHOUSE,

AND YOUR PLACE LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY MADHOUSE WHERE WE CAN BECOME SANE. HOW CAN WE PREVENT OURSELVES FROM BECOMING MAD AGAIN WHEN WE GO BACK INTO THE WORLD? THE MADNESS IS VERY INFECTIOUS, AND UNTIL NOW, WHENEVER I HAVE GONE BACK INTO THE WORLD, I BEGIN TO BECOME WHAT EVERYONE ELSE CALLS "NORMAL."

Puja Kavina, it is certainly a great problem for all sannyasins when they go back into the world: if they remain the way they are here, they will certainly be thought abnormal, unfit. They may lose their jobs, they may lose their wives, they may lose everything. They may find themselves in an insane asylum. So it is exactly what you are doing that everybody else is doing -- when you go into the world, be normally mad; just fit with their style.

Only one thing has to be remembered: that it is your acting, that you are acting simply in order not to create unnecessary trouble for yourself and for others. And you can act, because you have been in the world; you know all the roles there. There is no need for anybody to prompt you. You have lived your whole life in that big madhouse; you know its language, its style, its functioning. Act it! Don't become normal, just act normal. Deep inside remember that it is madness.

In other words, with awareness adjust yourself to society -- but with awareness, so that your consciousness remains floating above and there is no compromise as far as your consciousness is concerned.

Outside, if people like to use lipstick, you can use it -- there is no problem. Although it is ugly ... but what else to do when the world has painted lips? It is dirty and in countries where people are kissing each other, when you kiss one woman you may be kissing hundreds of people because the same lipstick has been moving all around. It is highly unhygienic, and recently it has become the most dangerous thing in the world because you can catch a disease called AIDS, just by kissing someone.

The hygienic way is such that you will be immediately caught, for being abnormal. The hygienic way is what Eskimos do: they rub noses when they are in great love, they never kiss. For centuries they have known the fact that kissing is a dirty habit; mixing each other's saliva cannot be called a healthy and hygienic thing. When the Eskimos first saw the Christian missionaries who had reached their land, they could not believe it. What kind of people are these? -- because their way of showing love was absolutely hygienic. The nose is so clean, and so cold and cool, and just rubbing the nose is a little playful too. But don't do it in any society where it is not known. If you start rubbing noses with somebody, you will be caught immediately: something has gone wrong with this man!

It is better to adjust and be normal. Just remember inside -- a clear division -- what is acting and what is your reality. You will have to hide yourself behind a personality. Here you can drop the personality outside the gate and you can be a real individual, but the moment you go out of the gate, just pull up your blanket of personality around yourself; it is absolutely right, there is nothing to be worried about.

"Betty," called the teacher, "tell me the meaning of the word `trickle'."
"To run slowly," said Betty.
"Quite right," said the teacher. "Now tell me the meaning of the word `anecdote'."
"A short funny tale," said Betty.
"Good girl," said the teacher. "Now see if you can give me a sentence with both those words in it."
Betty thought for a moment: "Yes, I know," she said. "Our dog trickled down the street wagging his anecdote."

Now, children have their own perception of things, and when you are talking to children you have to understand their language and their perception. What Betty is saying is perfectly right according to her perception. She had already given the meaning of both the words separately; but the teacher understood it according to her own understanding -- the dictionary meaning, of which Betty is unaware. She has certainly seen the dog trickling down the street wagging his tail; she is talking about her experience.

When you go into the world don't suddenly start talking about experiences that happened here; otherwise people will think you are becoming a little lunatic, something is getting loose in your head. If you start talking about ecstasy, blissfulness, silence, love, they will listen to you but they cannot understand -- and it is not their fault. When you go back to them, speak their language. Unless you find someone with whom you can share your experiences -- who has some idea, who has entered into some inner space;

he may not have reached to the ultimate XYZ, but he has started the ABC -- then there is some possibility.

Sufis, because of this problem, have been underground for twelve hundred years, because Mohammedans are fanatic people .... Sufism was born in the Mohammedan areas of the world; it is the pure essence of Mohammedanism, but only for those who have that deep insight. Otherwise it appears to be against Mohammedanism. The superficial organized religion is always against its very own foundations; it is always against its own founders.

Jainism is against Mahavira, and Buddhism is against Gautam Buddha, and Christianity is against Jesus, for the simple reason that these people were rebels, and what they said was impossible to organize. Their words had to be diluted, their words had to be interpreted; their words had to be changed to fit with the existing collectivity. They had to be made "normal."

Christianity is normal, Jesus is not. Jesus belongs to this company -- he belongs to our circus; here he will completely fit. Even if he comes with his cross, nobody will take any note and nobody will object to it. People will help him to put the cross aside and sit down -- "We will not need it here, you can leave it outside." Here, anybody will be absolutely welcome. But in Mohammedanism, or in any organized religion, the problem arises ....

The Sufis were the true Mohammedans -- but Al-Hillaj Mansoor was murdered, and Sarmad was killed. Then Sufis had to go underground; there was no other way. And "going underground" can be understood to mean that they started behaving normally. With the society they will

behave exactly the way the society expects from everybody.

If you want to see a Sufi mystic, it is very difficult -- and it may be that he is just sitting in front of you. He may be a shoemaker, or he may be a carpenter; he may be a potter -- he may be anybody ordinary. You may have passed the man many times. You may have enquired in the whole village, "I have heard there is a Sufi mystic in this village" -- but even the village people don't know who the Sufi mystic is. They will say, "We don't know any Sufi here." Unless you come across someone who belongs to the inner circle of the mystic ... and there may be only a few people, a dozen people at the most, who know the reality of the man. They meet in the middle of the night in secrecy. If you come across somebody by chance -- if you go on searching, you will come across somebody -- and if he is convinced that you are really a seeker, he will tell you, "I will get the permission of the master and I will take you for the first, initial meeting." Then he will inform you, "On such and such day, in the night at such and such time, you meet me."

And he will take you to a place where you will be surprised to know that twelve persons are sitting around a man you have been seeing every day, for all this time that you have been searching for the Sufi master. He is no one but the shoemaker, but now he is no longer in the dress of the shoemaker; he is sitting in the dress of a king. And all those twelve people are sitting around with such deep devotion and love, the whole atmosphere is fragrant.

For twelve hundred years, thousands of Sufi mystics have been living a normal life in the day, and in the middle of

the night -- just for one hour or two hours -- they meet with those who can understand each other. Then they expose their hearts.
So when you go outside, behave normally but remember it is only an act because you don't want to be an unnecessary nuisance in the society -- and it is not going to pay you either.

Tom went to the boss' office: "Can I have tomorrow afternoon off, Sir?" he asked his boss. "It is my grandmother's funeral."
"Come off it, boy," said the boss. "Did you not have an afternoon off a couple of months ago because your grandmother died?"
"Yes," said Tom, "but Granddad married again."

In that mad world, where granddads are marrying, behave in the same way. Don't become a focus of people's attention; they will decry you, they will condemn you. They have stoned people to death; they have never shown any mercy -- they are almost incapable of being merciful. There is no need to provoke their anger and their violence; there is no need to be a martyr.
Your purpose is to attain your unfoldment, silently. If the day is not the right time for you, no need to be worried: there are flowers which only open in the night when everybody has gone to sleep.
One of the most fragrant flowers in India is the Night Queen. It is a very small flower, but it comes in thousands, simultaneously -- the whole tree becomes just flowers. And it is so fragrant ... in one place I had a tree in front of my

bungalow. My neighbors started complaining against the tree, saying, "You have to cut it down, because we cannot sleep; the fragrance is too much." The whole neighborhood used to become full of fragrance.
I had asked many gardeners, "This is a flower which is called Night Queen; there must be a parallel plant which opens its flowers in the day. If there is such a flower as Night Queen, there must be a flower known as Day King." But no gardener could help me to find it.
I found it in Kashmir. I was certain that there must be a parallel flower because in existence there is always balance; this Night Queen is a woman, so there must be a man, a male flower. And I was surprised to see, the male was very poor. It was exactly the same kind of flower -- a bigger size, male chauvinistic size. It blossomed in thousands in the day. But there was no fragrance.
So don't be worried: you need not expose yourself in the open daylight in the ordinary world. There, you will be in unnecessary trouble. Keep growing inside, and remain alert that you don't get identified with your act. It is only an act that you are playing -- you are playing the act out of compassion; you don't want to disturb anybody. And your real growth is something inner.
Sufis say that your prayers should be in the middle of the night, when even your household people are fast asleep. Nobody should know that you pray. Your prayer will be just a whisper between you and the unknown; you should not be an exhibitionist.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,

THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL MANGO TREE IN YOUR GARDEN WHICH GROWS DELICIOUS FRUITS, WHICH I KNOW YOU ARE ESPECIALLY FOND OF. I TOO HAVE ENJOYED THE TASTE OF THESE MANGOES VERY MUCH, BUT NOW I AM ABSOLUTELY FORBIDDEN TO EAT THEM ANY MORE. ALTHOUGH YOUR COOK HAS BEEN TEMPTING ME TO EAT ONE ONCE IN A WHILE, I HAVE BEEN FAITHFUL IN MY OBSERVANCE OF THIS NEW AUSTERITY.
BELOVED MASTER, I AM IN THE DILEMMA OF ADAM AND EVE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN. THE SMELL OF RIPE, DELICIOUS MANGOES IN MY ROOM KEEPS ME AWAKE ALL NIGHT. PERHAPS THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT IS NOT AN APPLE AFTER ALL, BUT A MANGO. PLEASE HELP.

Milarepa, the mango is certainly more appropriate than the poor apple. But the problem is that the story about the apple is a Christian story, and in the Christian countries mangoes don't grow. Otherwise it is absolutely certain: if mangoes were present in the Garden of Eden, God would have forbidden Adam and Eve to eat the mangoes rather than to eat the apples. Apples have nothing to be compared with mangoes. But mangoes grow only in the East -- countries like India -- in many varieties. In India the mango is called the king of all fruits; the apple stands nowhere in comparison with it.
But to fit the mango in a Christian story is very difficult -- the Christian god does not know the taste of mango at all. It would only be possible if the story of forbidding had

happened in India. Every story has its geography, its history, its atmosphere. It does not come out of the blue.

The Mother Superior of the orphanage called three girls, who were leaving, to her office. "Now," she commenced, "you are all going out in the big, sinful world, and I must warn you against certain men. There are men who will buy you drinks, take you to a room, undress you, and do unspeakable things to you. Then they give you two or three pounds, and you are sent away ruined."
"Excuse me, Reverend Mother," said the boldest girl. "Did you say these wicked men will give us three pounds?"
"Yes, dear child," said the Mother Superior. "Why do you ask?"
"Well," the girl said, "the priests only give us apples."
Not even mangoes! But in a Christian framework, mangoes don't fit. They need a different territory and a different world. In the Garden of Eden there was not a single mango tree, and here .... You have been forbidden -- but not absolutely forbidden -- because the mango tree was planted by the gardener, the old gardener who used to take care of the garden here twelve years before.
He planted it for me. And when you inform him that the tree is ripe enough, and has started giving fruits ... And you have been keeping those fruits because mangoes have to be taken from the trees. If they are fully ripe, then before you can reach them, the parrots reach them.
And the parrots don't understand any language -- neither Hebrew nor Sanskrit nor English nor Hindi -- you cannot forbid them. They have been eating in the Garden of Eden from every tree. They are eating in this garden from every

tree, and they come with a big group. If the mangoes are ripe -- and they certainly smell so beautiful -- they attract the parrots in dozens. So mangoes have to be taken from the tree just before they start ripening. Then you have to keep them in your house, in some hotter place -- maybe hidden under the grass, dry grass, or hidden in dry wheat. There they ripen.

Milarepa is now my gardener. There are many gardeners, but by chance that mango tree has fallen in his territory. So I can understand -- it is very difficult to sleep. He is ripening those mangoes in his room. Then nobody can sleep -- as they become more and more ripe, they will disturb your sleep.

You are not absolutely forbidden; once in a while, don't bother about anybody -- just get up and enjoy one fruit, and that will give you a good sleep. But not more than one, because after all, you have to be under a certain discipline. Don't destroy your freedom by licentiousness.

That's what has to be understood -- you are free, and one fruit is more tasteful than two. The more fruits you eat, the less tasteful they will become. That's a well-known economic law: the law of decreasing returns. If you go on eating mango and mango and mango, then you will jump out of the room and run away, shouting, "Mango and mango!" ... you have gone crazy.

There is a limit, and I am making the limit just so that you can enjoy it in its totality, because it is only one; one every night. And a mango is not a small fruit. One is good, just in the middle of the night.

Sitting silently, take the mango in your hand. Meditate over it; don't be in a hurry, because you are not a thief, you are

allowed. Then eat it slowly -- not in a hurry. Chew forty-eight times every bite. That is the science of digesting a mango fruit. And if you chew forty-eight times each bite, one mango fruit is almost forty-eight mango fruits.
It depends on you, how many you want to make out of one. And you will get tremendous joy out of it. Then go to sleep. And your every night will become an Arabian night.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #8
Chapter title: Clean the path, remove the rocks
22 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHEN I CAME TO POONA I FELT MORE STRONGLY THAN EVER BEFORE THAT I HAVE COME HOME. RECENTLY I BEGAN TO SEE THAT ALTHOUGH I HEAR YOUR WORDS, I DON'T LISTEN. THE FEW TIMES THAT I HAVE ALLOWED MYSELF TO LISTEN, I HAVE FELT SUCH A TRANSFORMATION, AN OPENING. BELOVED MASTER, PLEASE WILL YOU GUIDE ME ON HOW TO LISTEN?

Prem Ramarshi, the question you have asked is a little bit strange. Strange, because you say that the few times that you have allowed yourself to listen, you have felt such a

transformation, an opening. So listening is not something that you are not capable of. You can allow yourself to listen; you concede the fact, and still you are asking how to listen. It is as if you have eyes, you see everything -- and still you ask how to see. It would have been better to phrase the question in another way; perhaps that's what your intent was.

You have a misunderstanding that you allow it. If it is within your powers to allow yourself to listen to me, then the whole question is useless. The reality is that sometimes it happens that you listen. It is not your allowance, it is not within your hands; it is just a happening, not a doing. And whenever it happens, you suddenly find a great transformation, a great opening to existence and all its beauties.

Your misunderstanding lies in that you can do something, that you can force yourself to allow opening. That is not possible. In fact, that's how you are preventing your being from opening.

You forget all about it, you simply enjoy ... sometimes listening, sometimes not listening. Listening will deepen by itself. It is not an art that you can learn; it is a knack that you have to wait to grow in you. More and more listening will be happening and more and more opening. All that you can do is something negative, not positive. What I mean by negative is: you can remove a few hindrances that don't let listening happen.

You cannot make yourself open by force.

But you can watch closely and see why sometimes you are ready and open and why sometimes you are closed. So whatever you find keeps you closing, you can remove that.

It is what all the great physicians of the world know: their medicine is not capable of bringing health to you. The power of healing is within you. All that they can do is to remove the hindrances so the power of healing starts flowing. You cannot force that healing power to flow, but you can certainly do something negatively to make the way, to clean the path, to remove the rocks.

And then wait, and wait with trust, because it has happened even without you doing any negative work.

So there is no reason why it will not be happening. The only thing that hinders it -- and there are not many things that you have to remove -- the only thing is a preoccupied mind. If you are too much preoccupied with something -- it does not matter what it is -- then you cannot be open. If you are not preoccupied, then there is nothing to prevent the opening. But almost everybody is preoccupied, although the objects of preoccupation are trivia. If you look at them attentively, you will have a good laugh at yourself, at what kind of nonsense goes on within you and creates a tremendous barrier for listening.

Hearing of course happens because you have your ears and they are functioning, but the poor ears cannot manage to listen -- they are instruments only for hearing. If your unpreoccupied mind is behind the ears, then hearing becomes listening. And without listening there is no understanding. So just watch what your preoccupations are and drop them.

Don't go directly to make some positive efforts, because that is not the way great things come to you. They always come when your doer is absent, and the preoccupied mind is also your doer. Emptying the mind is possible. It is your

doing; you can undo it. But listening is something beyond you, something far greater than you -- you cannot manage it. You can simply allow yourself to be overwhelmed by it, to be flooded by it. But one thing you can certainly do: you can undo the preoccupation.

What are our preoccupations? What do we go on thinking, and why do we go on giving so much nourishment to thinking? What has it produced in the long life you have lived up to now? Is it not a sheer wastage of time? And it is standing there almost like a China wall.

All the religions, all the philosophies, all the cultures, all the civilizations have helped you to remain preoccupied. They have all changed you into deaf beings as far as listening is concerned; they don't want you to be people of understanding. They are afraid of your understanding, because in the light of your understanding all their fictions will disappear and they are living like parasites on those fictions. They want those fictions to remain in your mind as a reality.

For example, all religions have insisted on repressing sex. The moment you repress any natural instinct, it becomes your preoccupation. The repressed energy goes around your mind. Sex becomes cerebral; you think about it.

An old man had gone to the doctor. He was feeling very weak and it looked almost as if his story was coming to an end. The doctor said, "There is not much that I can do. I can only give you a suggestion: cut your sex life in half." The old man said, "Okay, which half -- thinking or talking?" Real sex had disappeared long before; it was now only thinking and talking.

All the religions have made your sex energy become transformed into thinking and talking -- that has become your preoccupation. I am just giving you one instance -- one of the most important. And there are many. Anything that has been prohibited, inhibited, anything that has been condemned, takes on a tremendous attraction and that attraction creates a preoccupation. You may be doing something but you are preoccupied.

I have seen people in temples -- because in temples you have to leave your shoes outside -- with their hands folded towards the statue of God, but they are looking at the door where they have left their shoes. They think they are praying to God, but anyone can see they are praying to the shoes. Their minds are preoccupied that somebody may take away the shoes. Just to avoid this, Mohammedans had to find a way: they take the shoes with them into the mosque. They have found a strategy -- they put the shoes sole to sole and sit on them, so no fear of anybody ... otherwise the shoe remains so much in the mind that it is almost insulting to God.

You have to watch what your preoccupations are that create the wall -- and you forget to listen. Removing that wall is not difficult; just watching the futility of it is enough for its disappearance.

Sidney is visiting the psychiatrist. "Okay, Sidney," says the psychiatrist, "what's this?" and he shows Sidney a triangle. "That's a keyhole," says Sidney, "and what's going on behind there!"

The psychiatrist then shows Sidney a rectangle. "What's this?" he asks.

"A motel window," says Sidney, "and what's going on behind there!"
The psychiatrist shows Sidney a circle. "What's this?" he asks.
"A porthole," replies Sidney. "And boy, oh boy," he continues, "what's going on there!"
"Well," says the psychiatrist, "you certainly are sexually disturbed."
" I am sexually disturbed?" Sidney exclaims. "What about you? -- showing me all those dirty pictures!"

A preoccupied mind goes on projecting its own preoccupation on everything. And because it is so full of its own thoughts, it cannot allow any listening.
You have known perfectly well, Ramarshi, that there have been times that listening has happened and you have seen the great transformation that it brings. But you have not watched closely that it has always been a happening, not a doing. Once you understand that something is a happening, all that is left for you is negative doing. You simply remove the obstacles, the hindrances that prevent the happening, that prevent the spontaneous reaching to you, that prevent the opening of your heart. And remember, there is no technique to make the happening happen.
The happening simply means it is beyond you -- it comes like a breeze. All that you can do is keep your windows and doors open -- that is the negative part. Just by opening the windows it is not certain that the breeze will come immediately. The breeze is not just waiting by the side of the window, so that you open it and the breeze comes in ... but an open window is an invitation.

An open window is saying to the breeze, "I am ready; if you come you will be welcomed, you will not be sent back. I am available." Hence, just do the negative part and wait. Slowly, slowly the transformation goes so deep that preoccupation of the mind becomes impossible. When you can manage to have diamonds, naturally you will lose interest in stones. When you can have real roses come to you each moment, you will lose interest in plastic roses. Nothing has to be done; it simply is the way things happen. Just get in contact with the higher, and the lower disappears. And to get in contact with the higher, you have only to make a passage for it to reach to you.

Existence is trying from everywhere to reach to you, but you are closed. Not a single window is open; no door is open. You have filled even small cracks in the wall out of fear, for the sake of security. This is not security, this is suicide.

Open all the doors, all the windows. Let the sun come in, let the wind come in, let the rain come in. Let existence enter into your being and give you a fresh life each moment. You can have such a joy, such immense ecstasy, without torturing yourself and becoming a saint, without making yourself uncomfortable doing all kinds of yoga gymnastics, which are nothing but contortions of your body. You can be at ease, comfortable.

There is no need of fasting, there is no need of lying on a bed of thorns, there is no need of renouncing the world -- these are all stupid things. If you want to become a saint, they are necessary -- stupidity is the foundation of all your saintliness. But if you want to be a man of understanding, then nothing of all this is needed. All that is needed is:

remove the obstacles, watch, and see when listening happens and when it does not happen; what is the difference in your mind? That difference has to be destroyed.

Everybody is capable of it, but everybody has fallen into the habit of being preoccupied, because the whole crowd is preoccupied. And you are brought up, unfortunately, by these people. Your upbringing by wrong people is the basic problem, and there seems to be no alternative.

Many times a few children have been found in the forests, raised by wolves. Just six or seven years ago, near Lucknow a child was found in the forest, raised by wolves. The child had been missing from a village for almost fourteen years. His parents had lost all hope, they could not figure out where the child had gone. A wolf had just taken the child. But the child was so beautiful and so innocent that even the wolf, out of love and compassion, rather than eating the child, started raising him. And a group of wolves, female wolves, were giving their milk to the child. For fourteen years he was amongst the wolves ... and his life with them revealed many secrets. When he was found he could not stand on two feet, because he had never known anybody to stand on two feet; he was running on all fours. That's the impact of upbringing. Naturally, he could not speak a single word of any language, but he used the language of the wolves perfectly well. He used to run so fast ... no human being can run that fast; only wolves can do that. That showed many things that upbringing can do to a person.

He was kept in Lucknow hospital. First they tried all kinds of massages to get him up on two legs; it took six months

for them to make him stand up. But still his running was so fast that they could not leave him without chains -- he was still wanting to go back to the wolves in the forest. And then they started teaching him his name -- they had given him the name Ram. It took almost one year for the poor boy to say "Ram", when asked "What is your name?" That was all the language he ever learned: the word Ram.

He remained for two years in the hospital and died. My own understanding is that he died because he was being forced to do things which he had become almost incapable of. His fourteen years' training ... and fourteen years is the age when sex matures. And with the maturing of sex, biology stops any evolution. So those fourteen years are the most important for learning. Whatever you learn, you learn in those fourteen years. Even the man of eighty years may know much more, but that will be only in terms of quantity -- the quality will remain of the fourteen-year-old.

That's where biology has left off evolving -- unless a person takes evolution in his own hands. And to me that is the religious endeavor: where biology ends, religion begins.

After the second world war, millions of soldiers around the world had to go through a psychological test for their mental age, and surprisingly enough they were all below fourteen years, as far as their mental age was concerned. Somebody was thirty, somebody was thirty-five, somebody was forty, somebody was fifty -- that made no difference, their mental age was fourteen.

Up to fourteen, nature brings you to a stage; beyond that nature's work is finished. If you take up the work in your own hands, you can start growing your mental age;

otherwise only your body will grow old, the mind will remain retarded.

Unfortunately there is no way right now for children to be raised so that from the very beginning meditation becomes an intrinsic part of them, silence becomes their natural experience, opening to existence becomes just natural.

That's my conception of a New Man -- that he will be brought up from the very beginning to be in communion with nature and existence. He will not be inhibited in anything, he will not be suppressed in anything, because all inhibitions and suppressions create preoccupation -- and those are the most dangerous things for meditation.

The moment you start sitting and preparing for meditation, suddenly you are amazed: so many thoughts simply attack you from all sides. Your whole mind becomes a whirlwind. Ordinarily it is silent, not that much disturbed. But whenever you want to meditate, your mind immediately takes it as a challenge, because meditation is a death of the mind. Mind creates every disturbance, so that meditation cannot happen. Listening silently is a meditation. But even though our upbringing has been wrong, we are intelligent enough to remove obstructions.

Don't repress any natural instinct.

Don't go against nature.

Whatever you want to do, do it even if the whole world is against it. Whatever you want to be, be, without caring about consequences, and you will not be preoccupied -- you will have taken the very roots of preoccupation away.

I have heard about a very great poet. His golden jubilee was being celebrated. Everybody was drinking and dancing and singing and rejoicing. Then suddenly they became aware

that the poet was not there in the hall. So his closest friend, an attorney, went out to look for him in the garden and found him sitting under a tree, in the darkness, very sad. The attorney said, "This is not right; your guests are rejoicing, dancing, singing. They are celebrating your golden jubilee and you are sitting here outside. It will be good if you come in and join your friends. They have come from far away."

The poet said, "It is all because of you! Do you remember twenty-five years ago that I came to you to ask, `If I murder my wife what will happen? What will be the consequence?' And you prevented me by saying, `Never do such a thing! Otherwise at the most I can keep you from getting a death sentence, but still you will have to go to jail for at least twenty-five years.'"

The attorney said, "Yes, I remember that evening. But what does that have to do with now?"

The poet said, "Remember, today the twenty-five years are finished. If I had not listened to you, I would have been a free man. I would have come out of jail. I am so angry that I feel like killing you! You are the person who has kept me in prison my whole life!"

People go on following others' advice. Live according to your own light and then whatever happens, you will find a peace, a contentment, a fulfillment. You may not be a great success in the world, you may not be very famous, but you will be yourself.

And the person who is himself is naturally meditative, naturally silent; he has no preoccupations, because he has not left anything that he wanted to do undone; he has never left anything that he wanted to do incomplete; he has never

repressed any desire, any instinct, any natural longing. He has nothing to be preoccupied with.
So remove all your preoccupations -- this is the negative work -- and then the meditation, the silence, the opening will be the rewards coming to you on their own.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
THERE IS AN EMPTINESS THAT IS HAPPENING INSIDE OF ME. IN MY JOYOUS MOMENTS AND IN MY TEARS THIS EMPTY FEELING IS ALWAYS THERE, A FEELING OF UNFULFILLMENT. EVEN IN YOUR PRESENCE IT IS THERE, AND IT HURTS. THE TEARS DON'T SEEM TO STOP AS I AM WRITING THIS TO YOU. BELOVED OSHO, PLEASE HELP ME TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME.

Kendra, it is very easy for you to ask a question; it is not that easy for me to answer it -- for the simple reason that if I truthfully answer it, it will hurt you very much, and I cannot answer otherwise. It is not only you -- many people ask questions in beautiful language but go on leaving out the real facts: facts that they are perfectly aware of, facts which are creating the trouble. And unless you are able to understand those facts, you cannot get out of the darkness and the emptiness that you are feeling.
I have been watching you: you fall in love with bank balances, not with men. Your love for money is too much. That is creating your whole problem. You love shopping just like any other ordinary woman. You are extravagant

and you don't have the money for it. So naturally you have to find someone who can provide that money for you.
You were with John, and John sincerely loved you. But when you found Emerson, who is one of the richest men in America, you immediately dropped John as if he did not exist at all. You started hanging around Emerson. You had brought Emerson here in the hope that he will remain here, but he proved to be very much a coward. And this was not his number, he has no desire or any longing for search. He is of the same type of mind as you are.
Emerson is Hasya's son. When Hasya and her husband parted, Hasya did not take any money from her husband; it was simply against her dignity. And I respect a woman who is ready to part from the husband, not bothering about his money. Ordinarily the son would have come with the mother, but seeing that the father is going to have all the money and the mother is leaving without any money, he remained with the father. He also looks at the bank balance. Emerson could not remain here. It was not possible; he has to be close to his father because all the money is there. Once his father is gone from the world, Emerson will emerge as one of the most super-rich persons in America. Already he is richer than you can conceive.
John is a courageous man. He has risked all his money for my work; he has not even bothered about the future, about his own security. Now that Emerson is gone, you are again trying to catch hold of John, but now it cannot be the same -- John has eyes too. He has seen what your preferences are. That's what is creating all the emptiness and all the darkness. It has nothing to do with spirituality. But anybody listening to your question will think it is a great

spiritual question -- that you are full of tears and the tears are not stopping. It will be good for everyone to tell his whole story because I cannot go on digging out your stories.

Now settle with someone, not with somebody's bank balance. Change your whole idea -- love is not a financial affair. You love money; that is not going to help you. Love somebody, a living human being, not bothering about the money -- and all your emptiness and tears will disappear. If they don't disappear then ask me again, but don't torture John anymore. Even when you were with John he was not aware. But I was aware because you both were living in the same house with me in Uruguay. I could see that your love was not authentic, was not sincere, was not human. And you were deceiving John ... but I simply waited because these kinds of things don't go on for long. Soon you found a far richer man than John.

If you are waiting for somebody rich, then don't make much fuss, just wait; somebody will be on the way. But then you will always be pretending to love. And shopping is not a thing that is of any importance. What fulfills the heart and takes away the emptiness of the heart is the fullness of love. You can love a beggar and be absolutely fulfilled, and you may love an emperor and still remain empty.

Money cannot do any transformation in your being.

So whenever you ask questions be very clear and very sincere. Write down the actual facts, because it is not possible for me to know about everybody's actual facts. I can answer your question without knowing the actual facts and my answer will not be of any use.

You are intelligent, you are capable of love, but you are spoiled. Because you are intelligent and you are capable of love, you can easily catch hold of somebody who has money. If that remains your goal for your whole life you will suffer very badly, because youth is momentary. Soon that will be gone. And as your youth is gone, your capacity to catch rich fish will become less and less, and your emptiness will become more and more deep.

I am happy that John is not being caught again in your net for two reasons: for John's sake and for your sake -- because this is the only way you will come to your senses. The whole situation of your life is making you a pessimist, only looking at the dark side of things. Right now you cannot get hold of somebody who has enough money to spend uselessly .... This is against your dignity, it is a kind of prostitution: if you fall in love with the money of a man, and the man is secondary and the money is primary, it is prostitution, it is not love. It will drive you deeper and deeper into pessimism and dark nights. And here with me at least, you have to learn to see facts as facts, because then we can deal with them, dissolve them, change them. Don't live in fictions.

Just the other day I was reading the definition of a pessimist. Pessimists are not born. Pessimism is a disciplined habit; you go on doing wrong things again and again and the ultimate result is a pessimist. The definition I was reading was:

A pessimist is one who feels bad when he feels good, because he is afraid he will feel worse when he feels better.

He is the kind of guy who won't pick a four-leaf clover for fear he will be bitten by a rattlesnake.
He wears a belt along with his suspenders and is never happy unless he is miserable.
He even keeps his fingers crossed when he says good morning and complains about the noise when opportunity knocks.

You are still so young that you can avoid becoming a pessimist. Become a realist and see eye to eye within yourself: what you have been doing may look clever to you but it is simply cunning. And cunningness is destructive of intelligence, it is not cleverness.
There is still time, you are so young and you can change your path. And this time fall in love with a man without bothering about his bank balance. Love itself is the greatest treasure in the world.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
THE SUFIS SAY THAT A PERSON HAS A PURPOSE IN LIFE AND YOU NEED TO FIND OUT WHAT YOUR PURPOSE IS. THIS QUESTION KEEPS COMING UP FOR ME NOW THAT I AM NOT IN A COMMUNE ANY LONGER. THERE IT DID NOT MATTER; THE IMPORTANT THING WAS TO BE WITH YOU. DOES IT MATTER WHAT WORK I DO? PLEASE COULD YOU TALK ABOUT THIS?

Eva, what the Sufis say is not what you have understood. They certainly say that every person has a purpose in life.

Their meaning is that every person has a unique individuality, unique function, a unique place in existence, irreplaceable. And they say you need to find out what that purpose is. The emphasis is not exactly to find out what that purpose is; the emphasis is first to find out who you are.

The moment you understand yourself, you will understand the purpose also, without any effort. Understanding your unique individuality will give you an insight into your purpose in life, but you cannot find the purpose directly without finding yourself. The purpose is secondary; you are basic. Hence, I never say find out the purpose, I say:

Know thyself.

Be thyself.

These two sentences are enough for your whole life's philosophy. Everything else will follow on its own accord.

You are asking, "This question keeps coming up for me now that I am not in a commune any longer. There it did not matter; the important thing was to be with you. Does it matter what work I do?"

You are again getting confused. The purpose of your life is not the work that you do; you can do anything. By purpose I don't mean your work. You can be a shoemaker, you can be a carpenter, you can be a dancer, you can be a musician -- that does not matter. Whatever gives you bliss, whatever gives you peace, whatever brings more awareness to you, whatever makes your life a life of gratitude ... any work will do.

The work is not important but what happens within you, doing the work, that is the decisive point. If it brings light in your being, if it brings a deep fulfillment, if it makes you

more loving and more joyous, then it is absolutely irrelevant what you are doing; do it and do it totally. The more totally you do it, the more intelligence you bring in doing it, the more your individuality will become authentic, the more your potential will become actual, the more you will find you are coming closer to your destiny, to your home.

Eleven-year-old Lucy was walking down the village street leading a cow by a rope. She met the vicar who said, "Little girl, what are you doing with that cow?"
"Please Sir," said Lucy, "it is my father's cow and I am taking her to the bull."
"Disgusting," said the parson, "can't your father do that?"
"No," said Lucy, "it has to be the bull."

Everybody has his own purpose, that's right, but to find your purpose is impossible without finding yourself. And the moment you find yourself, simultaneously you will find your purpose. So there is no need to be concerned with the purpose. The whole concern should be knowing yourself, and the way to know yourself is meditation.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #9
Chapter title: The more you know it, the less you know it
22 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
ROBERT BLY SPEAKS OF THE THREE BRAINS OF MAN -- THE REPTILIAN, THE MAMMALIAN AND THE NEW BRAIN. THE REPTILE BRAIN IS UTTERLY COLD AND RUTHLESS. IT DEALS WITH, AND GROWS ON, SURVIVAL ISSUES. THE MAMMALIAN DEALS WITH COMFORTS, WHICH INCLUDE: FAMILY, FRIENDS, RELATIONSHIP, HOME, SOCIETY, RELIGION, ETC. WHAT SCIENTISTS CALL "THE NEW BRAIN" IS A VERY THIN, INCREDIBLY DENSE, CELLULAR LAYER SURROUNDING THE REST OF THE BRAIN. THEY HAVE FOUND NO PURPOSE FOR IT. BLY SAYS THAT IT DEALS WITH TRANSCENDENCE AND GROWS ON MYSTERY. ALL THREE EXIST SIMULTANEOUSLY BUT SHRINK OR GROW DEPENDING ON WHERE WE FOCUS OUR ENERGIES. EACH CAN SEIZE CONTROL OF AVAILABLE ENERGY, AND THE FIRST TWO TRY TO DO SO WHEN THEIR OWN SURVIVAL IS THREATENED. OSHO, COULD YOU PLEASE TALK ABOUT THIS IN THE CONTEXT OF YOUR WORK WITH US, THE COMMUNE, AND THE NEW MAN?

Prem Oscar, the scientific analysis of the mind, or more particularly of the brain, has nothing to do with my work with the New Man and the new humanity. The brain is part of the body; it dies with the body, it is born with the body. My work consists of provoking in you that which has been

before birth and that which will remain even after your death. My concern is with your immortality. Hence, the difference is tremendous.

Scientists have not yet come to accept that which is beyond matter. Their whole work remains confined to material existence. They don't think you have a soul; they don't conceive of you as a spiritual being. And that is one of the most dangerous things about science: it destroys your basic dignity. It also destroys your most fundamental mystery.

What Robert Bly is talking about is very mundane. It is the analysis of how man's brain has developed from the reptile to the mammalian. And now there is a third layer growing which he thinks is the transcendental. The transcendental, by its very nature, means that which is beyond the mind. The brain cannot have any layer for the transcendental.

It is true that the brain has three divisions. The first is certainly concerned with survival. You can give it any name -- the reptile brain. It is very basic, because unless you survive, nothing else is possible. The second is mammalian. That reminds me of Jesus, when he says, "You cannot live by bread alone." The bread is absolutely needed, but just bread is not enough for human beings. They need art, they need music, they need philosophy, they need religion, they need civilization; their needs grow to much greater heights than just survival. The third brain that is still growing consists not of the transcendental, as Robert Bly speaks of, it consists only of an effort to know the unknown -- not the transcendental, but only the unknown. There is a difference to be understood between the unknown and the transcendental. The transcendental is the unknowable: whatever you do, you will never be able to

know it. You can experience it, you can have it, you can dance it, you can sing it, you can drink it, but you cannot make it part of your mind and part of your knowledge. But there is much that is still unknown; perhaps it is almost infinite, that which is unknown.

The third layer is trying to move into the unknown. And its effort is how to make the unknown known. The whole scientific endeavor is to demystify existence, to make everything known -- nothing remains unknown. And science accepts only the division between the two; the whole existence is divided into the known and the unknown.

The known is every day growing more and more as science progresses, and the unknown goes on diminishing. But the unknown is the infinite. It will go on diminishing, but I don't think that there will come a day when science will be able to say, "Now there is no unknown left any more; our work is finished, we can close shop."

Even just for argument's sake, if it can be accepted that there may be a possibility that all the unknown becomes known, then too, there is a third dimension which science has been consistently denying. And that third dimension is my work. It is the work of all the buddhas of all the ages, of all the mystics, of all those who are really concerned with the essence of existence. The third category is of the unknowable; hence, the word `mysticism'. Hence the word `mystic' -- it is just the polar opposite of the scientist. Science tries to demystify existence, and the mystic tries to destroy all demystifications -- and to uncover the mystery again, in its immense beauty and glory, in its wonder, and in its splendor. The mystic's work is of a totally different

dimension; it is not of the brain, not of the mind -- it is beyond the capacity of both.

Meditation is the way to go beyond mind and to enter into the dimension of the unknowable. And because science is not willing to accept the unknowable, it is harming the whole of humanity, because unless you accept the possibility of the unknowable, meditation is meaningless. Meditation gains meaning only if there is the third category of the unknowable, because meditation is a means to the unknowable.

If you, from the very beginning, deny the unknowable, you are not going to accept the possibility of meditation.

And this is the blindness of science. In other words, this is scientific superstition. Man has suffered long from religious superstitions; now he is suffering from scientific superstitions. My work is to rid man of all superstitions: scientific, religious, political. Whatever their name may be, a superstition is a superstition.

Science has no reasons, no arguments, no evidence to deny meditation, but it still goes on denying it. Its very denial is so unscientific, so laughable, so ridiculous. The scientist does not understand a very simple phenomenon; that by denying meditation, by denying the unknowable, he is denying himself. He is saying, "I am a robot"; he is saying, "There is nothing like consciousness in me." He is saying, "I am only matter, and a by-product of matter." The moment man becomes just a by-product of matter, then what is the harm in being cannibals? Whenever you have a chance, you can eat each other without any difficulty. Just a by-product of matter ....

It is an old story, that people can't see their own defects. It is not only applicable to people, it is also applicable to all that man has created. Religions are incapable of seeing their own defects. Strangely enough, Judaism cannot see the defect that is intrinsic to it -- Buddhism can see it. Buddhism cannot see the defect on which it is based -- Jainism can see it. And so the merry-go-round goes on. Everybody is capable of seeing the straw in the other's eye, and nobody is able to see the camel in his own eye; we become immune to our own defects.

That was the fallacy of all the religions. That's why they failed humanity; they could not help. They had immense potential, but it was not used because of their superstitions; it was all lost in the desert. They became so much involved in protecting their superstitions that they became uncreative, only protective, defensive. The same is now happening with science, the same story. Now science is very much afraid of anybody showing the defect in its basic structure.

The New Man will be free from the old religion, and will be also free from the old science. He will be simply free from any superstitious approach to life. He will have an open approach, without any prejudice. He will be available to any dimension, for any inquiry.

Religion used to say to science, "This is not possible because it is not written in the BIBLE." The BIBLE was the prejudice in the West; how can it be possible if it is not written in the BIBLE? The religions were not ready to go beyond their scriptures. Again it seems that man goes round in a circle ....

Science has suffered so much from the hands of the religious people. Just within this century it has been able to get out of the prison. But it seems that prison is something natural; although the scientists are out of the prison of religion, they have created their own prison, just out of old habit. Now if anything goes against their scientific researches up to now, or if anything goes against the foundations of science, without any enquiry they immediately deny it; they don't even give an opportunity to look into the matter. It is the same stubbornness, the same adamant, prejudiced outlook which they have borrowed from religion.

Robert Bly is just a writer about science. He has no idea that science is not all -- there is much more to life.

All that I want is to make man capable of remaining open and vulnerable to everything, whether it is according to his belief system or not. It may destroy his whole belief system, but if it is true, the New Man will go with truth. There are only two possibilities: either you are ready to go with truth, or you drag truth behind yourself. That's what has been done up to now. Religions have been trying to drag truth according to their opinion; truth has to be according to their ideology, their prejudice. Now science is doing the same stupidity. Now everything has to be according to science.

Life is neither confined to religions, nor is it confined to science. Religion was created by the man of old, science is created by modern man. But life is far bigger than the ancient man or the modern man or the future man -- life will always remain bigger. And to accept the possibility of oneself always being in the wrong, makes one humble.

The New Man will be absolutely humble before truth. His devotion will not be to any prejudice -- scientific or religious -- his devotion will be wholeheartedly for whatever is true. He will be ready to drop all kinds of prejudices, all belief systems, all hypotheses, if he comes to feel that there is some truth which is beyond all that he has been thinking up to now. The New Man will be ready to go into the unknowable.

The unknowable is not part of the mind. The unknowable is available to your being, to your consciousness, to the hidden sources of your life.

Except meditation, nothing can help you to drink out of the living sources of life. The spring is within you. It is not in the brain, it is not in the mind, it is not in the body; it is somewhere far deeper, beyond time and beyond space. To me, meditation is the only possibility to destroy all superstitions and to make man free to seek and search without any preconceived ideology.

Prem Oscar, the New Man will use science for survival; more than that is not the purpose of science. It can give you better bread, better technology, better machines, better medicines. The New Man will use it as a survival measure. The mammalian mind will be used for entertainment: for art, painting, music, dance, drama -- any dimension that makes your life richer and more decorated. And the New Man will use the third layer of the mind to search hidden layers of reality, unknown spaces of reality.

But these are only three divisions of the mind. The New Man will also use the fourth; he will use meditation to get beyond mind and to see as a pure observer and a witness the miracle of existence, the mystery which cannot be

demystified. In fact the more you enter into it, the more mysterious it becomes. In other words the more you know it, the less you know it. The day you know it, you don't know it at all.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
I FEEL LIKE I AM BURIED ALIVE UNDER MY FEAR. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN SO DESPERATELY TRYING TO BE SOMEONE SPECIAL TO HIDE THIS FEAR, RUNNING FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY FROM MYSELF, UNTIL I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE WHAT IT MEANS TO BE REAL. WHY DO I STILL FEEL SUCH A NEED TO HIDE BEHIND MASKS WHICH I KNOW ONLY BRING ME PAIN AND EMPTINESS, NEVER ALLOWING ME TO LOVE OR FEEL LOVED BY ANYONE? WHY AM I SO AFRAID? EVEN HERE AT YOUR FEET, SURROUNDED BY THOSE WHO WANT TO LOVE AND HELP ME, I AM STILL HIDING. OSHO, PLEASE STRIP ME NAKED, TEAR ME APART.

Deva Dwabha, the fear you are suffering from is rooted in every being. It is bound to be so, because every day we know someone dies and we know that we are standing in the same queue. And whenever someone dies we are moving in the queue, closer to death. Soon we will be at the window to take a ticket to get out of existence.
The poet is right when he says, "Don't send anybody to ask for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee." When someone dies, there is an old tradition: in the churches the bells start

tolling to inform the whole village, "Someone is dead -- come back from your farms, your gardens, your orchards." It is a call to people that somebody has died and he has to be given the last send-off. But the poet is perfectly right, "Don't send anyone to ask for whom the bell tolls, it always tolls for thee." Whenever someone dies you are reminded again that you are a mortal being, that death can take possession of you any moment.

This is the root fear; all other fears are reflections of it. If you go deep down into any fear, you will find the fear of death.

You are asking, "I feel like I am buried alive under my fear." Everybody is in the same situation. You are fortunate that you have become aware of it, because if you are aware, you can come out. And if you are unaware then there is no possibility of coming out.

You say, "I have always been so desperately trying to be someone special to hide this fear, running further and further away from myself until I don't know any more what it means to be real."

Do you think the people who are special are doing something else? The presidents and the prime ministers and the kings and the queens -- do you think they are in a different boat? Just look around and you will find them all in the same boat. They are all trying to be special in the hope that perhaps if they are special, life will treat them differently than it treats ordinary people. Obviously it cannot treat a president of a country the same way it treats a shoemaker.

But they are absolutely wrong. Life makes no discriminations ... presidents or shoemakers, toilet cleaners

or prime ministers, it does not matter at all as far as life is concerned. Death knocks them off with equality. Death is the only communist in the world; it does not care whether you have money or you are a beggar, you are educated or uneducated.

You cannot say, "Just wait, I am qualified enough. You cannot behave the way you behave with uneducated people. Just wait a little ... I am a police commissioner of Poona, you cannot behave this way. First, give me a notice and I will consider. And you have to follow a certain discipline decided by me." Whether you are a police commissioner or just a stray dog, it makes no difference -- death comes and makes everybody equal.

But the desire is that if you are special existence will treat you with some kindness, some compassion. It will think twice, "The man is a Nobel Prize winner, you should just give him a little more life. The poor fellow is a great painter, you should not blow out his candle just the way you do with everybody else."

This is the hidden hope, unconscious hope, why everybody goes on trying to be special. But it is absolutely foolish and absurd. Just look back at what has happened to the millions of kings and millions of queens who were so powerful .... Before death everybody is absolutely powerless.

In Jaina scriptures there is a very beautiful story. In India there is a myth that if a man becomes a world conqueror he has a special name -- for no ordinary king, not even an emperor. He is called a chakravartin. It means that the wheel of his chariot can move around the earth anywhere, nobody can hinder it. He is all-powerful.

The story is about one chakravartin, and because he is a chakravartin ... the myth says that in heaven the chakravartins are treated in a special way.

There is a golden mountain ... the Himalayas is nothing but a very small toy in comparison to the gold mountain called Sumeru. Only chakravartins have the special privilege of signing their name on the gold mountain.

And when this chakravartin died, he was so excited ... to sign on the gold mountain in heaven is the greatest privilege that any human being can ever attain. But what is the use if you are alone there to see it? So he managed that his whole court -- his queen, his friends, his generals -- should all commit suicide immediately, the moment he dies, so that they all reach heaven simultaneously. He wanted to sign on the gold mountain as nobody else had ever done before. Signing alone, there is not even a witness -- what is the joy in it? He must have been a perfect exhibitionist.

Because of his orders, all his friends, his queens, the members of his court, his generals, all committed suicide as he died and they all entered the gates of heaven together. The gatekeeper stopped them and he said, "Let the chakravartin go alone first to sign on the mountain."

But they said, "We have committed suicide only for a simple purpose: we want our chakravartin to sign before all of us. His queens are here, his generals are here, his wise counselors are here, his ministers are here ... and we have even sacrificed our life just to see him sign. You cannot prevent us."

But the gatekeeper said to the chakravartin, "Forgive me, I have been on this post for centuries and before that, my

father, and before that, my grandfather; this post has been occupied by my forefathers since the very beginning of time. And I have heard from my elders, `Never allow any chakravartin to go to the mountain in front of others because he will repent it very badly later on.' And the chakravartins all insist .... You are not the first who has brought a whole army with him; almost every chakravartin has done the same.

"So I simply want you to remember that you will repent if I allow these people. I have no problem, you can have some time to think it over. You are new, you don't know what the experience is going to be. I have seen many chakravartins coming and going and they have all thanked me afterwards and said, `You are very kind that you prevented everybody else and sent me alone.'"

The chakravartin thought, "What to do? because I do not know what is actually going to happen, and this man seems to be authentic and sincere and he has no reason to prevent me unnecessarily .... There is no harm if these people go and see, but I don't know what actually is going to happen, so it is better to listen to his advice." So he stopped everybody at the gate, he took the instruments from the gatekeeper to go and sign on the gold, and he went inside the gate towards the mountain. He could not believe ... such beauty! As far as he could see there was all gold and gold -- mountain peaks reaching so high that the Himalayas certainly looked like a toy.

As he came closer to find a place to sign, he was shocked because there was no space! The whole mountain was signed, because we have been here for eternity; millions and millions of chakravartins have died. He was thinking,

"I am very special and there is not even a little space left on this big mountain."
He moved around -- no space anywhere. And then he came across another person, the mountain keeper. He said, "Don't waste your time. Even if you go in search for a millennium, you will not find any empty space; all space is filled."
So the chakravartin said, "Where am I going to sign?"
The mountain keeper said, "For centuries I have been serving here. My father has served here -- from the very beginning my family has been at this job. And I have heard from my forefathers the same story, that whenever any chakravartin had come, there was no space. So the only way that has been found is: erase one of the names and sign your name, and forget all about being special. It is such a vast existence. That's why the gatekeeper has prevented the army that you had brought; before all those people you would have lost all pride. You can just erase ... I will help, I am here."
The whole joy was gone, the whole excitement was gone, and he said to the man, "It means somebody else will come tomorrow and he will erase my name." The mountain keeper said, "That, of course, is the case, because there is no space; to create space, that is the only way. We cannot create more mountain; all the gold in heaven has been used to create the mountain. You simply sign. Back at the gate you can go with your head high and you can brag ... nobody is going to know because I am not going to tell anybody. That's why the gatekeeper did not tell you why he was preventing your army. Just go and brag that the whole mountain was empty."

But the chakravartin was a man of some integrity and truth. He said, "That I cannot do; neither can I erase any name. And I am not going to sign -- it is absolutely stupid." He went back and he told the gatekeeper, "I am thankful to you and I am going to tell my people why I am thankful. I am going to spread the news in the world, because many of these people have committed suicide. They will have to be born again, they cannot remain in heaven.

"I will make every effort to send the message to the world: `Don't unnecessarily waste your life in conquering the world to sign on the gold mountain in heaven. There is no space. First you have to erase somebody's name, which is ugly, and then you have to sign in that place and tomorrow somebody else will erase it. The whole exercise is one of simple stupidity.' I am shocked, but a great realization has arisen in me: one should not ask to be special, because existence does not accept anybody as special, superior or inferior."

Your fear is driving you towards being special but that will not change the situation. The only way the fear can be dropped is, rather than putting your energy into being special, put your whole energy into being yourself. Just find yourself, because in trying to be special you are running further and further away from yourself. That you are clearly aware of it is good: the further away you go from yourself, the further away you are from knowing the truth that you are an immortal, that there is no death. Once you recognize your immortality, death disappears. And with death, all fears evaporate into the air. But not by becoming someone special.

In the religious instruction lesson, the teacher asked the class, "Who wants to go to heaven?" All the children put their hands up, except for little Hymie. The teacher asked him why he did not want to go to heaven. "Well," little Hymie said, "my father keeps saying, `Business has gone to hell' and I want to be where the business is! What should I do in heaven?"

You will go on running further and further away from yourself in search of something that can take away your fear, your paranoia, your death. But the further away you are, the more will be the fear, the more will be the paranoia, the more overwhelming will be the death. It is better to go inwards and find your real being.

This is a simple logic, a simple arithmetic: before searching anywhere else, please search within yourself. The world is vast, you will be lost in the search ... so first look within yourself; maybe what you are looking for is already there. And all the great enlightened people of the world are absolutely in agreement that it is there, without any exception.

This is the only scientific truth that has no exception -- which has remained unchanged as far back as you can go. You will find it has always been declared by those who have known themselves, "We are immortal; we are deathless. Life knows no end."

So first, go in.

Just a glimpse of your own immortality, and it is as if one has awakened from a nightmare. All the fear disappears, and instead of fear there is nothing but pure bliss, pure joy -

- just flowers showering eternally with the fragrance of eternity.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
SOMETIMES I HAVE SO MUCH ENERGY I REALLY THINK I MIGHT BURST. THIS ENERGY MATERIALIZES IN DIFFERENT FORMS -- ONE MOMENT IT'S PURE EXCITEMENT AND FRENZIED JOY, THE NEXT IT'S TOTAL, PARALYZED MISERY. I AM SO ADDICTED TO ACTION AND DRAMA THAT BY LUNCH BREAK I'M ALREADY OUT COLD FROM EXHAUSTION. HOW CAN I DIRECT THIS LOOPY ENERGY PHENOMENON SO THAT I CAN ENJOY IT, RATHER THAN IT ENJOYING ME?

Premdipa, once there was a man who took a ride in an airplane. Unfortunately he fell out of the plane. Fortunately he was wearing a parachute; unfortunately the parachute was not properly packed and it did not open. Fortunately there was a haystack in the field below; unfortunately there was a sharp pitchfork sticking straight out of the haystack. Fortunately the man missed the pitchfork; unfortunately he also missed the haystack!

That's how life goes on. There is no need to be too much worried about it. Enjoy your energy. Sometimes it is fortunate, sometimes it is unfortunate -- you have to accept both. If you want it to be always fortunate then you are asking too much; it is not possible in this changing world.

Everything is always going up and down. So when you are up, enjoy; when you are down, rest and wait, then soon you are going to be up. The down periods should be rest periods and the up periods should be dancing periods. And it is perfectly natural, otherwise life will become very monotonous. This tragi-comic drama -- one moment it is tragedy, another moment it is comedy -- makes life more juicy, more spicy. So I don't see, Premdipa, that there is any problem.

You say, "Sometimes I have so much energy, I really think I might burst." You only think. I know people who really burst and then come together again!

Unfortunately they burst, fortunately they come together again. You only think, and still you are thinking that you are in a great difficulty.

"This energy materializes in different forms." Great!

"One moment it is pure excitement and frenzied joy, the next it is total, paralyzed misery." Great!

"I am so addicted to action and drama that by lunch break I am already out cold from exhaustion." Great!

"How can I direct this loopy energy phenomenon, so that I can enjoy it, rather than it enjoying me?"Just say every time it changes: "Great!" and you will be enjoying it rather than it enjoying you. It is a simple secret: whenever it changes, say "Great!"

And don't be worried that others are hearing, because they may not know what is going on inside.

But this communion is of the mad people; they know that here are all kinds of crazy people ..."This woman must be having some great things happening inside. She cannot contain her joy, she shouts loudly, `Great!'"

And you will start a movement. You will find others also thinking, "This is something! Why should we be left behind?" And soon you will be seeing people just walking around shouting, "Great!"
There is no need to bother about anybody. Here everybody understands everybody else -- that all are mad and they enjoy each other. Nobody is going to condemn you. If anybody condemns, report it!
What else am I here for?

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #10
Chapter title: Deja vu -- a small fragment from the past
23 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHO ARE YOU? SOMEWHERE I FEEL THE ANSWER WILL BE THERE WHEN I REALIZE WHO AM I, YET, WHAT I GET IS ALREADY SO MUCH. TO SIT AT YOUR FEET IS THE GREATEST BLESSING OF ALL MY LIVES. SUDDENLY, I KNOW I AM LOVED BY EXISTENCE. WHAT A DEEP, DEEP JOY TO REALIZE THIS. I AM DANCING IN YOUR GARDEN. THIS IS MORE A SONG OF MY HEART THAN A QUESTION. WHO ARE YOU, MY BELOVED MASTER? MY TEARS FLOW IN AWE AND WONDER.

Prem Anna, the question is easy and natural, but it is impossible to answer it. "Who am I?" has been asked for thousands of years and it has helped thousands of people to discover themselves, but nobody has been able to find the answer, because one's being is a mystery. You can ask a question about it, you can experience the mystery, but the answer is not possible, because the answer murders the mystery.

An answer is a way of demystifying. You can feel me, you can rejoice with my joy, you can be filled with my song, you can dance to abandon, but these are all making the mystery deeper; they are not answers. One day, you will understand -- when you come to know yourself. Knowing is possible, but bringing it to words is impossible.

It is just not in the nature of things to formulate an answer about your innermost being. It is a secret and it is going to remain a secret. In fact, the more you enter into it, the more you are overwhelmed with wonder, not with knowledge -- enchanted by its magic, by its silence, by its grandeur, almost breathlessly ... you see the greatest beauty that you have ever imagined. But you cannot find any words to describe it, it defies all description; it negates all explanations.

The question is significant because the question is nothing but a quest. The question takes you closer to yourself, hoping that you will find the answer -- that you will find yourself -- but you don't find the answer. In fact, you find that the question was fundamentally unanswerable.

One of the most enlightened people of this century, Raman Maharishi, had only a simple meditation .... He was

uneducated; he left his home when he was seventeen. Somebody, perhaps his mother or father, had died and the shock was so much that for him, the whole world became meaningless. Rather than going to the funeral with the others, he simply escaped into the mountains. The fact -- that death is going to take you over any day -- made him aware, "I have to know myself before death comes." He was just a boy, uneducated -- he knew nothing of scriptures, he knew nothing of meditation techniques, but out of his innocence, he simply sat in the hills asking only one question: Who am I? He wanted to know before death came. He was not willing to die without knowing himself. WHO AM I? became his only concern, the ultimate concern.

At first it was only a question in the mind. Slowly, slowly, it penetrated his blood, his bones, his marrow. A moment came when it was no longer a question -- his whole being became thirsty; it became a thirst, a quest. Even the question went beyond words and he was no longer asking, Who am I? His whole being was transformed into the question: Who am I? It was no longer a mental exercise; it became an existential experience.

And the day it happened, the clouds dispersed and he knew the ultimate glory of his being. He became famous all over the world. People from all over the world started coming, just to sit by his feet. He was not an orator; he had no knowledge as such. All that he could teach was simply one thing that had helped him, and that was, "Sit silently with me and just ask the question -- `Who am I?' Go on asking. It automatically comes to a point where words disappear but the question remains -- just a feeling, a mood, an

overwhelming sense of enquiry. And when it becomes so intense that you can only say that now it is a thirst of every fiber of your being, then, unpredictably, the explosion happens."

The question disappears, but the answer is not found. The question disappears -- you become the answer. First you became the question; now you become the answer. But no verbal answer is found. You don't come to a logical conclusion that "I am A, or I am B, or I am C." You know who you are, but your knowledge is far, far away from being reduced to language. You will sing out of sheer gratitude; you will dance out of sheer thankfulness; you will rejoice because you are blessed -- when others are groping in the dark, your sky has become completely without clouds and you have come into the open.

You are tasting your being, you are seeing your being, you are hearing the music of your being, you are full of the fragrance of your being -- but nothing of it is possible to express in words.

Prem Anna, you are saying, "Who are you? Somewhere I feel the answer will be there when I realize who am I." No, Prem Anna, there will not be any answer anywhere. When you realize, you will also laugh at the very question. You will be there, a tremendous ecstasy will be there, but no answer.

It is not a question-answer thing. No answer can satisfy you. You can read all the books of religion and philosophy and theology; you can read all the answers that people have been formulating, but nothing is going to satisfy you. Just as the word `water' is not going to quench your thirst ... and if you are very scientific you can change the word `water'

into `H2O', but that is not going to help you either. You need real water. And once your thirst is quenched, you cannot express the experience of deep satisfaction. You can just say, "Now there is no longer any thirst!"

That's what the ultimate experience of oneself comes to: you can say, "Now there is no question at all. All the questions have disappeared -- only I am, a light unto itself, a luminosity, a mystery, a wonder, but without any possibility of communicating it to anybody else." Hence, the whole emphasis in the East has been to have a deep, intimate contact with the man who has come to know himself. He cannot communicate it, but his very being is vibrating and if you come close enough in your love, in your openness, you may be infected by him. He cannot answer, but he can help you catch it.

It is not only that you get diseases by infection; you can get health also by infection, by being with a healthy person. You can also get your enlightenment as infection from being with an enlightened man. And this being with the enlightened man is the whole art of disciplehood. Remaining open and available, waiting for the right moment ... neither do you know the right moment nor does the master, but the right moment comes.

When you are utterly silent and your ego is absolutely absent, the two flames of the master and the disciple become one. Then they dance hand in hand, then their eyes see into each other -- the same source of life, the same mystery, the same spring, eternal spring; the same flowers, the same mysteries.

This is called communion. You can get the feel of who you are, in communion with someone who has already reached there.

The authentic master does not pretend to be superior to you; all that he can say is, "I am a little ahead of you." Just a little time gap ... which does not make the disciple inferior. You started late; you will reach a little later, but in the eternity of existence nothing is late. It does not matter when you reach. What matters is that you are on the right track. Then the final illumination is going to happen. And if you have seen a man who is already illuminated, he has given you the evidence of your own future. He has proved everything that you need. This creates a trust.

And remember, I make a great difference between belief, faith and trust. Belief is not trust, it is just to repress your doubts. Faith is the whole system of all your beliefs together. In a very systematic way, logical way, all beliefs are connected together and then it becomes your faith, your religion. Trust is just the opposite. It is not to repress your doubt, it is a spontaneous uprising in you, when there is no doubt. The question of repressing doubt does not arise; you have simply come in contact and you have felt your heart beating in the same tune, in a deep synchronicity with the master.

It is a heartfelt experience; you know reality cannot be otherwise. Although you have not reached yet, you are on the right path. Your hand is in hands which are pouring their warmth and love, and making you courageous enough to take the quantum leap from the question to a no-answer experience. Your question was asking for the answer, but there is no answer as such.

Experience is the answer, you are the answer. Only your transformation of consciousness is going to quench your thirst.

One Sunday morning, a young black woman who needed forgiveness for her sins came to a Baptist church. She got up in front of the congregation and stated, "Last week I slept with a young soldier and I now ask the Lord's forgiveness."
"Hallelujah!" cried the congregation.
"Two days ago," she continued, "I slept with a young sailor, but now I ask the Lord's forgiveness."
"Hallelujah!" cried the congregation again.
"But tonight, because I came here and done my penance, I will sleep with the Lord."
But before the congregation could respond, an old drunk yelled out in a clear voice, "That's right, mama, make love to them all!"

A drunkard will understand in his own way. The poor woman was saying, "I will sleep with the Lord," meaning "I will be with the Lord and I am not going to sleep with anybody else. God will be with me." But the drunkard has, in his drunkenness, understood that she is going to sleep with the Lord. And before the congregation could respond, the drunkard yelled out in a clear voice, "That's right mama, make love to them all!" Why bother about one Lord? He does not understand that by "Lord" she means God. He is thinking of all the landlords, or perhaps the story happened in England where there are so many Lords -- make love to them all!

In communication through words, what is said is not necessarily understood. You are free to understand according to your prejudice, according to your state of mind, according to your consciousness. Hence, realities that go beyond mind cannot be expressed. First they become distorted when you pull them into words; then they become distorted when somebody hears them who has no experience of them.

The man of understanding knows that this is a crime against truth: to distort it first, and then let it be distorted by those who are utterly drunk -- some with money, some with power, some with knowledge, some with something else. But these are all ways of becoming unconscious, and in unconsciousness what you hear is not what is being said to you.

When you are conscious and silent and able to understand, then there is no need to utter even a single word.

Two mystics in India had a meeting for two days. The disciples of both were immensely interested to hear them speak with each other, they wanted to know how two enlightened men communicate. One was a Mohammedan Sufi mystic, Farid; the other was Kabir, one of the greatest mystics India has known. They hugged each other, they laughed with each other; they wept in joy, in ecstasy, with tears in their eyes, but they did not speak a single word for two days.

The departure time came and the disciples of both were really freaking out. Two days of concentrated waiting and they did not utter a single word! But they remained controlled as the mystics departed and Kabir came to lead Farid up to the boundary of his village. Again they hugged,

again they laughed, again they cried, but those tears were of immense ecstasy. As they left each other the disciples of both erupted, almost enraged.

They asked Kabir, "What happened to you? You go on talking to us -- it is not that you are silent -- why did you remain silent for two days?" And the same question was posed to Farid by his disciples: "What kind of insanity is this? Hugging, laughing, crying, weeping, but not speaking a single word -- and we were waiting with such great expectation and hope, that something would transpire between you which may help us."

The answer of both the mystics was almost the same. Kabir said, "You don't understand. The moment I saw him, within my heart I said, `My God, he has reached where I have reached. There is nothing to say -- he knows it all -- but we can rejoice in each other's illumination.' And that we did."

And Farid said to his disciples, "You don't understand. Whoever would have spoken a single word would have proved that he knows nothing. The moment I saw Kabir, I said within my heart, `My God, I used to think I was the only one around here. This man has reached long before -- so beautiful, so luminous, so mysterious, such a miracle.' All that I could do was rejoice with him -- with laughter, with tears, with hugging ... but words would have been absolutely out of place."

There are three possibilities: the man who knows can speak to those who don't know; the man who does not know can even speak to the man who knows; two men who do not know, can go on talking till infinity. But the fourth possibility of speaking does not exist: two men who know

are bound to fall into silence. Their celebration will be of silence.
So you go on enquiring, "Who am I?" -- but transform the question more into flesh and blood rather than leaving it just in words in the mind. The mind is the most superficial thing in you. Let the question become your bones, your marrow; let it beat in your heart, let it be an undercurrent whatever you are doing, awake or asleep -- just a silent question mark that follows you like a shadow without making any noise.
And you can be certain -- it is my promise to you -- that one day suddenly, out of nowhere, you will be standing in absolute awareness, knowing the mystery which is unfathomable.
Your mystery is the mystery of everybody else; your mystery is the mystery of the whole universe.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
OCCASIONALLY, A STRONG FEELING COMES OVER ME THAT EXACTLY THE SITUATION I AM IN AT THAT MOMENT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE. OTHERS TELL ME OF EXPERIENCING THE SAME FEELING AND THAT IT HAS BEEN TERMED, `DEJA VU'. I HAVE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT THIS EXPERIENCE WAS AND ITS CONNECTION WITH MEDITATION. CAN YOU HELP ME TO UNDERSTAND IT?

Anand Somen, the experience termed deja vu has a reality of its own, because this is not your first time alive; you

have seen many lives, many deaths. And naturally in thousands of lives it is simply impossible not to come to the same places, to meet the same faces ... to see a certain tree and feel that you have seen exactly this tree before. The feeling is absolutely certain, without any doubt, you are not imagining it: you have seen a certain person before, or you have been in a situation before, in every smallest detail.

It is a very strange feeling; one gets dizzy. But it proves that all the religions that have been born outside of India are very incomplete; they cannot explain the experience of deja vu. Unless you have the idea of reincarnation, deja vu is not explainable. You come into a town and suddenly you feel you have been here before. You know that if you go to the right you will reach the river and if you go to the left you will reach the railway station -- and you try it and you find that you reach the river or you reach the railway station! You recognize the trees on the way, you recognize the river; it is as if you have seen it in a film, or perhaps in a dream.

But you have not seen it in a film; neither have you seen it in a dream. You have seen it in another life.

You are full of all the memories of all your past lives. It is just the mercy of existence that it goes on closing each chapter: the moment you die, the memories of that life become a closed chapter. One life is enough to drive you crazy. If you could remember many lives you would not find a single man who is not crazy -- because the woman who is your wife was your mother in the past life, or your daughter or the woman that you are in love with was a man who murdered you in the past life, and now you are again getting into the same trap, in a different fashion. And if you

remembered all your lives, things would become very complicated.

It happened: I was reaching a place, Katni, and people brought a small girl -- she must have been nine years old. And she had been insisting for a few months that she remembered her past life perfectly; she remembered that in her past life she was in a certain family in Jabalpur, where I was a teacher in the university. It was not far away, it was only a hundred miles at the most from Katni to Jabalpur, and by chance I knew the Pathak family. They had a workshop and a petrol pump just four blocks away from my house, and I had to go there almost every day for petrol for my car or for something -- air for the tires. So I knew those people perfectly well.

I asked the parents of the girl, "Has she been to Jabalpur?" They said, "No, and we want somehow that she should forget all this. It is disturbing her studies, it is disturbing our life; she insists that she wants to go to see her old family. We don't know who these people are and how can we just impose ourselves on them, telling them that `This is a member of your family!'"

I said, "I know these people, and at least one thing is certain: she is describing the house perfectly right; she is describing their profession perfectly right. She is saying that she had three brothers -- there are three brothers. And she says she was the eldest sister and she died as a widow, and I know this much: they had a sister, who was a widow and who died nearabout eight or nine years ago. And your daughter's age is nine years." I asked her, "Can you tell me the names of your brothers?" And she immediately told me the names.

So I told the family, "You come with me; you can stay with me. I will talk to the Pathak brothers and I will bring them, with ten or twelve other people, to the house. And let us see whether she recognizes them or not."

When I told the Pathak brothers, they were immensely interested and excited. A little bit afraid also, but they were perfectly willing to go through the experiment, so they collected all their servants, a few friends, and a group of at least twenty-five people came to my house. The girl immediately ran, clutched the hand of one of the Pathak brothers, and she said, "Have you forgotten me?" And then she looked around and she caught hold of all the three brothers -- "It is strange, you don't recognize me? I am your sister, and because I became a widow when I was just thirteen years old and because our mother had died, I was almost a mother to you all. I brought you up, and you have forgotten!"

I enquired of them, "What she is saying -- is it true? Has your mother died?"

They said, "We don't remember our mother ... and it is true that we were brought up by our sister. She was almost like a mother to us, and she did not marry again just for our sake, so that she could take care of us; otherwise who would take care of these children? She sacrificed her whole life."

They all touched the feet of the small girl and they said, "We would like to take her home." That became the problem: she became so split. One part of her wanted to remain with the old family -- the attachment was deep, of many, many lives -- and another part wanted to be with the

new family. But there, the attachment was only for nine years; it was not that strong.

I suggested that for six months she could live with one family, and for six months she could be in the other family ... but I said, "Her whole education will be disturbed, and soon she will have to be married; then she will have three families and this will drive her mad." I suggested to the parents and the Pathak brothers that the best way would be to give her a few hypnotic sessions and to make her forget her past life.

It is just accidental; it rarely happens. By some freak of nature, some small crack has remained open and the memories of the past life go on flooding the present mind. I had to give her nine sessions, just insisting on one thing: to forget everything of the past.

She forgot everything of the past and started asking her father and mother, "What are we doing here? We should go back home." But they asked, "What about the Pathak brothers?" She said, "Who are they?" I took her around to the Pathak brothers' house and their workshop, but she did not give any indication that she recognized anybody.

Deja vu is a small fragment from the past, somehow entering your present. It is a reality. And these are the facts: deja vu, memories of past lives which have been confirmed many, many times, make the theory of reincarnation not just a religious theory but a scientific fact. Any day, when science is of a more open mind ....

The trouble is that the whole of scientific progress is happening in the West, where one life is the accepted concept, so they are all prejudiced with the idea of one life. But the world is becoming smaller every day. Sooner or

later, science will have to take note of the phenomenon, because it is so essential for human growth, for meditation, for transforming consciousness -- because if you can remember your past lives, it becomes a proof that there is a future after death, too. The remembrance of past lives also proves that after death you will be here in a different form, with a different name.

Also, if it becomes a scientifically proven fact -- which I have no doubt it will once science starts moving in that direction and drops the Christian or the Jewish or the Mohammedan idea of only one life ... That is simply stupid, because in existence nothing dies; everything continues, only forms change. Why should it be otherwise as far as life is concerned?

If people become aware that they have lived the same kind of life thousands of times ... and this was the use that the theory of reincarnation was put to -- to create a great boredom and a fed-upness, because all these things you have done before. And you have not learned anything, you are again ... for thousands of lives you have been running for power, for money, and you are still doing that. It seems every life's experience is being erased and you start from ABC again!

If it becomes scientifically supported, you will have great difficulty in repeating the same stupid games. You have played enough -- it is time to change, it is time to raise your consciousness; it is time to go beyond this vicious circle of moving from one life into another, again and again like a wheel.

The Hindi word for the world is samsar and the word samsar means `the wheel which goes on moving.' This is

what I was saying about how difficult it is to communicate. The people who gave the world the name samsar had a certain idea behind it: to remind you so that you don't go on moving like a mechanical wheel. And when they said, "Renounce samsar," they were not saying to renounce the world, they were saying to renounce this wheel-like movement.

But it has been misunderstood, misinterpreted, and people started renouncing the world and going to the mountains and the caves and the monasteries. And perhaps they had gone to the monasteries in their past lives also! It is part of the samsar -- those monasteries, those mountains, the marketplace. Whether you live with your wife or you renounce her -- these are all part of the wheel.

Renouncing the wheel is a totally different phenomenon. It means, all that you have done up to now has been done out of unconsciousness. Now it is time to be mature and start doing things out of consciousness. Act with awareness; you have acted enough under the influence of unconsciousness. This wheel of reincarnation is due to unconsciousness. Once you become conscious, you see there is no point: you have achieved success many times, but what is the point? Death comes and erases everything. It is almost like making castles in the sand -- a wind comes and the castle is gone. And you start making another castle ... again and again the same thing will happen.

It is of paramount importance for science not to ignore the fact of millions of people's experience in the East. It is not a superstition. It is one of those mysteries of life of which we remain unaware. Once science starts discovering ways .... you will find a great change in your attitude towards things

and your focus will change; your focus will be how to get out of this wheel. This wheel is your slavery. And to get out of this slavery has been the only longing of seekers of truth and freedom.
Once you have realized that your being can remain in the universe without any body, any form -- it can be formless and still there, spread all over existence -- all your efforts will be how to attain that great freedom. In the East we have called the ultimate experience of such people moksha, which means absolute freedom. Freedom from the body, freedom from the mind, freedom from any kind of chains around you, freedom from form -- just a pure consciousness. Still it has an individuality, an invisible center which knows, "I am." In fact, "for the first time I am in my true essence."
Anand Somen, deja vu is an authentic experience, but it is only a fragment of a far greater phenomenon -- reincarnation.

Little Hymie was taken to a seance by his mother. The medium asked him whom he would like to speak to. "My granddad," said little Hymie. The medium went straight into a trance and soon a spooky voice could be heard in the darkened room: "Hello, Hymie," the voice said, "this is your granddad speaking. What is it you wish to ask me?" "What are you doing in heaven?" asked little Hymie. "You are not even dead yet!"

The poor boy is asking a truth -- "Here everybody is thinking you are dead, and you are not dead yet. What are you doing?" But nobody ever dies. Death is the greatest

fallacy that man has created. It does not exist, it only appears so.

After Paddy had jumped a red light and smashed into another car, he dashed over to the other vehicle to discover that the driver was a priest. "Good God, man," said the badly shaken priest, "you almost killed me!"
"I am really sorry for that," said Paddy, taking a bottle from his pocket. "Drink some of this whiskey for your nerves," offered Paddy.
The grateful priest gulped down some of the whiskey, and then started shouting again, "What do you think you were doing?" he asked. "I am lucky to be alive!"
"Oh, Father," said, Paddy, "I am sorry. You will feel a lot better after you have drunk some more of this."
The priest had a few more stiff shots and then asked, "Why don't you have a drink?"
"I don't drink, thank you Father," said Paddy. "I will just sit here and wait for the police."

That is the difference between a man of awareness and unconsciousness. Now he is in a good position: the police are going to catch the priest for being drunk and driving! Either you can exist as an unconscious being -- you have existed that way from the very beginning -- or you can exist as a conscious being. As a conscious being, all your actions are bound to change. Your life will have a different aroma. Your actions will have different goals. And everything put together, you will have only one dimension: how to get free from unconscious actions, unconscious imprisonment; how to be absolutely conscious and move out of all chains.

Meditation will be nothing then but a methodology to prepare the ground for you to jump from unconsciousness into consciousness. And that is the greatest quantum leap. Buddha is not dead; neither is Jesus nor Zarathustra nor Lao Tzu nor Nanak. Anybody who has lived with full consciousness goes on living without any form. Because there is no form, there is no disease; because there is no form, there is no death; because there is no form, there is no old age. A consciousness without form is simply always fresh, young, free, and the whole universe is available to it. Its empire is great.

Once Gautam Buddha was asked, "You say again and again that if you become absolutely conscious you will not be born again into the body and your empire will be the whole existence. But what about the many people who become enlightened, have already become enlightened? How can I alone be the master of the whole empire?"

The question seems to be logical, but it is not existential. And Gautam Buddha laughed -- he has laughed very rarely; not more than three or four times in his whole life. He said, "I can understand your logic but I will tell you one thing ... I will give you an example, not a counter-argument. In a dark house you can burn one candle, and the whole house will be full of light. You can burn another candle -- do you think the light of two candles is going to be in conflict? The second candle will also fill the whole house with its light. You can burn a third candle; you can go on burning candles after candles.

"They will remain individual in their flames, but as far as their radiated light is concerned, they will all possess the whole room. There will be no division. It is not that this is

my territory and that is your territory. And the light is not a thing, so a thousand candles can have their light filling the whole house without any conflict."
He was right. There is no way to counter-argue, but his example is perfect. That's exactly the situation:
Once you are free of form, you will be spread all over the universe. Millions of other enlightened people are filling the whole universe with their light, with their consciousness; at their center they will have a flame of their own. But their radiation will have no boundaries.
The lights don't conflict, they are not things. The same space can be occupied by many lights, without any struggle, without any quarrel. And consciousness is a light.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #11
Chapter title: Only a meditator can be a lover
23 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY THAT THE FRIEND WILL NOT CHANGE A PERSON,BUT THAT THE ENEMY WILL. ANOTHER TIME, I HEARD YOU SAY THAT LOVE WILL CHANGE BOTH.
WOULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT ON LOVE AND ENMITY? HOW DO THEY RELATE TO ONE

ANOTHER? WHY DO LOVERS SOMETIMES LOOK LIKE ENEMIES TO ONE ANOTHER?

Anand Nadam, I have been looking at your questions. It seems your mind is consistently searching for some contradiction in my statements. Perhaps you are not even aware of it. And because you are so preoccupied that you cannot even see when there is no contradiction, you start seeing one just because you want to see it.

It is one of the problems with the mind: whatever it wants to see, it can manage to see it; whether it exists or not is not the point. The mind has a tremendously creative imagination. And once it takes a certain standpoint it goes on finding things which have no existence anywhere, but to the mind they appear absolutely real.

Before I answer your question, you have to be reminded that your being a disciple does not mean that you have to agree with me on anything whatsoever, except meditation. Our relationship is only of meditation and nothing else. I am not proposing a doctrine to which you have to subscribe. Neither am I proposing a religion that you have to become a member of; I am not working to create an organization that you have to be a part of.

You don't have to agree with me on anything -- any of my statements. I am not in search of followers; I don't have that kind of investment at all. You are absolutely free to agree or disagree, or remain indifferent. Only on one point are you here with me, and the day you feel disagreement on that point you need not be here at all. That point is meditation.

Meditation is not philosophy, it is not theology. It is simply a method of being silent, a method of searching within. If you even disagree on that point, and you say that there is no within and that there is no need to search, that there is no question of going in, I am not at all interested in convincing you. I am not a missionary.

At that point you are absolutely free to go anywhere, to do anything you like with all my blessings, with all my love. Other than meditation, you need not worry about whether I have said something which is not right according to you or according to your knowledge.

For example, you had another question today. A few days before, I had answered a question about why Indian women seem to be so graceful compared with Western women. I had said that the Western woman was just as graceful as the Eastern woman before this century. But in the West, deep research into the science of sex has revealed many new things of which women have been unaware, or perhaps have been kept unaware by man.

One of the most significant findings was that women have a capacity of multiple orgasm. A man has the capacity of only a single orgasm. The difference is so great that once a woman knows what orgasm is, no man can satisfy her. Perhaps that is the reason why for centuries the woman has not been allowed to have even a single orgasmic experience. It was easy to avoid it, because the woman has no vaginal orgasm; hence she can produce children without orgasm. Man can make love to a woman and yet prevent the orgasmic experience happening to her.

She has a totally different organ, the clitoris, which has nothing to do with making love. It is a separate growth. So

one can become a mother of a dozen children and not know at all the experience of sexual climax, because the vagina is absolutely insensitive. It has to be insensitive for the simple reason that the child has to be born -- if the vagina was sensitive, childbirth would be an absolutely unbearable pain. Even though the vagina is not sensitive, childbirth is still a great pain.

It is natural and very logical and scientific that the vagina should be insensitive, so that when the child is born the woman is not in much pain. The pain depends on your sensitive organs. The vagina is a blind spot; on the body you have many blind spots. You will be surprised to know that inside your skull where the brain is placed, it is absolutely insensitive. One would never have thought that the brain is our most significant organ and it is in a place, inside the skull, which is absolutely insensitive.

It was found in the first world war that a man got shot in his head, and by some mistake the bullet was never removed from his head. The wound healed and the bullet remained inside his skull. And he was not even aware that he was carrying a bullet in his brain. It was only because he was suffering from migraine -- he again and again reported about having migraines and no medicine was working. Finally, some doctor thought about having him x-rayed, because he saw the wound that had healed -- perhaps the migraine had something to do with the wound. And when they x-rayed him, they could not believe their eyes: there was a bullet inside the brain. The skull was opened up again and the bullet was taken out, and the migraine disappeared. But the man had no sensitivity to the bullet.

After that, many experiments proved that this too is part of nature's great strategy. Because mind has seven hundred centers which control everything in your body, if the inside of your skull was sensitive, life would become impossible. Just any small thing happens in the body and you would be troubled, because the mind would go into a turmoil -- you would become sensitive to it.

So much is happening inside of which you are not aware. And it is for your sake that you are not allowed to be aware. When you eat, as the food passes down your throat, you don't know how it is digested, how it is transformed into its basic elements. You don't know how it is changed into blood, into bones, into nerves, into brain cells -- into a thousand and one things that are needed by the body.

If you were aware of all this continuously, life would be impossible. You would be so occupied continuously -- so much information inside would be coming to the brain -- that you would not be able to live in the outside world at all.

For centuries man was not aware that blood circulates. In the old scriptures on medicine -- East, West, both -- it is depicted that the body is filled with blood, but nowhere is it mentioned that it is in constant circulation. The blood that is in my feet, by the time I have finished the sentence, will have gone around my whole body. It will have passed through my brain and back to my feet; with such great speed the blood is continuously moving. If we were aware of this movement, it would be a great nuisance.

Once in a while, sitting in one posture, your legs start feeling pins and needles because the blood is being stopped. It starts making you aware that the circulation is

being hampered and obstructed, and if you don't listen to it, then your legs go dead. The circulation has stopped. Suddenly you find you have no control over your own legs. The control was in the circulation of the blood; that was your control. Just sixty years before, just in the beginning of this century, man became aware that not only is the body filled with blood, the blood circulates.

For thousands of years, man has believed that the woman has a vaginal orgasm. It was believed all over the world. There was no way of checking it, and perhaps man never wanted to explore the fact, because if the woman becomes aware that she has a separate organ for having orgasm, she becomes free of man. It is part of her slavery to keep the idea floating in her mind that there is only vaginal orgasm. So when, in the beginning of this century, the function of the clitoris was discovered, it was a tremendous boost to the women's liberation movement -- because the woman became aware, in the West, that for sexual pleasure she does not have to be dependent on men; that basic slavery is not a necessity anymore.

I had said that day that the woman has no vaginal orgasm. Anand Nadam has asked today, "There are scientific researchers who say that the woman has a point in her vagina called the G-point, which is sensitive and which has the capacity of orgasm."

It is not something new. For almost this whole century, since the function of the clitoris has been discovered, even a man like Sigmund Freud continued to say that the woman may have clitoral orgasm, but that it is not important -- the important orgasm is vaginal. He could not deny the clitoris, but he could not deny the vaginal orgasm either.

And since then there have been researchers who have insisted that the woman has two sensitive organs for having sexual orgasm. But the greatest researchers have found that the vagina cannot have this sensitivity by its very nature, because it is going to be used in giving birth to children. It cannot have any sensitive part which can give orgasmic pleasure; then giving birth to the child would not be painful, it would be great pleasure, which even a man cannot give to a woman by making love. The birth of a child would be such a tremendous orgasmic pleasure.

The reality is: there is no vaginal orgasm.

But why do a few scientists go on insisting on it? Now they have started talking about some imaginary G-point. It is absolutely absurd, according to me, because it goes against the very nature. Childbirth prevents the vagina from having any sensitive point, and particularly an orgasmic point.

But why do these few researchers go on insisting, again and again? The reason is that these are male chauvinists. Just being a scientist does not mean that you have gone beyond your male chauvinistic ideas. They still want to emphasize the fact that for sexual pleasure the woman is dependent on the man. This is possible only if there is that imaginary G-point.

Now, Nadam had asked in the question, "What do you say about the G-point?" I am not a scientist. I am not a sex researcher. This is not my business.

My logic was simple and natural. I have looked at both the researches and I agree with those who say that the woman has only clitoral orgasm. It seems to me that these people are more authentic, more sincere. They are more interested in the truth than in the supremacy of man over woman. And

I am absolutely against any supremacy, either of man or woman. They are both unique, and both are independent. Nobody is dependent for his or her pleasure on the other. If they share, it is beautiful. If they don't want to share, they are both independent. Man can have sexual orgasm without a woman, but he is not ready to allow the woman to have the sexual orgasm without him.

I am simply making a logical point; I have no vested interest in the woman having a G-point or an X-point -- she can have the whole alphabet! It is not my interest at all. But I can see the cunningness of a few people who are even scientists, but their mind and their approach is not scientific, it is not logical -- it does not convince me.

But I am not emphasizing the fact that you have to be in agreement with me. You are absolutely free. I have simply expressed my opinion; I am only expressing my opinions. These are not dogmas.

And this has to be remembered in every reference, that I am simply an observer -- a very objective witness. I have no leanings, no prejudices, no preconceived ideas to support or not to support.

I am not party to any ideology.

I am an absolutely free thinker.

So whatever I feel is logically sound, I will say it. If it goes against your prejudice, against your preconceived opinion, you are not supposed to agree with me. You can keep your opinion, you can keep your prejudice, but remember that you are not being logical, you are not being intelligent.

The same is the situation in this question. You are saying, "I have heard you say that the friend will not change a

person, but that the enemy will. Another time I heard you say that love will change both."

In your mind you think you have made your point -- that both my statements are contradictory, because I have said "The friend cannot change you" and then I say "Love can change both." And friendship is, of course, an experience of love.

But you have forgotten the context in which I had made the statements. I had said the friend will not change you but the enemy will, in the context that you have to fight with the enemy, and when you have to fight with someone, you have to use the same methods as the enemy.

If America is going to fight with Russia, they both have to go on creating nuclear weapons. You have to watch the enemy continuously, what he is doing. India continuously watches Pakistan -- what, and how many weapons they are purchasing, and from which country. And immediately India goes to purchase the same weapons from some other country. You have to keep your eye continuously on the enemy. And you have to use the same strategy, the same method, the same language as the enemy.

The enemy changes you without your knowledge; he brings you down to his own level. With a friend, the situation is totally different. You are not fighting with the friend. You can be a friend of Gautam Buddha; then, too, it is not necessary that you will become a Gautam Buddha. But become an enemy of anybody, and you will see that by and by you have become his imitation -- you have to, just to survive.

In that context I had said that one should choose one's enemy very carefully. Choose an enemy who is higher than

you, so that even your enmity becomes a growth -- you have to be higher than you are to face your enemy. Don't choose an enemy who is lower than you.

For friends, you can choose anybody; it is not that important. But the enemy is very important. This was the context ... that one should choose great enemies because that gives you a great opportunity to grow. You should never choose enemies below your status; otherwise they will pull you down to their state, or even lower.

And when I made the second statement, it was in a different context. When I said love will change both ... When you are in love -- it is a very rare case ... what you call friendship is not more than acquaintance. Are you ready to die for your friend? What can you do for your friend? Your friendship may be nothing but a familiarity, perhaps a coincidence that you have been born in the same neighborhood, or perhaps the coincidence that you have been in the same class.

How deep is your friendship? How much can you sacrifice for the friend? And if the friend is in misery, can you share misery with him? Or is the friendship only of happy days? This is a well-known fact: when you are rich you have many friends, and when you are poor, all friends turn their backs towards you.

I used to live in a house for many years with a man who loved me not unconditionally. He had a vested interest in me. My presence in his house was making him prestigious, respectable. Hundreds of people were coming there from all over the country to see me, to meet me. And he enjoyed that. He also enjoyed that his children were becoming acquainted with great politicians, saints, poets. He was also

becoming familiar with the well-known people of the country.

But he had a strange habit, and that was that he did not have a single friend in the whole city. He never even talked with the neighbors. His servants, his gardeners -- he had never talked to them; he would simply go past, looking straight ahead, and with such a long face that no servant had the courage even to say,"Good morning, sir" to him.

I asked him, "What is the matter? Why are you so cold and so inhuman? And particularly towards these poor people who work for you in your garden, in your house -- your cook ..."

He said, "My experience is that the moment you become friendly with the servants they start taking advantage of you. Then somebody's mother is sick and he needs some money, some advance. Somebody's father has died, somebody is going to be married .... As far as I am concerned," he told me, "nobody's mother has ever died, nobody's father has ever died, nobody has ever been married, because they cannot even talk to me -- I don't even look at them. I don't accept them as human beings. The moment you start accepting them as human beings they start taking advantage of you. I have learned it from my childhood not to have friends, because they are all going to be friends to you because you are rich."

I said, "This is very strange. That means you are living a very poor life, without friends ... and I don't think you have ever loved anybody." I had never seen him even talking to his wife, or sitting with her in the garden, or going anywhere with her -- to a movie or to the circus or any social gathering. The same reason: the moment you are too

friendly with your wife, she starts asking that she needs this, she needs that. Her hands are immediately in your pockets, and you don't want anybody's hands in your pockets.

What are your friends? Even the people you think you are in love with .... What is your love? Just a biological urge, or something more? Is there anything more than the physical body? Have you ever thought of the spiritual being of the other person?

I have heard .... A woman was asking a man before they were going to get married ... they were in great love. People are always in great love before marriage; I have never seen anybody who is not in great love! A small love does not exist, only great love. But it exists only for a few days. They were both in great love and the woman asked, "Tomorrow we are going to get married. One question has been continuously in my mind -- will you always love me?" Always? The man thought for a moment and he said, "As far as I can think, just one thing has to be clarified -- that in your old age you won't start looking like your mother. That is the only fear. If you start looking like your mother, I cannot love you. Things have to be made clear, plain, right now. I will love you if you will remain just as you are." Naturally, nobody can remain, everybody has to become old. The woman who is very beautiful today, tomorrow may become blind. The man who is very strong and beautiful today, tomorrow may become a cripple, may have an accident -- everything is possible. Is your love ready for the unknown future? Or is it only for this moment, for this person? Youth is fleeting.

This is not love according to me. The love I have been talking about is a communion between two souls. It is not biological, it is not physiological. It is something spiritual. And unless it is spiritual, it is meaningless. A spiritual love certainly transforms both the people who are in that communion; it is the greatest alchemy for transformation. So there is no contradiction in my statements.

Sandy McTavish was sitting weeping at his fireside. "Eh, Sandy," said a neighbor, "what's troubling you, man?"
"Oh dear, oh dear!" sobbed Sandy. "Donald McPherson's wife is dead."
"Oh well," said the neighbor, "what of that? She's no relation of yours."
"I know," wailed Sandy, "I know, but it just seems as if everybody is getting a change but me!"
This is your love. Husbands are hoping that if their wives were dead, then another chance .... Wives are waiting: if their husbands are chosen by God, then perhaps they have a chance again. This time everything got messed up; next time they will take a more experienced step.
Just today, because I have been hitting continuously on Latifa and her great boyfriend, Dhyan Om, finally -- even in her German mind -- something clicked. And although Dhyan Om calls himself not an ordinary nut, but a coconut, something clicked in his mind also. Because what I was saying was so clear to everybody except these two persons. In the whole of Lao Tzu House everybody was worried what to do, because they are suffering so terribly just by being together. Whenever they are away from each other, they look happy, they look healthy. The moment they see

each other ... finished, everything is finished! And they are living in the same room.
And I have been hitting continuously, hoping that some day, some understanding may arise in them; if you cannot be happy together, then at least show this much love to each other -- to separate. This is kindness, gratitude.
You are both suffering. It is not only one person suffering, both are unhappy. But both are clinging with each other.
And finally today, they both agreed, "It is true, we cannot deny it, that we are happy when we are away from each other and we become unhappy, very unhappy, when we are together. And it is time that we should separate."
It was a great understanding. I was not expecting that it was going to happen so soon, because one is a German, another is a nut! What hope is there?
And you can see what I mean. Now they decide to separate and immediately -- he does not lose a single moment -- he rushes to the market to purchase a beautiful, costly saree, and presents it to Shunyo. They had not yet separated, and he had started making pathways .... Stupidity seems to have no limits. He could have enjoyed at least a day or two.
But one becomes so accustomed to suffering. And Shunyo ... he must have calculated that a German and an English woman are born enemies. So from a German it is better to move to an English woman. He has suffered enough with the German; perhaps there is some hope with an English woman. But he does not know that Shunyo already has a great lover. That poor fellow is taking care of my garden, and this coconut goes and presents a saree to his woman!
Once he hears it, or comes to see that saree, Dhyan Om will be in more difficulty than he has ever been. Because he is a

dangerous man. Dhyan Om has fallen into a greater and more dangerous ditch.

But I have heard that Shunyo was telling people, "How beautiful this Om is. Poor fellow, he is going through such torture with this Latifa, and even in this state of torture he remembers me and he goes and brings a very costly present for me." Now Shunyo cannot see what is happening to Latifa, but Dhyan Om becomes a poor fellow.

Our minds work in such a way that they always lead us into difficulties. And people cannot learn from experience. Neither has Dhyan Om learned anything. And Shunyo -- they are all neighbors -- knows perfectly well that he is a difficult guy. But just because of a present -- and that too in such a situation, when he is going to separate -- he becomes a poor fellow; she has great compassion for him. She should have told him, "Give this saree to Latifa as a present for all the suffering that she has gone through with you." That would have been the right thing to do.

And wait for a few days before you start another game, another misery, another trouble. Just rest a little. Even before he has got down from one boat, he has put his foot into another boat ... not to miss a single moment of misery.

Our love is simply an escape from ourselves. We cannot be with ourselves. And you are asking, Nadam, what I mean by love. I certainly don't mean anything that you will find happening in the world.

I mean by love a sharing of the hearts.

But first you should find your heart.

I mean a sharing of beings. But first you should meditate deeply and go into the secretmost chambers of your being, so that you have joy and bliss to share in abundance.

Your love is not to share something but just to escape from yourself so that you can be involved with somebody else.
Your love is against meditation.
My love is a flower of meditation.
It is a blossoming of meditation.
Only a meditator can be a lover.
And your love is a cowardly escape. You cannot be alone. You are so afraid of yourself when you are left alone, that the moment someone leaves you, you immediately rush to anybody who is close by.
Now poor Shunyo was close by ... he had not even gone a little further, to Krishna House or Jesus House. Here, just in Lao Tzu House, immediately ... and not even bothering that she is already in love with someone.
It is not good to interfere. It is not gentlemanly. It is not in any way compassionate to interfere with two persons' love. You are being very cruel, very selfish. And the ugliness of the whole phenomenon ....
Love is one of the most precious experiences, but before you can love someone, you have to find yourself; otherwise, who is going to love? You don't know anything about yourself. You are absolutely unconscious. In this unconsciousness, whatever you do is going to be wrong.

The old bull, all drooped over, was standing in the pasture with all the cows. The farmer turned a young bull loose in the field. He got busy immediately with one cow after the other. The old bull started pawing the ground with his right foot.
"You needn't do that," said the farmer, "because you can't do anything about it now."

"That's right," said the old bull, "but I can let that young one know that I ain't a cow, can't I?"

People are no better.
Their unconsciousness is as deep as the animals'; there is nothing different. In unconsciousness, we are animals. Only in our consciousness do we rise above animals. The more consciousness we have, the more we are beyond animals. And love is an experience beyond our animalhood. But what we know as love is nothing but our animalness.

Hymie Goldberg and his friend, Rosen, were coming home late at night after a club party.
"I'm always afraid when I return home late like this," said Hymie. "I shut off the engine of my car half a mile away, and coast quietly into the garage. I take off my shoes and sneak into the house. I am as quiet as possible, but as soon as I settle down into bed my wife sits up and starts screaming at me."
"You just have the wrong technique," said Rosen. "I never have any trouble. I barge into the garage, slam the door, stomp into the house, and make a hell of a racket. I go into the bedroom, pat my wife and say, `How about it, kid?' She always pretends to be asleep!"

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #12
Chapter title: If you want consolation, go somewhere else

24 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
FROM YOUR ANSWER TO THE WOMAN WHO FALLS IN LOVE WITH BANK BALANCES, NOT THE MAN, I REALIZED THAT I CAN'T EVEN SEE THE MAN, LET ALONE LOVE HIM. I HAVE ACCEPTED MY MOTHER'S ANGRY CONDITIONING TOWARDS MEN. WHEN A MAN COMES TO ME WITH HIS LOVE, I RUN AWAY, WHICH ENCOURAGES HIM TO CHASE ME. THIS GAME I PLAY IS SO UGLY.
PLEASE OSHO, HELP ME TO DROP THIS GARBAGE, TO BE ABLE TO SEE MEN AND TO KNOW THEIR BEAUTY, THEIR GIFTS, THEIR LOVE.

Dhyan Nidhi, before I answer your question I would like everyone to know that if you are not capable of understanding me when it is a question of your personal relationships then don't bring those questions to me, because I cannot lie and console you. I am not a consoler. Don't force me to be a baby-sitter.
When you bring a question to me, you have to be ready to understand my vision, my clarity, my understanding, even if it goes against your ego. It is bound to, because all your questions are arising out of the ego. That is your basic problem; all other problems are only by-products.
As far as I am concerned, I am not interested in your personal relationships; that is absolutely your own nightmare. You have chosen to suffer -- suffer. But when

you bring a question to me, then remember that I am simply going to say the truth of someone who can observe without being a party to anybody. This is not ordinarily the case in the world. Whenever you go to someone with a question about your personal relationship and the suffering it is bringing, the worldly way is to console you.

In some way, all the religions have been doing that for centuries. They have all found explanations so that nothing has to be changed; you are not to grow in consciousness and awareness. They only go on giving you homeopathic sugar pills -- consoling you that it is your past life and its evil acts that are affecting your life, shadowing your life, bringing misery to you. All you can do is accept it and be patient, because God is compassionate and you will be finally forgiven. This is an opium; it keeps you half asleep. People have chosen all these consolations because they help them to avoid taking the trouble of changing their consciousness, their understanding, their attitudes. Nothing has to be changed; you cannot do anything. So relax in your position, accept it as your fate, because if nothing can be done about it, the only thing possible is acceptance. Acceptance brings a kind of peace -- dead, hiding your despair, your anguish, your suffering. But knowing that nothing is in your hands; everything is in the hands of God ... you are only a puppet. When he pulls your strings, you dance; whatever he wants to do with you, he does. It helps you to remain in a condition of being half asleep. And it also takes away the responsibility from you. You cannot do anything; hence you are not responsible for what is happening -- you are not contributing to the suffering of yourself and the person you are related to.

And you can go on repeating the same vicious circle your whole life. Slowly, slowly you become accustomed, you become immune. You know this is how life is. That's why there has not been any revolution in human relationships. Although men and women have suffered together, creating all kinds of troubles for each other, there has not been in ten thousand years any revolution, any change in their relationships. What your parents have been doing, you are repeating. Your children will learn from you, and they will repeat it. You know that this is how life goes on ... you remember your parents, or perhaps even your grandparents. And your children are learning everything from you, and they know this is the way life has to be lived.

So if you want consolation, go somewhere else -- any priest will be helpful: Catholic, Protestant, Hindu, Mohammedan, Jewish.

I am not here for consolation.

Consolation to me is poison.

I want to help you to see clearly how you are creating your own world. To me, you are your own world, and you are your world's creator. Neither your past life nor any God is deciding what is happening in your life; you are the decisive factor. Take responsibility for it. Be strong, have some stamina, and make an effort to change.

But first you ask the question, and if I don't answer then you feel rejected. Just the other day there was one question, "I have asked my question many times, and you are not replying. I feel very much rejected." You don't leave me any space. And if I answer it, then you feel hurt. My answer is going to hurt you -- hurt you terribly, because my

answer is going to open your wounds which you have been hiding, of which you may not be aware.
Just last night I was talking about Dhyan Om and his ex-girlfriend Latifa, because they were continuously fighting. It seems their whole psychology was completely fixed: each was trying to dominate the other, and both were strong people. Nobody was submissive and there was no solution. If one was weaker and had submitted, seeing all the trouble, the problem would have remained but there would have been a cold war; undercurrents would have continued. But because both were strong personalities ... and nothing is wrong in being strong, but they were misusing their strength. Every good thing can be misused.
It is not only weakness that creates problems, it is also strength that creates problems. If one of them were weaker, that person would have accepted the slavery and they would have been a good couple. Such good couples you can find everywhere. Their goodness consists only in the fact that the woman has surrendered. She has accepted for centuries to be secondary, not to try to dominate directly. But indirectly she goes on torturing, nagging, being bitchy; that is a natural outcome of an unwilling state.
Nobody can love slavery. Everybody hates it. And the man who has forced the slavery, rather than being your lover, becomes your enemy. So on the surface, just a thin layer of love ... and underneath there is so much hate. But you are not aware of that hate because it is in the deep darkness of your unconscious.
People have been asking me how to avoid their wife's or their girlfriend's nagging, because it has become a continuous headache. In the name of love, what they are

getting is not love but just a constant torture, very subtle. She may not say anything, she may simply bang the door, but she has said everything by banging the door, by dropping the plate, by beating the child. She may not say anything to the husband. But the child has not done anything and he has a good beating. And the husband knows that HE is being beaten, not the child. To avoid this whole thing, he tries to escape from the home, to the office. You know about the offices. The boss approaches first. Even before the janitor has reached the office to unlock it, to clean it, the boss is already there, sitting in the car. Then the janitor arrives, then the clerks start coming, then the manager comes .... And they all look happier in the office, where there is so much work, and they hope that by the weekend they will be able to relax for two days.

But those two days of the weekend prove to be the most terrible because they have to be at home for twenty-four hours. Clouds of misery surround them. For five days, the working days, they hope for the weekend, and at the weekend they pray to God, "Finish this weekend as quickly as possible; the office is far better!"

I have heard, two men used to sit in the pub very late every day till the owner was about to close. He almost had to push them out, saying, "Now go home, it is illegal to keep the pub open any longer. It is the middle of the night. Get out!" Then reluctantly they would go.

One day, one man asked the other, "I know why I am sitting here, but what is the reason that you go on sitting here every day?"

The other one said, "My reason is my wife. As long as I can remain out of the home I have some dignity, some self-

respect. The moment I enter the home, I have to enter with my tail between my legs. And immediately all my dignity, all my self-respect is destroyed. But why do you go on sitting here? I know perfectly well you are unmarried."
The first man said, "I go on sitting here just because I am unmarried -- there is nobody waiting for me at home. I am hoping to get married."
He said, "This is strange, I am sitting here because I am married; you are sitting here because you are unmarried, there is nobody at home waiting for you. For me there is somebody waiting ..."
What kind of relationships have we created?
Dhyan Om was very angry. You ask the question, and then your reaction is anger. That means you missed the point.
Latifa was a little better. She was crying, and then laughing ... and then crying, and then laughing. Whenever she understood the point she laughed, and whenever she became herself she cried. So this went on for a long time.
Shunyo is innocent -- in a way very gullible. She thought this poor Om was presenting the sari to her because she understands him and his misery. This is something to be understood. I have been working with thousands of people for almost three decades .... Women never sympathize with women because they know from their own experience how bitchy they are! So they project the same bitchiness on every other woman; they never sympathize with the woman. They will always sympathize with the man: "Poor fellow, he is suffering so much in the hands of that monster."
This is one of the reasons why women are not yet liberated, because they cannot become a force together. They

sympathize with the man; their sympathy is not for other women. With other women they have a relationship only of jealousy -- if she has better clothes, if she has better ornaments, if she has a good car, if she has a better house. Their only relationship with other women is of jealousy. But if every woman is jealous of every other woman, then naturally this is one of the fundamental causes of their slavery. They cannot become a force; otherwise they are half the number of people -- they could have managed to become liberated long ago. Any time they wanted to be liberated there was nothing to prevent them. They are their own enemies.

Shunyo is innocent. She unnecessarily got into trouble by accepting the sari. She should have told Om, "This day when you are separating, it seems so outlandish; it proves you really are a crackpot. In one room you are deciding to separate and suddenly, in the middle of this separation business, you remember to present a sari to me."

Now he is saying that he had not purchased the sari from here. A few days before, Latifa had sent Om to Bangalore for some work and there he purchased the sari, with Latifa's money. And he wanted to give it to Shunyo because she understands him better than anybody else; she sympathizes with him, consoles him more than anybody else.

But I wonder why he was keeping that sari for so many days? If it was purchased in Bangalore with Latifa's money, when he had come back from Bangalore he should have given it to Shunyo. Why had he been keeping it only for the day when he would be separating? This shows a cunningness, a calculativeness. It was not purchased for Shunyo. It was purchased because it was certain that sooner

or later he and Latifa will have to separate, because they are creating a constant scene in Lao Tzu House. So he brought the sari in case they have to separate and he will have to find another woman immediately.

It is just a coincidence that he found Shunyo. If it was purchased for Shunyo, he would have given it to her a few weeks before; that would have been natural, that he had gone and purchased it, and he had given it as a gift. But just yesterday, when he had to change his room and take his things -- before doing that, just in the middle of all that turmoil -- he remembered to give Shunyo the sari.

Shunyo has to understand it. This innocence can be misused by others.

Just a few days before, one woman, Patipada, was here. She wanted to be here but she was part of a small group that destroyed the commune in America, because they committed so many crimes that their crimes became a support to the American government.

This Patipada had even tried poisoning people, under the instructions of Sheela. And before things had come to a point where I was going to request the government to enquire into all the activities this small gang had done against the whole innocent commune, Sheela escaped. Patipada also escaped, and the day she escaped she came to see me just as I was going for a press interview. She was standing there in front of the door, and she said, "I am very grateful to you, Osho, but now perhaps I will never see you again. I am leaving this place tonight."

"But," I said, "why are you leaving, and why will you not be able to see me again?"

She said, "The situation is such."

It was only discovered later, when all the crimes were discovered, that she was also a partner in those crimes. That was the reason for leaving the commune, and that was the reason ... because then in what way will she be able to face me? But she came here, and she knows perfectly well that I will forgive her; there is no problem about it.

It is human to err, and it is more human to forgive. I will not say it is divine to forgive. That is making forgiveness a superiority.

But she gave two hundred rupees to Shunyo, two hundred rupees to Nirvano, and two hundred rupees to Amrito just as a present.

Amrito and Nirvano both thought that this was a bribe so that she can be accepted into the commune, and they wanted to give that money back -- it looked dirty. But Shunyo is innocent; she behaved the same with Patipada, thinking, "How sweet she is." She could not see the point, why in the first place she would give that money to her. It is because these three people look after me; to approach me, these three people are the key. And if they are satisfied with her then perhaps they will help her to get re-established in the commune.

But Shunyo was also hurt yesterday, because she was thinking it was because of Om's great understanding of her sympathy that he had given her the present.

One thing every woman has to remember is that man has divided you in such a cunning way that you can never become a force. You are jealous of each other; you don't have any sympathy for each other. You would rather sympathize with men -- not your man of course! It has to be somebody else's man.

Shunyo has to grow in more understanding and more awareness. The only man who laughed at the whole matter and enjoyed it was Shunyo's boyfriend, Milarepa. He really enjoyed the whole thing. He proved to be a more understanding person. He did not jump into the tournament that was going on; he remained outside playing his guitar, thinking, "Let these fools decide whatever they want to do."

And people freak out so easily if anything is said which goes against their opinions and their habits. They don't even think about it, that I don't have any vested interest in their relationships -- whether they are together or separate. Just because they ask the question, I feel it as part of my compassion to make things absolutely clear.

And once things are clear to you ... they cannot be clear in anger, they cannot be clear when you are freaking out. They can be clear only when you meditate upon them. Whatever I say to you has to be meditated upon. You are not to be defensive about it, because there is no question -- I am not attacking you. You all belong to me in the same way.

I would like you to be more individual, more free, more alert, more conscious, more meditative. And these situations can be great opportunities for meditation. But if you get angry, freak out, start defending yourself, then please don't ask such questions. I have no interest at all. Your relationship is your business.

My simple concern here is meditation. And this is very strange -- rarely do you ask questions about meditation. That does not seem to be your main concern. To me, it is my ultimate concern, the only concern, and to you it seems

not a priority -- it is not the first item on your mind. Perhaps it may be the last thing on your laundry list, but certainly it is not the first; the first things are stupid things, trivia. You waste your time, you waste my time.

And I am ready even to help you to solve those problems just so that you can get rid of all this nonsense and have simple, loving relationships. But that will be possible only when meditation becomes your priority. Out of meditation, everything else will become graceful; you will be able to see deeply into your own acts, into your own behavior, and you will be able to have some compassion for the other person -- his human frailty, the possibility of his committing mistakes.

When somebody commits a mistake you don't have to be angry, you have to be more compassionate, so that he does not start feeling guilty. Because you don't understand the psychology of things: if one person commits a mistake and you become angry -- and your anger is justified because the mistake has been done by the other person -- your anger creates humiliation in the other person. That humiliation becomes a wound which wants revenge. So the other person will wait until you commit a mistake -- and you are not beyond committing mistakes -- and then he will take revenge with a vengeance.

Never make anyone feel guilty, because if you make the person guilty he or she can only hate you; love becomes impossible.

That's why I repeat again and again:

Love needs as a basic foundation, meditation.

Only in the heart of meditation roses of love can grow. That is the right soil; there is no other way.

Dhyan Nidhi, your question is, "From your answer to the woman who falls in love with bank balances, not the man, I realized that I can't even see the man, let alone love him. I have accepted my mother's angry conditioning towards men. When a man comes to me with his love, I run away, which encourages him to chase me. This game I play is so ugly. Please Osho, help me to drop this garbage, to be able to see men and to know their beauty, their gifts, their love."

Now, if you really want to drop this garbage ... your mother is in that garbage, and that will hurt you. You have been poisoned by your mother. Out of a hundred problems and troubles, almost ninety percent of them are because of your mothers because the child grows in the mother's womb. Even while he is in the womb, the mother's moods and emotions affect him. If the mother remains constantly angry, sad, gloomy, frustrated -- if she does not want the child and the husband has forced her to have a child, if she is having the child unwillingly ... all these things are going to affect the basic fabric of the child's mind. He is in the making. It is not only the flesh of the mother and the blood of the mother that the child will get; he will also get her psychology -- not only her physiology.

So while a mother is pregnant she has to be very careful because a new life is being created inside her. Anything she is going to do -- fighting with the husband, fighting with the neighbors, or being frustrated for any reason -- is destroying and poisoning the child's mind from the very roots. Before he is born, he is already prejudiced.

It is not only your mother who is angry with men. Almost ninety-nine percent of women are angry with their husbands. The same is true about husbands: they are angry

with their wives. But their anger does not affect the child so much, because the child is inside the mother's womb and the child starts growing under the shadow of the mother, not under the shadow of the father. The father remains only a casual visitor. In the morning he may give the child a kiss, pat him and go to the office. In the evening he may come and have a little talk with the child; otherwise, for twenty-four hours the child is learning everything from the mother.

That's why every language is called the mother language, because the father has no chance to speak to the child when the mother is present! Mother speaks, father listens -- the child learns the language from the mother. And it is not only the language, all her attitudes ....

Every woman is angry for the simple reason that she is not free, she is enslaved. And certainly the enslaver is the husband; he has become her prison.

You will be surprised to know that in all old scriptures of religions -- they are all written by men -- they are condemnatory of women, utterly condemnatory. One of the most famous saints of the Hindus is Tulsidas, who is read the most all over the country. Even in the villages, the uneducated listen to Tulsidas. His attitude towards women is so ugly -- but he conditions the mind of man, all over the country.

He says that once in a while you have to beat the woman if you want to keep her in control. He categorizes woman with strange fellows: dhol, which means drum -- unless you beat the drum it is useless; that's why the woman is categorized with the dhol. dhol; ganwar, idiots; and sudras, the untouchables, the people who cannot even live inside

the city. They are so dirty, according to Hinduism, that they have to live outside the town. For centuries they have been exploited, and they are doing the worst work, the hardest work. And they are the poorest; they don't have the dignity of human beings. "dhol, ganwar, sudra, pashu" -- and the animals. "dhol, ganwar, sudra, pashu, nari" -- and the woman. "Ye sab tarn ke adikari" -- all these are in absolute necessity of being tortured.

And this man Tulsidas is one of the most prominent saints of the Hindus! To me, just this small statement is enough to declare that this man is neither a saint nor even a human being. But he has been conditioning the mind of man for three hundred years in this land. And he is not alone, he is simply repeating the old heritage of other scriptures.

The most intriguing and the most surprising thing is that women are his greatest audience. They listen to Tulsidas, they listen to such statements, and they don't revolt; they don't burn every book of Tulsidas, which they could do very easily. Tulsidas' books should be burned in every house -- and every woman is capable at least of burning the books. His name should be erased from all over the country. But no, they worship his book as a holy book, and whatever he says as true.

I have been issued summons by courts because I have condemned Tulsidas on this point -- that I have hurt the feelings of the Hindus. It is such a strange world: this man is saying such ugly things and no women's feelings are hurt. And when I say something against this statement, immediately the court issues a summons against me, an arrest warrant: I have hurt the feelings of religious people.

Strange, what kind of religious people are these? They should be hurt by Tulsidas, not by me!
But Tulsidas is a man, and he is nourishing the egos of other men. And woman has been so unconscious that she is following man and his ugly ideas against the woman herself. At least no woman should read or allow the book in her house. And women should drag the publishers of those books to the court and say, "This book should be banned. It cannot be published because it is against half of the population of the country; a book that hurts half of the population of the country is not worthy of being in circulation."
But life as we have lived it up to now is mostly managed by man. It is a man-made society; it has no place for women. And the strangest fact is that women are not in sympathy with other women. Their minds are also conditioned in such a way that they are sympathetic to the man.
Once in a while this also happens -- it is natural, but mostly it becomes suppressed by the time she gets married -- that deep down a woman carries her mother's feelings; she has been against men. And I don't see why she should not be, there is every reason. Man has crippled the woman, has prevented her from education, has prevented her from financial independence, has prevented her movement in the society. She is encaged in the home. Her whole dignity, her whole joy as a social being is completely destroyed. Naturally, there is anger.
Dhyan Nidhi, you have accepted your mother's angry conditioning towards men. It is absolutely well-founded, but it is not going to help human society or create a better future. Past is past.

You should start looking at men with fresh eyes -- and particularly in this place, where our whole effort is unconditioning, dehypnotizing. All the rubbish that you are carrying has to be thrown away; you have to become unburdened and light so that you can gain your own understanding, your own insight.

And the women here are not uneducated. They are financially capable of being independent; they are as intelligent as any man. There is no need for them to be angry against men. If your mother was angry ...

perhaps she was not educated, perhaps she was not financially able to be independent. She wanted to fly in the open sky, but she was encaged -- you are not.

This is one of the reasons why I cannot communicate to the vast majority of this country -- because the man will not be willing to listen to me; it goes against his domination, his power. And the woman cannot understand me; she is not educated. Even if she can understand me, she is not financially able to be independent; she cannot revolt against the man-made society. In India there is nothing like a women's liberation movement -- not even the talk of it. No woman ever thinks that there is any possibility of liberation. She has lost all hope.

But your situation is different. You are coming from countries where you have received education, and education makes you financially able to be independent. You need not be a housewife; it is not necessary for you to be married. You can live with someone you love without any marriage.

The woman has to fight for it -- the woman has to make marriage an absolutely personal affair in which the

government, the state, the society, nobody has any business to interfere.

You are in a totally different space than your mother. Now, carrying her anger and her conditioning is simply stupid. Just forgive her and forget her, because if you go on having this conditioning of anger against men, you will never feel complete -- you cannot love men. And a woman or a man who is incapable of loving remains incomplete, frustrated. And this way it creates a vicious circle. Your anger prevents you from love, because love means dropping anger against men and moving to the diametrically opposite polarity -- instead of anger, love; instead of hate, love. A quantum leap needs courage. The vicious circle is that because of your angry conditioning you cannot love men, and because you cannot love men you become more and more frustrated, and your frustration makes you more angry -- this is the vicious circle. Anger brings frustration; frustration makes you more angry, more violent, more against men. That brings more anger, and the circle goes on becoming deeper and deeper. And to get out of it becomes almost impossible.

You have to begin from the very beginning. The first thing is, try to understand that your mother lived in a different situation. Perhaps her anger was right. Your situation is different. Moreover, now that you are here with me, your whole situation is totally different. Here, carrying your mother within your mind is simply unreasonable. You have to live your life; you are not to live your mother's life. She suffered; now why do you want to make more suffering in the world? Why do you want to be a martyr?

Have every compassion towards your mother -- I am not saying to get angry at your mother that she conditioned you. That will be again keeping you in anger, just changing the object from men to the mother. No, I want you to drop the anger completely. Your mother needs your compassion; she must have suffered. That created anger in her. But you are not suffering.

You put your anger aside and you have a fresh look at men. And particularly in my place ... these men are not the same as you will find outside in the world. They have some understanding that man has done wrong, much wrong, to women. And they feel sorry for it.

But they have not done it. If their forefathers did it, it is beyond their power to undo it; what has happened, has happened. They have a deep apology in their hearts for what man has done to women. And you have to understand this, that these are a different category of people.

I am creating every possibility for the New Man -- a man who is not contaminated by the past, who is discontinuous with the past. It is a difficult job; it is almost like hitting my head against the wall. But I am determined to go on hitting -- I trust in my head! And the wall is very old and ancient. It may hurt me, but it has to fall; its days are finished. It has already lived more than its life span.

So have a fresh look towards men. Without man, a woman is incomplete, just as the man is incomplete without a woman. There is only one exception: if you become enlightened, then your inner woman and your inner man make a completion. But without enlightenment you remain half -- you have to become complete by meeting with the other sex on the outside. Otherwise, everybody has both,

because you are born out of the meeting of a man and woman; your father has contributed, your mother has contributed. You are carrying your father and mother both within you.

Sometimes it is only a question of a very small difference. For example, there are people known as `the third sex' -- what is their problem? Their problem is that their man inside is fifty percent and their woman inside is fifty percent; they equalize each other. Hence they are neither man nor woman. Mostly the difference is big enough -- at least seventy-five percent woman, twenty-five percent man, or seventy-five percent man, twenty-five percent woman. But sometimes the difference is very small: fifty-one percent woman, forty-nine percent man. Then it happens once in a while that the sex changes without your doing anything. The difference is so small that a little change in food, in atmosphere, a little change in your hormones -- just by accident you were taking some medicine for something else -- and it changes your chemical balance. And the difference was so small ...

There have been many cases in the past in the courts around the world ... A man marries a woman and after a few months the woman turns into a man. Now the problem is, what to do? Both are men. And they have to resort to going to the court. Physiologists came to figure out why such accidental sex changes happen, and now it is possible through scientific methods to change the sex. And many people are changing their sex.

Perhaps in the future it will become a fashion. I am certain about it -- it will become a fashion. You will live up to thirty years as a man, and then you will go through a

change and become a woman. If you can manage to live both sides of the coin in one life, why live only on one side? If you can know both banks of the river, know both banks. Your life will be richer, and at least you will not talk in the way old poets and philosophers have been talking for centuries, that "Woman is a mystery." Become a woman and know the mystery!

There is nothing, no mystery. Neither the woman is a mystery nor is the man a mystery; the mystery is when love happens between them. Alone they are dry deserts. When love comes as a spring it brings thousands of flowers to their being, and much juice, much greenness. Life is no longer just a drag, it becomes a dance.

Dhyan Nidhi, meditate more and be aware when your mother's voice starts speaking to your mind. Slowly, slowly put that voice to sleep. Don't listen to it; it will spoil your whole life. You have to learn how to love the man.

By loving, the man becomes more polite, nicer, a gentleman, loses his corners, becomes softer. Through love, the woman starts blossoming; otherwise she remains a closed bud. Only in love, when the sun of love rises, she opens her petals. Only in love her eyes start having a different depth, a different shine; her face starts having a joyous outlook. She has a deep transformation through love; she comes to maturity, of age.

So you get rid of the conditioning that your mother unconsciously has given to you. You have accepted it unconsciously. The way to get rid of it is to become conscious of it. It is a good beginning that you have asked. This is the beginning of consciousness -- just the very

ABC. You have to go far to change your mind completely, to be fresh, unconditioned, open and vulnerable.
And because of this conditioning you have been playing this ugly game, that whenever a man comes to you with his love, you run away -- which naturally encourages him to chase you. That you enjoy, that he is chasing you. Every woman enjoys that. It is ugly; you are not aware of its deeper implications. It means you are the game; the man is the hunter and he is chasing the game. You are allowing a supremacy to man, unknowingly.
It has been traditionally given to you that the initiative in love should be taken by men, not by women; it is against a woman's grace. Those are all rotten ideas. Why be number two from the very beginning? If you love a man, why wait? I know many women who have waited for years because they wanted the man to take the initiative. But they have fallen in love with such men who were not going to take the initiative.
I know one woman in Bombay who was in love with J. Krishnamurti. Her whole life she remained unmarried, waiting for J. Krishnamurti to take the initiative. She is one of the most beautiful women -- but J. Krishnamurti is not the type of man ... he is utterly fulfilled within himself, he does not need anybody else to complete him. Obviously, he never took any initiative. And the woman, out of the conditioning of thousands of years, of course cannot take the initiative -- that is against grace, that is primitive.
I know another woman in Ahmedabad who waited her whole life for Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru to marry her. Jawaharlal was not an enlightened man, and there was every possibility ... And very strangely, in his old age he

fell in love with Lady Mountbatten and they were writing such letters to each other that teenagers write. They were so foolish ....

But this woman belongs to the richest family of Ahmedabad -- I used to stay in their home -- and she is so ugly. Jawaharlal was a beautiful man; I cannot conceive that he would ever have thought of this woman when any woman would have been ready to marry him. But she was thinking only of her richness.

I know both the women. The woman who was in love with J. Krishnamurti used to come to see me also. I have seen in both these women's eyes such sadness ... it would have been better if they had taken the initiative. There is no harm if the other person says, "Excuse me, I am not ready." He has that right, it is not an insult. It is simply his freedom to say yes or no.

I would like my women not to wait for the man to take the initiative. If they feel love for someone, they should take the initiative and they should not feel humiliated if the man is not willing. This will give them equality. These are small things which will make the liberation of woman possible.

But the woman has been always trying to be game. She attracts the man, she tries in every way to attract him by her beauty, by her clothes, by her perfume, by her hairdo, all that she can manage to do, her makeup ...

She attracts the man, and once the man is attracted then she starts running away.

But she does not run too fast, either. She goes on looking back, to see whether that fellow is coming or not. If he is left far behind, she waits. When he comes again close, she starts running. This is stupid; love should be a clean affair.

You love someone, you express your love and tell the other person, "You are not obliged to say yes; your no will be perfectly respected. It is just my desire. You need not unwillingly say yes to me, because that yes is dangerous unless you also feel love for me. Only then can our life become a completion."
A woman and a man in love can move into meditation very easily. Meditation and love are such close phenomena that if you move into meditation, your love energies start overflowing. If you really fall in love with someone who loves you, your meditative energies start growing; they are very deeply joined experiences. Hence I am in favor of both.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #13
Chapter title: You go on drinking poison
24 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
IN YOUR PRESENCE, I FEEL SHOWERED WITH YOUR UNCONDITIONAL LOVE AND COMPASSION. MY HUNGRY HEART IS OPENING, AND I HAVE EXPERIENCED A LOT OF JOY AND STILLNESS HERE IN YOUR BUDDHAFIELD. BUT MY FEELINGS OF UNWORTHINESS STILL DOMINATE MY LIFE,

AND I'M CLINGING TO THEM SO TIGHTLY THAT I DESPAIR OF EVER LETTING GO. IT HAS BEEN A LONG AND SERIOUS ROAD SO FAR.
DEAR OSHO, WILL YOU PLEASE HELP ME?

Prem Neerja, nobody is born unworthy. Everybody is equal in the eyes of existence. But remember, equality does not mean similarity. Everybody is equally unique.
The idea of unworthiness that is torturing you is torturing millions of human beings. It is the people around you who make you feel unworthy, undeserving, useless, good-for-nothing; this is a secret conspiracy against the individual by the crowd.
Perhaps you are not aware that the crowd is the enemy of the individual. The crowd does not like individuals; it likes only phony people imitating each other. Anybody who stands alone, in his own right, declaring his own freedom, doing his own thing without any fear of consequences, will be condemned by the crowd.
The crowd cannot afford such rebels, because their very presence is dangerous -- it may become a wildfire. Many others who are suffering in slavery may start revolting, seeing that it is possible to live your life according to your own light, that it is possible to have your own style, your own religiousness, your own morality -- you don't have to belong to any crowd, you don't have to become a spiritual slave. If this idea spreads, there will be millions of people who have not died completely -- in whose beings there is still a spark of life -- who may explode into rebellion against the masses.

The masses are easy to control; hence, those people who are in power hate individuals. And this has been the story throughout human history. From the very childhood, the society in different ways -- the parents, the teachers, the priests, the neighbors -- from all directions the society starts encroaching upon the freedom of the individual. All their effort is to distract you from your own being; they want you to be somebody else, they don't want you to be yourself.

That is the cause of your feeling of being unworthy. It is natural -- you can never be somebody else; however perfect your pretension and your hypocrisy is, deep down you will feel you have betrayed yourself. Deep down you can never feel contentment, self-respect, a pride which is natural to every being, a dignity which existence showers upon you just by giving you life.

If you are allowed to be yourself, you will never feel unworthy, because that will be your natural growth. If you are a rosebush, roses will blossom in you, and if you are a marigold flower, then marigold flowers will come. Neither the marigold flower feels it is unworthy nor the roses feel that they are special, higher, or holier. Even the smallest grass blade feels as dignified as the biggest star in the universe.

In existence there is no inferiority complex anywhere, and as a corollary there is no superiority complex either. The marigold is happy being a marigold; even the idea is stupid: "Why am I not a rose?"

It will be a very poor existence where there are only roses and roses and roses, and no other flowers. Roses will lose

all their beauty. The variety of millions of flowers makes existence rich beyond all our dreams.

But the society wants you to be just a sheep. You may have the qualities of being a deer, or being a tiger, or being a lion, or being an eagle -- all the varieties are possible in different individuals -- but the society likes only one brand: everybody has to be a sheep. Now, if you force a lion to be a sheep, he is going to feel unworthy. You are imposing something upon him which is not natural.

This feeling of unworthiness is because of an imposition of unnatural demands upon you, made by everybody around you. Nobody likes you as you are; everybody wants you to be this, to be that. Of course if you fulfill their demands you will be loved, respected, honored, but it is very dangerous and very costly; you will have to lose yourself. You will become just a hypocrite, and what will be the gain? What is their respect, what is their honor, what are their rewards? They cannot balance the loss -- you have lost your soul. They can give you Nobel Prizes, but even a thousand Nobel Prizes cannot make up for the loss that you have suffered in the transaction. You have lost your very space in existence, your very territory, your most significant essential being and consciousness.

I can understand your problem, Prem Neerja, and I don't think you are incapable of understanding it intellectually. You do understand, but just intellectual understanding never brings any change; it brings you more trouble. It makes you aware that you have done something very stupid, and now you have become an expert in doing that stupidity. Now that is your expertise -- for that expertise you are paid, honored, respected, so you cling to it.

This becomes a tremendous dilemma. It creates a state of schizophrenia. You know that what you are doing is wrong, but this knowing is only intellectual; it has not penetrated into the deeper parts of your being from where actions arise.

Intellect is an inactive force. It has not become your meditation, it is still your mind, and mind is absolutely impotent. So you understand intellectually that you are doing wrong, and the same intellect says that this is the only thing that you know -- unworthy or worthy, but this is the only thing that gives you credit, makes you respected by the crowd. Don't leave it, because you don't know where you have lost your soul and whether you will be able to find it again. You don't even remember the way back home. So you go on clinging to that which intellectually you know is not right. You are destroying yourself, but you go on drinking the poison, because you have forgotten the way to your home.

Just the other day, Latifa was crying, and today all the clouds have disappeared. She has taken the bold step. Intellectually she has been thinking and thinking for almost an eternity ... because misery lengthens time so long -- one hour passes as if it is one life. Hence I say she has been suffering as if for the whole eternity, knowing perfectly well -- because I was continuously hammering her -- that if you are miserable in a situation and the doors are open, why don't you get out of that situation?

She wants to get out, but clings; she is afraid of the open, is afraid of the fresh air, is afraid of the unknown. Her deeper being feels the pull, the challenge, the excitement of the unknown, but her superficial mind thinks of security,

safety. And who knows? -- you may fall into a worse condition. At least this misery is well known, and you have somehow become accustomed -- in fact, so habituated that a fear somewhere in the corner of your being lurks: are you capable of surviving without it?

It is miserable but at least there is something. You are not alone, and you are not empty; you are full of misery, and you can depend on it that tomorrow also the misery will be there. You need not be worried that tomorrow maybe you will be empty and alone. So one becomes a mess inside. But finally, Latifa came to her senses, took the bold step. And today she wrote a letter to me of tremendous gratitude, saying that she feels as if a cancer has been removed from her being; she feels clean, healthy, happy, light -- the whole burden has disappeared. And this was the cancer she was clinging to.

But you can experience the joy and the freedom and the lightness and the open sky, only when you drop clinging; there is no other way.

But people are such that even when they have come here and they have been listening to me, they are managing what to listen to, what not to listen to. Whatever gives nourishment to their prejudices, they are open to, very happy that their convictions are being supported. The moment I say something that goes against their convictions -- and those convictions are their misery, the foundation of their suffering and their hell -- immediately they close themselves. But how long can you keep yourself closed? I go on hitting you from every dimension, every direction. Sooner or later you have to listen.

Then too, such is human stupidity that people start defending themselves. I sometimes wonder why you are wasting your time. If you are here to defend yourself, that you can do very well wherever you are. It will be easier to defend yourself somewhere else; here it will be very difficult. I will not allow you to defend yourself, because by defending yourself you are defending all your miseries; they are synonymous. You and your miseries, you and your suffering, you and your ideology -- they are not separate. Your personality is your hell, and I have to hammer it and bring out your individuality, which is a totally different phenomenon -- that which you had brought with you when you were born. This personality is a cover that has been put over you by the society; it is a mask. But you have lived with the mask so long that you have started thinking it is your original face. In their sleepiness people go on defending that which is their cancer.

One woman today wrote to me that she hates Hymie Goldberg. I could not believe that somebody can hate a poor fellow like Hymie Goldberg! But perhaps she has an anti-Jewish mind ... just the name of Hymie Goldberg and her Nazi upbringing feels hurt that I am making Hymie Goldberg almost a great hero. It is true, I am going to write a biography of Hymie Goldberg.

In the same question, the same woman says, "I don't like you to laugh with us." It seems she is also against laughter. I rarely laugh, but once in a while I want simply to join with you -- so as not to give you the feeling that I am separate from you. I want to be one amongst you, not somewhere high up, very serious -- a stone golden Buddha.

Certainly, Gautam Buddha did not laugh; neither is there any reference anywhere that Jesus ever laughed. These people are serious people.

I am not serious. I have been telling you again and again that I am absolutely nonserious, but you don't take it seriously! You think I must be joking ... it is such a difficult problem, how to solve it?

And when I read this woman's question, I remembered Nadam's question yesterday ... he was telling me that a few scientific researchers have found the G-point in the vagina of women. I could not figure it out, why it should be called "G-point."

I have also found a G-point. It is not in the vagina, it is in everybody's belly -- just behind your navel. And it is meaningful to call it the G-point because it creates giggling. It is absolutely stupid to say there is a giggling vagina, but a giggling belly is a well-known fact. You know about belly laughter -- a real laughter always comes from your belly.

So I don't care about your scientists; my own research says that the G-point is in everybody, man or woman, in the belly, behind the navel. And perhaps this woman's G-point is either paralyzed or is crippled, damaged -- something is wrong with her G-point! Here she should expose herself; her G-point can start functioning. Amongst so many G's, how can you remain serious?

I have heard .... Two small kids, twins, started their first day at school and their teacher asked them, "What are your names?" They were looking so beautiful, so absolutely alive. Dressed in the same way, it was almost impossible to

figure out who is who. So she asked, "What are your names?"
One said, "My name is Ronald Reagan, and my brother's name is Richard Nixon." The teacher could not believe it. She thought, "These kids are playing a joke on me, they are making fun of me." She immediately phoned their home and said to their mother, "Mrs. Johnson, your two kids have come and when I asked their names, one said his name is Ronald Reagan and that his brother's name is Richard Nixon. I could not believe it; that's why I am phoning. Are they making fun of me?"
She was in for a great surprise, because from the other end of the phone the woman shouted very angrily, "You have some nerve to call me Mrs. Johnson. I am Miss Johnson and they are my kids, and when you have two bastards, what names can you give them? If you were in my place, would you be able to suggest two other names for two bastards?"
Just watch life, and your G-point will start functioning! Prem Neerja, you have fallen prey, a victim to what people have said to you. This commune is to erase all that has been said to you, and accept you the way you are. As you are is absolutely right, worthy, respectable, and there is no need to change it and create a phony personality just because others want it. You have tried to make others happy too much, and the total result is that everybody in the world is unhappy. Everybody has tried to make others happy, but do you see the total result? Everybody is unhappy.
I teach you to be happy, I don't teach you to make others happy. In your happiness, if there is some truth, some vitality, it will spread -- it will help others also to be happy.

But that should not be the criterion; that should not be the ideal of your life. You are making others happy, they are making you and others happy, and everybody is unhappy because everybody is pretending.
People can be happy only in one way -- there are not two ways -- if they are authentically themselves. Then the springs of happiness start flowing ... they become more alive, they become a joy to see, a joy to be with; they are a song, they are a dance. But they are not dancing for anybody's approval, nor for anybody's appreciation; they are dancing out of their own abundance of happiness, out of their own joy.
This whole world can be a dancing world, full of songs and full of music, full of creativity and full of life and laughter. But the basic strategy that has been followed up to now has to be completely destroyed, without mercy.

The new minister stood at the church door, greeting parishioners as they departed after the end of the service. The people were generous in complimenting the clergyman on his sermon, except one fellow who said to him, "Pretty dull sermon, Reverend." And a minute later, the same man appeared again and said, "Pretty dull sermon, Reverend." Once again the man appeared, this time muttering, "You really did not say anything at all, Reverend." When he got the opportunity, the Reverend pointed out the man to one of his deacons, "Ah," said the deacon, "don't let that guy bother you. He is a poor soul who goes around repeating whatever he hears other people saying!"

This is a very strange and insane world. Everybody is living in some way falsely, just to get appreciation, just to hear people's clapping. Everybody is so hungry for attention. The people you think of as great leaders are almost beggars as far as attention is concerned; that's all their whole life is devoted to -- how many people are looking up to them. That gives nourishment to their ego. And they are ready to do any nonsense if they are promised, "More and more people will be attracted towards you; you will get more attention."

I have a strange story to tell you. It is not fiction, and it is about one of the most famous men, Abraham Lincoln. He had a very ugly face. He came from a very poor family; his father was a shoemaker. He himself was chopping wood just to get enough money to go to school -- a very poor heritage.

His face was certainly not attractive; it was repulsive. And when he stood for the presidential election .... His intelligence was great; perhaps there has been no other man in America of such great intelligence. His rationality, his logic, his ways of arguing his case were superb. But his personality was poor, just because of his face.

The first day when he started his election campaign, a little girl ... And as far as my understanding goes, that little girl should have the whole credit for Abraham Lincoln's becoming the president of America, although nobody bothers ... nobody even thinks about that little girl, or to find out who she was. She came close and she said, "Uncle Lincoln, with this face you cannot win the presidency. I have a small suggestion: if you grow a beard and mustache, most of your face will be covered, and the beard and the

mustache can be given a shape that can change your whole profile."

A little girl ... but she was looking attentively at his face; she was interested in his arguments. But women are more aware of physical beauty even from their very childhood. She figured out that if he grows a beard and a mustache, much of his face will be covered. Then a new face can be created by giving shape to the beard and to the mustache. And it appealed to Lincoln. He was himself worried what to do with his face. He started growing his beard ... and now you don't see in his photographs or his statues that his face was ugly. All that ugliness is covered by his beard and mustache. In fact, that beard and mustache have given him a new personality.

People have forgotten, but Lincoln did not forget. After becoming the president, the first letter that he wrote was to that small girl, thanking her, "Your suggestion worked." He was a man of great humbleness and great understanding. But this world does not look into the inner being. It does not look at your intelligence, your talents, your creativity, your potentiality. It simply looks at the outer, superficial personality.

And because you are continuously asking for attention, you have to concede to the people; you have to compromise on every step with them if you want to be accepted as worthy. And the problem is that whatever you do, you cannot be absolutely false; something of the real will remain, and that will be your unworthiness.

It will hurt you that you have not been able to succeed in being a complete success in the world.

Anybody who wants to be a success in the world, anybody who is ambitious and egoistic, is going to suffer the same problem as you are suffering, Prem Neerja. But the problem is very simple and can be dropped immediately, without any effort: just a simple understanding that you don't need anybody's attention; on the contrary, what you need is a deep contentment with yourself. And that is possible only if you are real.

What others say, don't be worried about; it does not matter. The only thing that matters is your inner happiness, your peace, your silence, and finally your realization of your eternal life.

You are asking, "What should I do with my unworthiness? It still dominates my life and I am clinging to it so tightly that I despair of ever letting go." Just a little understanding is needed -- not much effort, because it is you who are clinging to it; it is not clinging to you.

There is a Sufi story that a river was in flood, and a few people were standing on the bank watching the river rising higher and higher. A Sufi mystic was also standing there. Sufis use just a blanket, a woolen blanket to cover their body; they don't use anything else. In fact, the name Sufi is derived from woolen blankets. In Persian, suf means wool, and sufi means one who uses only wool.

So with his blanket, he was also standing there watching other people, and then suddenly they saw a beautiful blanket, a woolen blanket floating down the river. A young man could not resist. Although everybody said it was dangerous -- the river was in flood, and it was a huge river -- the young man said, "That blanket I cannot lose." He jumped.

But it was not a blanket, it was a wolf, alive. So as he caught the blanket, the blanket caught him! He started shouting, "Save me!" Everybody asked him, "What do you mean by saving? Just drop that blanket!" He said, "It is not a blanket that I can drop. Now it is a question of whether the blanket drops me or not -- it is a wolf!" It was just that they had seen the wolf's body, which looked like pure wool.

The Sufi wrote in his diary, "What I saw today was a real problem. Up to now I have seen people wondering how to drop this, how to drop that .... Those were all unreal because the problems were not clinging to them, they were clinging to their problems. It was not a question of any help; if they wanted to drop it, they could drop it."

The Sufi wrote in his diary, "But today it was totally different; it was a real problem. It was beyond that poor man's ability to drop it, because he was not clinging to it; now the wolf was clinging to him, and the wolf took him down to his grave."

It is good that wolves are not clinging to you. Whatever you are clinging to, all are just false ideas given by others to you. And the reason why you are clinging to them is that you are afraid that without them you will be almost naked, you will be empty, and you will be moving in an unknown space.

But I want to say to you that moving every moment into the unknown is the greatest blessing of life. Remaining with the known is sheer boredom, every day the same. Then what is the point of living? You have lived it many times, many days.

My encouragement to you is:

Love change, love the unknown.
Risk everything known for the unknown, and you will always be in an ecstatic state. You will always be a gainer, because the unknown has hidden treasures only for those who can drop the known. But I can only say it to you; the dropping has to be done by you. It has to be your decision, your commitment -- only then will it bring joy.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY THAT WE ARE ALL ENLIGHTENED, AND THAT WE HAVE JUST ALL FORGOTTEN IT. DID WE FORGET IT AT A PRECISE TIME, AND IF SO, WHY?

Prembodhi, yes we have forgotten it at a precise time, and I will tell you why.
Just try to remember backwards -- how far back can you go? Four years of age, or at the most when you were three years of age. Beyond that comes an absolute blank -- no memory, no remembrance.
One thing is certain, that in those three years many things must have happened. You must have cried, you must have been loved, you must have been left alone, you must have been afraid in the dark night -- a thousand and one experiences must have happened. You may have fallen, you may have been hurt, you may have been seriously sick ... but you cannot remember anything. It seems as if in those three years, nothing was recorded by your memory mechanism.

That's exactly the time when you forgot your self-nature. Let us say it in another way: the precise moment you forgot your enlightenment and the language of it, is the moment when you started remembering the world and thousands of other things of the world. When you started remembering others, you forgot yourself.

Now if you are fifty years old, for forty-seven years you have been remembering the whole world of things and people and events, so you have gathered a thick wall of memories. Behind this thick wall of memories -- which goes on growing every day, thicker and thicker -- is hidden that small time in the beginning of your life when you were utterly innocent. Even memory was not formed -- you lived each moment and you died to that moment, and were born again.

In those three years, your life was moment to moment. You did not bother about the past, you did not bother about the future; you were so involved, so totally and so intensely in the moment, collecting seashells on the beach, or running after butterflies in the garden, or collecting wildflowers in the forest, as if that were all. There was no past, no future; you lived in the present in those three years. And those were the days of your glory, those were the days of your golden experience.

So I can say that it depends on everybody; it may be either four years or three years. For girls it will be three years, for boys it will be four years. Girls are one year ahead, they mature sooner. Sexually they mature one year sooner than the boys; mentally also they mature one year earlier than the boys. So girls can remember backwards to the age of

three, and boys generally will be able to remember back to the age of four. That's where you have lost your treasure. And you are asking why. It is because you became interested in the vast world around you. And you went on becoming more and more interested; you became so curious about everything, you wanted to know everything. Just listen to small children -- they go on asking all kinds of questions, they are untiring. You get tired, but they are so excited -- they have entered into a new world.

For nine months they were in the mother's womb, in utter darkness -- no excitement, no problem, no responsibility, no companionship, just utter silence and relaxation. Then those three years, when their memory system was starting to be built up, their intellect was starting its ABC ... by the age of three or four, they were able now, with a memory system and an intelligent, enquiring mind to go in search of this vast world -- millions of things to know, unending pastures to be discovered. Naturally, in all this excitement, they forgot one thing: their own being. They went out and out and out, and farther and farther away from the home. They reached to the stars, and now the home is so far away that they have even forgotten the way they had followed. And they don't know exactly what it was in those three years ... just deep down in the unconscious some feeling has remained like a shadow -- that it was beautiful, that it was very peaceful, that it was majestic, miraculous, mysterious, that everything was a wonder, that every moment brought new experiences and joys. Just faint echoes, far back ... you cannot say if they are real or you are imagining them, or if you are remembering from your dreams. It has become almost a dream.

The why is very simple: because the world was very intriguing, very interesting to enter, to enquire.
It is natural. I am not saying that you should not have done this. You would not have been able to avoid it, and it would not have been good to avoid it. It is good that you have gone so far. Now that you have known the world and experienced everything good and bad, bitter and sweet, beautiful and ugly, have seen pleasures and have seen pain, you are again becoming interested to know what is your self-nature.
Your self-nature is enlightenment.
I was reading one story, which is significant in a totally different context -- which was not supposed to be part of the story. I don't think that whoever invented the story had thought about it. The story is:

One day a black man showed up at the gates of heaven and was met by Saint Peter. "I would like to be admitted to heaven," he said.
"Fine," said Saint Peter, "but first tell me what you have done lately which would permit you to be admitted."
"Well," said the black man, "I marched in a civil rights march."
"A lot of people did that," said Saint Peter. "Maybe there is something else?"
"Yes," said the black man. "I got married at twelve o'clock noon."
"What is so unusual about that?" asked Saint Peter.
"I married a white woman," said the black man.
"When was that?" asked Saint Peter.
"Ah, about two minutes ago," said the black man.

As I was reading this, I remembered a scientific calculation. They say that if we think of existence just in terms of one day -- as if the whole existence is twenty-four hours, reduced into this small measurement, so that at twelve in the night the existence began, the stars formed, the solar systems arose .... And they have the given exact hour when -- for example, at four o'clock in the morning, at six o'clock in the morning -- our solar system was born. Then our earth separated from the sun, just at eight o'clock in the morning; then the moon separated from the earth, just at eleven o'clock in the morning.

The earth for the first time saw life exactly at twelve o'clock noon, and man came into existence just two minutes later; that is, at two minutes after twelve o'clock. If we measure the whole existence in terms of twenty-four hours, we have come into existence just two minutes ago. Reading this story, that the black man said, "Ah, about two minutes ago," I remembered that calculation of the scientists. This poor negro married a woman at twelve o'clock, and then he must have been shot two minutes later when he was coming out of the church, because whites cannot allow a black man to marry a white woman. So only two minutes he remained married.

If we go into more details -- that if two minutes ago, man came into existence -- then just fifteen seconds ago, a Gautam Buddha was born. Then enlightenment and the whole idea of enlightenment is not more than fifteen seconds old.

And we have still twelve hours more, if Ronald Reagan allows. Ronald Reagan is just a representative of all the

mad politicians of the world. If they allow, then we still have twelve hours to evolve. If in fifteen seconds Gautam Buddha, Pythagoras, Lao Tzu, Mahavira, Jesus, Ramakrishna, Raman Maharishi,
J. Krishnamurti, Gurdjieff -- if all these people have happened just in fifteen seconds, then the coming twelve hours, if man remains on the earth ... one cannot imagine how fruitful these coming days can be.
What a great potential is ahead of us! And we have been on the earth only for two minutes. These foolish politicians are trying to commit suicide at a moment when we should be evolving as fast, as quickly as possible, because half the time of existence is gone -- only half the time remains.
In this remaining time, the whole humanity has to become enlightened. If we can avoid this coming war, then this will be **The New Dawn** of a totally new consciousness, of a totally new and fresh life, with a fragrance it has not known before. It is in our hands.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #14
Chapter title: Words from the silences of your heart
25 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,

I HAVE WRITTEN MANY BEAUTIFUL WORDS ABOUT YOU AND ABOUT YOUR BOOKS -- WORDS THAT SEEM TO COME FROM SOME PLACE EITHER BEYOND OR DEEP INSIDE WHEN THEY HAPPEN. AND AFTERWARDS I FEEL ALMOST ASHAMED, AS THOUGH I HAVE SAID SOMETHING WHICH I HAVE NO RIGHT TO SAY.
IN THESE YEARS OF BEING WITH YOU, I KNOW I HAVE CHANGED. LAYERS AND LAYERS HAVE DISAPPEARED, AND A SILENCE HAS ARISEN WHICH IS NEVER SO FAR AWAY THAT IT FEELS OUT OF REACH. YET I OFTEN WONDER IF THE CLARITY I FEEL COMING OUT OF THIS SILENCE IS ONLY "SO-CALLED" -- SOME KIND OF ARROGANCE IN DISGUISE, OR SOME IMAGINING, UNKNOWN TO ME.
I DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS A QUESTION, OR THREE QUESTIONS, OR AN APOLOGY. BELOVED OSHO, COULD YOU HELP ME SORT IT OUT?

Deva Sarito, life is such a mystery that the more you know the more you become aware of your ignorance. Or in other words, the more you know it, the less you know it. And the day you know it all, you know nothing.
It has been said that science starts from not knowing and ends in knowing -- that's exactly the meaning of the word `science': knowing. And religion starts from knowing and reaches to its climax in not knowing -- because not knowing is another name of innocence. And if religion cannot bring you back your childhood, and the freshness of

childhood, and the wondering eyes of childhood, it is not religion at all.

Whatever is happening to you is perfectly the way it should happen. You have every right to say what you have experienced, what you have felt, what changes you have gone through. It is most important to say it, because it is unfortunately the situation that people who know nothing about me even write books against me.

All over the world, in all the languages, people who have never come in contact with me, have never heard me, feel perfectly right in writing all kinds of lies and rumors and allegations without any foundation, without any factuality behind them. The negative person is always very articulate, because to say no, you don't need any intelligence; any idiot can do it. But to say yes needs tremendous courage, and a great intelligence. And the people who say yes, the people who feel yes, are always keeping their secret hiding in their heart. This creates a very unbalanced situation. Those who don't know me go on writing anything, out of the blue.

Now there is an article in a German magazine, SPIEGEL, saying that I am trying to come to Germany and create a commune in Germany on the same lines as was created in America. So the government has to be aware, and the people of Germany have to be aware. Now, from where do these people get these ideas? I have not even dreamt about going to Germany. Even if they want me to be there, I will refuse. A few days ago in Israel, a Hebrew newspaper had an article saying that the people of Israel have to be clearly aware of the danger, because I am planning to come to Israel. And they say my strategy is that I will be converted

to the religion of the Jews, and once I am a Jew, then I will declare that I am the incarnation of Moses!

What to do with these people? -- and people read them, people believe them. And the people who know me, who have come into deep inner communion with me, who have experienced me, remain silent.

It is not new. It is part of a strange human psychology. The positive person is humble; even to say something he feels embarrassed, because he knows that whatever he is going to say is not going to be up to the experience that he had. It is going to fall very short; hence the embarrassment.

But the negative person has no fear, no embarrassment. He has not experienced anything. And to deny or to lie, or to create a fiction, is sensational. The people who have been writing against me ... all the publishers are eager to publish their books -- without knowing what they are writing, all kinds of rubbish. And a few of my sannyasins who have been with me from the very beginning have written books just to answer those lies and allegations, with facts and figures, with solid arguments.

The publishers are not willing to publish them. They say there is no sensation in it. Lies have sensation; the truth is non-sensational. And the masses are interested in sensationalism, they are not interested in knowing the truth. Truth is simple and plain.

But this situation has to be reversed; there is a limit to everything. The positive people have to come out in the light, and tell with emphasis their own experiences and what they understand about me and my relationship to my people. Unless they come out and do it, they are in an indirect way helping the negative people. Because if those

negative people are not contradicted, it becomes an argument in their favor -- why are they not contradicted? So I can understand, Sarito, that you have experiences to express but it is always bound to be something not absolutely the experience. It is going to be something far below. But still it will help people to understand both sides. The negative is articulate, but is meaningless; it is not going to help anybody. It can only prevent people from coming to me. And the people who are writing all those negative books and articles -- they cannot help anybody either. So they are really public enemies.

The positive person has to come out so the negative people can be contradicted, and so that those who are in search of truth, in search of silence and peace, can feel a possibility: if they come here, maybe if it is happening to other people, it can happen to them also. You will be opening doors, and you will be giving invitations to new sannyasins, to new seekers.

So don't keep it as a secret. Don't enjoy it inside yourself; share it with as many people as possible, with all the news media, so that you can reach to the farthest corners of the world.

And the positive person has many problems which the negative does not have. First, the positive person starts thinking, "Perhaps my silence, my joy, my bliss, is just imagination." The negative person has no problem; he knows exactly that it is imagination, there is no problem about it! The problem arises only to the positive person -- because it is not imagination.

Living here for years ... Imagination is a very momentary phenomenon; you cannot go on living in imagination for

twelve years, fifteen years. It is possible to live in imagination for a few moments -- imagination is not reality; imagination is just like soap bubbles. For a moment they can shine in the sun, create a rainbow, and then they are gone and all those rainbows disappear.

And one thing more you have to understand, for yourself: you cannot imagine silence; that is not in the nature of things. You can imagine all kinds of thoughts, but you cannot imagine thoughtlessness. Nobody has ever been able to do it, it is almost impossible. You cannot imagine blissfulness. You don't have any idea, how can you imagine it? Imagination needs some kind of experience; then you can project it. But blissfulness you don't know.

You can imagine misery perfectly well. You are so deeply rooted in misery that there is no problem. You know it, you can imagine it, you can exaggerate it, you can magnify it a thousandfold; it is in your hands. But blissfulness you don't know. Anything that you don't know is not possible for you to imagine.

So if you are feeling silence, peace, bliss; if you are feeling changes happening in you, in your consciousness, it is not imagination.

Secondly, you are worried that it may be "some kind of arrogance in disguise." One who is aware that his experiences may be some kind of arrogance, has really gone beyond arrogance, because arrogance never recognizes itself. The egoist never recognizes that he is egoistic; the arrogant cannot even think that he is arrogant. To be worried that perhaps it may be arrogance is part of humbleness. Only a humble person becomes concerned that he should not say anything, he should not do anything that

may bring arrogance from the back door. He knows the misery of arrogance, he knows the pain and the anguish of arrogance. He does not want to get into that trap again. But if you are aware, arrogance cannot come close to you, just as when you have light in your house, darkness cannot come in.

Gautam Buddha used to say, "You should be like a house which has light inside. When the house, its doors, its windows, are showing light, thieves don't come close. But when the house is dark and there is no light, it is an opportunity for thieves." And by thieves he means all that destroys your beauty, your grandeur, all that takes away your treasures. Arrogance, ego, aggressiveness, superiority, the idea of being special -- all are destroying you and your peace; they are destroying your nobodiness.

You cannot imagine nobodiness. It is almost like ... a beggar can dream of being a king -- in fact beggars always dream, and in their dreams they fulfill the desires which they cannot fulfill in their actual waking lives. But nobody has ever heard of a king dreaming about himself being a beggar; that is unknown. Why should one dream of being a beggar? The hungry person can dream that he has been invited to a royal party; he can dream about delicious food -- he has to, just to hide his hunger. But the man who is living in the palace and eating delicious food is not going to dream that he is hungry; that is just illogical, unpsychological.

We dream only of things which we don't have; we imagine things only which we don't have. But once you start having real experiences, those experiences start changing your lifestyle, your responses to situations; you can start feeling

constantly within you a coolness, a grace, a gratitude towards existence, and out of this peacefulness, silence, beauty, all your actions arise ... they also have something of it. Your words come out from the silences of your heart; they also have some music from their original source.

It is a well-known fact: a man like Jesus was uneducated, but no rabbi in the whole history of Judaism, four thousand years -- and Jewish rabbis are great scholars, unparalleled in any other religion -- but no Jewish rabbi has spoken the way an uneducated carpenter's son, Jesus, spoke. And he knew nothing of scripture, he knew nothing of the art of oratory. Even those who were not in agreement with him had to say, "One thing we cannot deny: nobody has ever spoken the way he speaks."

And he is using simple words, ordinary words used by common people, but on his lips those ordinary words have a changed quality. They are coming from a depth; they are bringing some fragrance with them, they are bringing some authority of his experience. The same words are available ... all the Christian missionaries are repeating the same words every day. But you don't feel any impact, you don't see ... Why the difference?

The difference is that Jesus was speaking out of experience, and these people are speaking only out of their education. For Jesus, it was his life. For these missionaries, it is their salary; it is their livelihood, not their life. For Jesus, what he was saying was so important that he was ready to sacrifice his life, but not to compromise on any ground. But these missionaries, if somebody gives them a better salary, will change their religion immediately. These are professionals. Their words don't have any depth. Their

words are not alive, but corpses. They look similar, they sound similar, but you can see when you hear a missionary ....

One of the most famous missionaries in both parts of the world, East and West, was Stanley Jones. He used to live for six months in the East -- he had a beautiful ashram in the Himalayas -- and for six months he used to live in the West. I have come across many missionaries, but the caliber that Stanley Jones had, none of them have had. He was a genius. But even a genius cannot put life into words that are not his experience.

I told him ... because he used to stay very near to where I was a teacher in the university, and slowly we became very intimate. He was a sincere man. I said, "There is a difference -- you may accept it, you may not accept it. These are the same words spoken by Jesus, which you speak every day in your sermons, but something is missing. They sound the same; they are exactly the same words. And perhaps you are pronouncing them better than Jesus. He was uneducated, you are a genius" -- and he was one of the best speakers -- "and Jesus has nothing as far as the art of oratory is concerned. But his words had a life, his words had wings; they reached you as alive beings, not just corpses. Not just stuffed, dead birds, looking alive."

He was silent for a moment and he said, "Perhaps you are right. Whatever I am saying is my education, is my scholarship, is my lifelong learning. What Jesus was saying was not his learning; he never went to any school. What he was saying was his experience; his words were coming from a living source."

The positive person has to become assertive; he has to come into the light. Otherwise the world is left in the hands of the negative people, and these negative people are the cause of preventing others from seeking and searching.
I have always liked a story by Turgenev -- a Russian novelist, one of the best the world has ever known. If you are going to choose ten great books, you will have to give one place to Turgenev without fail. Out of all the literature in all the languages in the world, he may claim more, but one is absolutely certain. He has written a small story, THE FOOL.

In a small village there was a very simple man. His simplicity was such that he almost looked like a simpleton, and the whole village condemned him as the idiot. Out of his simplicity he used to do things, and the cunning people all around condemned him. He became so much afraid even to say a single word, because whatever he would say, he would be immediately criticized, condemned. He became afraid of acting, of doing anything; his life became a hell.
And at that time, a mystic passed through the village. The idiot reached the mystic and told his tragic story, asking, "You help me do something ...."
The mystic said, "Who says you are an idiot? You are a very simple, innocent being. Out of your innocence you do things which are going to be against the ideas of the cunning and the clever.
"You do one thing -- I will be coming back on the same route within a month, so I can check whether it works or not -- I will tell you a simple secret. From tomorrow morning, you become assertive, aggressive: Somebody

says, `What a beautiful sunrise' and you immediately jump in and tell him, `What is there? What beauty are you talking about? What is beauty? Define it! I have seen many sunrises like this; it is just a mediocre sunrise -- what is special in it? It happens every day.' And nobody can define beauty, nobody can prove that the sunrise is beautiful. There is no argument, there is no way.

"Somebody is saying, `Look at that woman, how beautiful she is!' Immediately jump in. You just watch, wherever anybody is making a positive statement about higher values which cannot be proved, you ask for proof: `What do you mean by calling that ordinary woman, who is not even homely ... what beauty is in her? Where is it? -- in her eyes, in her nose, in her hair? Where is the beauty? You have to clearly define it, and point to where it is!'" Now, beauty is not something that can be pinpointed.

After one month when the mystic returned, the idiot had become by that time the wisest man in the village. Somebody would say, "That is a holy book," and he would immediately ask, "What do you mean by holy, and what is holy in this book? The paper used is holy, or the ink used is holy, or the words used are holy? What is holy in it? These are the same words, the same ink, the same paper used in every book -- what makes this book holy?" And there was no way to prove ....

And people became absolutely afraid in his presence. They would tremble, they would not say anything; the situation was completely reversed.

Before, he used to be afraid; now he was never afraid. And nobody even asked a question of him ... because the mystic had said, "If somebody asks a question, never answer, but

ask a counter-question -- because your answer can be criticized; don't be caught in that thing. Just ask a counter-question. Ask, `What do you mean by this question? Explain each single word and its meaning.' And harass him so much that even an ordinary sentence becomes a puzzle."
The mystic came; the idiot touched his feet and said, "Your strategy worked. Now I am the wisest man in this village."
He said, "Don't be worried -- continue. You will be the wisest man in the whole surrounding area, as far as your name can reach! People will start coming to you just to have your blessings."

A small story, but with great significance. It says how even an idiot, by using negativity, can become wise.
But that is not true wisdom. True wisdom is always positive. True wisdom is always arising out of a yes, out of love, out of gratitude towards existence. True wisdom knows no "no." It does not have any contact with negative attitudes and approaches.
You are perfectly right. Just don't remain silent. Bring your silence into songs, bring your experience into expressions. Say to the world what you have known, without fear.
The last thing to be remembered:
The negative person is always restless, because he has nothing; he is empty, he is angry, he is unfulfilled. Out of his unfulfillment, angriness, emptiness, he becomes more and more revengeful, violent. The positive person, the person who has experienced something, becomes calm and quiet. Naturally, he has no need to assert. He has no need to say anything; he is so deeply fulfilled that he does not want

to waste his breath unnecessarily fighting. He simply remains settled in his own center.

And this settlement becomes more and more and more and more -- to a point that he completely forgets. Not only that he forgets misery, he forgets blissfulness -- he becomes so accustomed to bliss ... he breathes bliss in and out, day in, day out. It becomes simply his very being; he forgets that he is blissful, that he is experiencing ecstasy. These are just as natural to him as breathing or heartbeats.

Before it happens, you should make an effort -- just out of compassion -- to show the way to others. They are all groping in darkness; they want some door to open. They are tired of their chains and their handcuffs, and they want somebody to help them to be freed, somebody to say to them that "Yes, there is freedom." They have become so suspicious -- perhaps there is nothing like freedom, nothing like blissfulness, nothing like ecstasy. And these negative people go on telling them that these are all imaginations, these are all hypnotic trances; these are not realities. But their innermost beings are thirsty, although their minds are filled and distracted and corrupted by the negative people. Those who experience something that can be a valuable assurance and encouragement to anybody, anywhere -- so that his hope arises again that some window can be opened, that there are doors which he has missed; that he has listened to wrong people, that he has been under the impact of negative darkness and he has not opened his eyes to the positive light -- before you become completely satisfied, you have to help people.

You can do it only before you become so settled that you forget at all that you are blissful. Bliss can be experienced

only in contrast to misery, and if you have been blissful for years, you have forgotten misery, how it used to be; now bliss has become your only experience. The gap -- when you are dropping the misery and moving towards bliss, when you have seen the star for the first time -- that is the moment when you should express yourself ... "Nobody needs to be a pessimist, nobody needs to drop his hopes. I have seen the star."
But it has to be done quickly, when you see it. When you become the star yourself, then it will be too late. You will not be able to say anything; even the desire to communicate will disappear.

I have heard the pope died, and went to heaven. Saint Peter asked him whom among the saints he would like to meet. "Saint Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ," said the pope. Saint Peter leads him into a palatial hall. There in a far corner sits an old Jewish lady. The pope approaches her reverently, and sinks to his knees: "Oh, holy mother of God," he says, "all my life on earth I have been looking forward to this blessed moment. There is one question I want to ask you: What was it like to give birth to our Lord Jesus Christ?" The old lady wags her head and smiles. "Well, actually we wanted a girl," she said.

The mother of Jesus Christ is bound to become accustomed to Jesus Christ -- he is nothing special to her, her own son. She is disappointed, because they wanted a daughter and they have got a son who is a troublemaker! Because of him, they are condemned, and because of him, in their old age

they have to go through great anguish and suffering because he is crucified.

When all the disciples had escaped, the mother was sitting there underneath the cross where Jesus was crucified, crying and weeping. And she must have been thinking it would have been better if a girl had been born. A son -- and him too, a son who gets crucified in her old age. And he was so young, only thirty-three. He has given his parents nothing but anxiety. To the pope it is one thing -- Jesus Christ is God -- but to the old Jewish lady, the mother of Jesus, he was just a troublemaker, unnecessarily disturbing the peace, unnecessarily leaving them in their old age in immense misery because of the crucifixion.

If Jesus Christ is born to you, you will become accustomed. If bliss is born in your being, you will become accustomed. Before you become accustomed, spread the good news as far and wide as possible. There are millions of thirsty people -- under the impact of negative, sensational, articulate people, they are suffering in a kind of limbo. They hear only the negative side of things. Naturally they become suspicious of whether any positive side exists at all, or if they are unnecessarily running after shadows and phantoms -- because all these clever people are writing against the possibility.

For the new humanity, millions of changes are going to happen. One of the most major changes will be that the positive person has to become articulate. He has to say to the world what he is experiencing, without any fear, without any embarrassment, without any suspicions that it may be imagination. Even if it is imagination, it may do good.

But it is not imagination. You cannot imagine spiritual experiences; you don't have any notion what they are. Unless you know them, there is no way of imagining them, and when you have known them, there is no question of imagination.

The people in the world are in immense need of a few articulate, positive, assertive individuals. Not only their words will be helpful, but their presence -- because their words can only be supported by their presence, by their actions, by their responses. There is no other kind of evidence. If people see that you are really living peace, that your life is a song of silence and each of your actions shows it, we can change the whole negative and sick psychology of man.

Otherwise ... these negative people have been predominant all through history -- because it is very easy to be negative, anybody can do it. Anybody can say, even to Gautam Buddha, that "Whatever you are saying is all nonsense." And even a man like Gautam Buddha cannot produce any evidence of his enlightenment. If the person is adamant, stubborn, closed, there is no way.

Buddha can help the person if he is open, vulnerable, receptive, ready to feel Buddha's presence, ready to feel his fragrance, ready to become part of his silence. But most of the people in the world are living under the impact of negative people. This impact has created such an unconscious state ... people go on falling more and more into unconsciousness, into darkness.

Sometimes I think that the Eastern idea has some psychological significance. It may not be true factually and historically, but psychologically ... nobody has explored the

idea. Just as Charles Darwin proposed the idea of evolution, the East has believed for thousands of years in a contrary idea of involution, not evolution; that man is not growing higher, but falling lower; that the first golden age was in the very beginning.

It is worth understanding the whole idea as a psychological interpretation -- not as history, not as science, but as psychology.

The first age, according to the Eastern mystics is called satyuga, the age of truth, the golden age. In a way we can see that each man passes through that golden age again when he is a child. When the whole humanity was in its childhood, then the idea becomes very relevant. Children have to learn to speak lies; otherwise, they simply speak the truth, without any learning. Truth is not to be learned, it is just out of your innocence.

Lying needs learning, cleverness, cunningness, calculativeness.

Truth needs only innocence.

So the first age in the Eastern calculation was satyuga, the age of truth. They have called it "the golden age." Their description is tremendously significant. Describing satyuga they say it was like a table with four legs, absolutely balanced. Satyuga had four legs, which kept it absolutely balanced. Then things started falling down.

The theory is exactly against Charles Darwin -- I call it "involution." One leg dropped. The table became very unbalanced; life became unbalanced. Things were no longer the same as they had been -- peaceful, silent, tranquil. With three legs, all balance was lost -- but still, the table can be converted into a tripod. A tripod has three legs;

some balance is still possible. This second age is called treta, because of three legs -- treta means three. The English word `three' comes from the Sanskrit root, tre, and treta also comes from the same root. Life was no longer golden. Innocence was lost -- that was the leg that was missing -- people became more clever, more cunning.

Then as days went by, things went down more. The third age is called dwapar. One more leg dropped; only two legs remained. All balance was lost. Dwapar is the same as the English word two. Dwapar comes from the Sanskrit root, dwa. Dwa has moved through many languages, reaching a few languages as twa ... and by the time it reached the English language, it became two. But it is the same word. Life became ugly, more barbarous, with more exploitation, more negativity.

And we are in the fourth -- one leg has fallen again; now we are standing only on one leg. The fourth is called kaliyuga, the age of darkness. And it seems certainly true that we are living in an age of darkness and unconsciousness. We are preparing for our own suicide -- what more unconsciousness can there be? The future seems to be absolutely meaningless. It seems that every day the end of life is coming closer; the night goes on becoming darker and darker.

Even small children have been found in thousands taking drugs; it is no longer the new generation, it is no longer young people -- school kids are taking drugs. School kids have been found murdering other children, school kids have been found raping girls -- and not as an exception. In America they had a survey, and they could not believe ...

the government tried hard to repress it, not to let it be known to the world, but it leaked out.
The most advanced nation, most powerful, most scientifically, technologically advanced, is going through the darkest period in the whole of human history.
This unconsciousness can be broken only if the people whose life has become meditation, whose life has become a pure love, whose life has become a compassion, start waking up other sleeping people: "It is time -- get ready. As the night becomes darker, the dawn is closer, but if you go on sleeping, dawn or no dawn, your night continues. Your eyes are closed, your darkness continues."
Otherwise, a new dawn for the whole human race, a new innocence, a new childhood, a new satyuga -- the age of truth -- a new golden age is possible. But the positive people have to take the bold step of expressing themselves. They have not been doing that for the whole of history. They have enjoyed their experience, and they have thought their work was finished.
I want you to remember always:
When you have something to share, don't stop there; share it. Humanity is in need, as it has never been in need, of people who can create new hope for a new dawn.

A Jew comes to an inn, very late at night, and is forced to share a room with a Russian officer. Not wanting to meet him, he asks the innkeeper to wake him up very early in the morning because he has to catch the first train.
The Jew undresses and goes to bed, and is awakened by the innkeeper when it is still dark outside. He dresses quickly and goes out, and to his surprise, all the soldiers salute him.

When he mounts the train he looks at the mirror and realizes he is wearing a uniform. "Damn the innkeeper," cries the Jew. "He woke up the wrong man!"

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #15
Chapter title: You fool around -- then learn the lesson
25 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WOULD YOU SAY SOMETHING TO US ABOUT WISDOM?

Raso, wisdom is one of the most misunderstood words in any of the languages of the world. Mostly, the misunderstanding has arisen because of the word `knowledge'. People think both are identical, synonymous. In reality, they are just the opposite of each other.
The knowledgeable man is not the wise man; the knowledgeable man is simply covering up his ignorance by collecting all kinds of information from the outside. His scholarship is great, his information is vast, his memory may be very rich, but he is still not wise -- because wisdom has nothing to do with scholarship, nothing to do with scriptures, nothing to do with memory either. Wisdom is

the name of pure intelligence. It is the spontaneous flowering of your being.
Knowledge comes from outside.
Wisdom comes from your innermost core.
Knowledge is always borrowed; wisdom is never borrowed. Neither can you take it from anybody, nor can you give it to anybody.
The English word `education' will help you to understand the distinction. It comes from a root which means drawing out, just the way you draw water out of a well. Education is only an opportunity, a supportive background, where whatever is your potential can be drawn out; whatever is in the form of a seed in you starts growing and comes to blossom.
Wisdom is the spring of your innermost being; it is transformation, not information. But in the name of education, whatever has been happening in the world for centuries is just the opposite. Your intelligence is not drawn out the way water is drawn out from a well, but information is poured in from the outside, just the way it is poured into a computer. The whole education makes you knowledgeable. And the more knowledge gathers, layer upon layer, the less is the possibility for your own being to find a way to grow. The whole space is taken by borrowed junk; wisdom gets suffocated and dies a very early death.
It is strange that even in the twentieth century when we think we have become very cultured, cultivated, educated, evolved, education is still the same as it was in the most primitive times; it is still doing the same act of turning everybody into a robot, into a mechanical memory system.

It does not sharpen your intelligence, it makes you only clever enough to remember things.
But remembering is not knowing. Knowing is possible only through meditation.
Meditation is just emptying out all that is rubbish in you, all that is borrowed, all that has been fed into you, and making you again an innocent child who knows nothing. If one can come to this state of not knowing, in this spaciousness of not knowing, something spontaneously starts growing within. It does not come from outside, it comes from the innermost life sources, from your very roots. It brings beautiful flowers. That's why it is possible for a Jesus or a Kabir or a Raidas -- people who are uneducated, uncultured. Jesus is the son of a carpenter, Kabir is an orphan -- nobody knows whether he is a Hindu or a Mohammedan; he remained his whole life a poor weaver. Raidas is a shoemaker. All three came from the world's most exploited people, the most humiliated, almost reduced into a subhuman species. But they have wisdom. They know nothing of scriptures, but each of their words is pure twenty-four karat gold. Each of their breaths brings the divine into the world. Each of their heartbeats is the heartbeat of the universe itself. They know without knowledge; they understand directly without any mediators.
It happened .... One great Christian missionary who was trying to convert the Japanese people to Christianity went to a great Zen master. He collected information about the man -- he was well known far and wide; even the emperor of Japan used to come to touch his feet.

The missionary was puzzled because the Zen master was uneducated, a villager. He thought, "It is a great opportunity to convert this Zen master into a Christian. It won't be difficult; he cannot argue, he knows nothing of logic, he knows nothing of theology, he has not heard anything about philosophy -- he cannot resist, he cannot oppose me. I just have to go to him and read a few words of Jesus."

He had chosen the most beautiful part, the Sermon on the Mount. He started asking the permission of the Zen master, "I also have a master and I would like you to listen to a few of his words; I want to know your opinion about it."

He had read only two or three lines and the Zen master said, "Stop! Whoever has said these lines will become enlightened in the next life. Don't waste my time and don't waste your time." The missionary was simply shocked; he had never thought that this would be the response.

The Zen master said, "Don't look shocked, I am being very compassionate. It is not absolutely certain that in the next life he will become enlightened. I am simply consoling you. Most probably he will become ... he is a bodhisattva, but it is a question of time; no one can predict when a bodhisattva will become a buddha."

The difference is that a bodhisattva means in essence, a buddha, in potentiality a buddha, but not in actuality; just the seed is there. So the possibility is there any day -- the seed finds the right soil and the spring comes, and the sprouts start growing out of the seed -- but nobody can predict when.

As the missionary was returning, very angry, barely repressing his violent mood -- the Zen master said, "Listen,

a bodhisattva is nothing special; everybody is a bodhisattva. Everybody is, in essence, a buddha; it is only a question of time. When you realize your essence, you become a buddha. You are also a bodhisattva. The essence of wisdom is lying dormant in every being; you bring it with yourself, it is your self-nature."

Knowledge is nurture, not nature, but millions of people around the world live their whole life under the misunderstanding that knowledge is wisdom. If knowledge was wisdom, then great scholars, professors, Ph.D.'s, D.Litt.'s -- all would have become enlightened. But it is very strange that the people who have become enlightened come not from the professional scholars but from very innocent groups. Carpenters are not scholars; nor are weavers, nor are shoemakers, nor are potters, but they all have given enlightened people to the world. Their wisdom was, and even is today, as fresh as the morning dewdrops. Wisdom never grows old.

Knowledge is always old, it is never fresh. It is being passed from one generation to another generation; it has been going on from one hand into another hand. Wisdom, everybody has to find for himself.

Wisdom is an individual search and its fulfillment. Its beginning is to ask the question, "Who am I?" and its end is to find who is residing in you as your life, as your consciousness. And the moment you have known your being, you have become aware of your immortality.

The Upanishads say, amritasya putrah: you are all sons and daughters of immortality. To know it firsthand, not by repeating the Upanishads but to know it by your own experience, is wisdom.

A Gautam Buddha, a Mahavira, are people of wisdom because they have come face to face with their own reality. What they are saying is not within quotation marks, it is not a repetition of any scripture. What they are saying is on their own authority. Wisdom is its own authority; it is self-evident, it needs no support from the past.
Knowledge never transforms anybody, it simply burdens you. It may give you respectability, honor, prestige, but it will not make you aware of yourself; you will not know who you are. You may remain a Christian, you may remain a Hindu, you may remain a Buddhist, you may remain a Mohammedan, just because the older generation -- your parents, your teachers, your priests -- have burdened you, conditioned you, fed you with all kinds of traditional knowledge.
But wisdom, nobody can impart to anybody else. That's its beauty and that's its grandeur. You can find it yourself, but it will be always firsthand -- young and fresh and alive. Knowledge is always dead; it stinks of death. Wisdom is fragrant of love, of life, of rejoicings.

James, the eldest son of a respected Hollywood family, walked into his father's study and made a shocking announcement that he now intended to live openly with his gay boyfriend.
"Damn it, James," shouted his father, "our family came over with Columbus and the Mayflower; we have never had a scandal like this!"
"But I can't help it, father," said James, "I am so in love with him."

"But for God's sake, son", shouted his father, "he is Catholic!"

This is knowledge. He is not worried about homosexuality, he is worried that "he is Catholic and you are not Catholic." The knowledgeable person can be found always acting foolishly, because all the knowledge is just superficial. Deep down he is just the old idiot. A donkey loaded with holy scriptures does not become a holy donkey; he remains a poor donkey. Whether he is loaded with holy scriptures or loaded with unholy bricks, it doesn't matter -- he is simply loaded, he is carrying a burden. He will always act according to his understanding.

The man of knowledge is not the man of understanding. His behavior, his actions, will show his foolishness. Yes, he can give a good lecture, he can write a great treatise, he can be a great theoretician, but in actual life, in existential situations, his responses will be of a dead and ignorant man, because his ignorance has not gone anywhere -- it is simply repressed under knowledge. And whenever there is a new situation for which he has not collected information ahead, for which he has not done his homework, he is bound to respond from his ignorance. There is no other way, no alternative possible for him.

The wise man is in a totally different situation: he is not knowledgeable, he is utterly innocent and silent, but he has a clarity of vision. His eyes are without the dust of knowledge; he can see clearly and directly and immediately and spontaneously. He is always here and now with his total presence, with his full, flowering consciousness. He

will act out of this consciousness, his action will show his wisdom.

It happened once: Gautam Buddha is passing on the road by the side of a village. The village consists of brahmins, scholars, pundits; they are absolutely against Buddha. The knowledgeable people will always be against the wise man because he is a danger to their whole investment. They surround Gautam Buddha and start abusing him, "You are corrupting people's minds, you are corrupting the youth, you are destroying people's morality." The same accusations ....

The knowledgeable people have not been knowledgeable enough even to find some new accusations -- just the old accusations against Socrates, against Gautam Buddha, against Mahavira, against Jesus, against Baal Shem, against anybody who seems to be dangerous to their knowledge. Because he has something really valuable and alive, in comparison to him, the knowledgeable look so poor. It hurts the ego of the knowledgeable.

Buddha stood there silently, listening very attentively, as if they were saying something very significant. They were abusing him as badly as possible. They were misbehaving, mistreating an innocent man who had not done any harm to them. Even Buddha's followers who were with him started losing patience, but before Buddha they could not do anything; otherwise they would have put these people right. They were all warriors, because Buddha came from the warrior race; he was the son of a king, and most of his followers in the beginning came from the warrior race, the chhatriyas.

Just one disciple of Gautam Buddha would have been enough to finish all those brahmins who were shouting, abusing, using four-letter dirty words against Gautam Buddha.

Listening to them for a time, Gautam Buddha said, "I have a question to ask you. Before I ask the question, I have to ask your permission ... because I will not be able to give more time to you today. I have to reach to the other village; people must be waiting for me. But if you have something more to say, something more to convey, I will make a point of it that when I return, I will return on the same route and I will inform you ahead so you can be prepared. And then I can stay as long as you want."

One of the men from the crowd said, "It seems strange, we are not conveying any message to you, we are simply abusing you -- and it seems you are not affected at all."

Gautam Buddha smiled and said, "If you want me to be affected, then you have come too late; if you had come to me ten years before, all of you would have been dead by now. But now it is too late -- now it does not matter to me, and that's what I was going to tell you.

"In the village that I passed before coming to your village, people had come with sweets, flowers, to welcome me. But I said to them, `We have taken our one meal -- because only one meal is allowed to us by our discipline, and we are not allowed to carry food with us. So we are sorry -- we are immensely grateful, thankful; we can see your love and your honor, but we are sorry -- you will have to take your sweets, your flowers back.' I want to ask you," he said to the crowd, "what should they have done with the sweets and the flowers?"

One of the men said, "Is that a great question? They should have distributed the sweets in the village; they would have enjoyed eating them."

Buddha said, "You are right. Now, what will you do? You have brought all kinds of ugly words. I don't take them, and without my taking them, you cannot give them to me. You will have to take them back; just the way the other village people had to take their sweets back, you will have to take your presents back that you had brought to me. We don't take presents -- you will have to take them. What will you do?"

They looked at each other. Buddha said, "Simply do the same thing: distribute them to each other and enjoy."

Wisdom acts in a fresh way.

Buddha turned to his disciples and said, "Remember, unless you take somebody's insult, you are not insulted. You are insulted only when you take it, you are humiliated only when you accept it. If you don't accept it, the person has to take it back; there is no way for him to give it to you. But I am not at all concerned with the people, I am concerned with you, because although you are standing silently behind me, I can feel the vibe of your anger.

"I can forgive those people because they are knowledgeable but ignorant. I cannot forgive you because you are meditators, and anger is not expected from you. Whatever the situation may be, you have to remain centered and silent, and radiate your meditation. Use the opportunity to radiate your fragrance.

"You have failed in a beautiful situation. These people had created such a beautiful situation -- you should be thankful to them. They gave you a chance to test your meditation,

how wise you have become. But you started getting angry and hot. Even I started feeling your heat and your vibration all around, although you were keeping hold of yourselves. But subtle vibrations I have always felt -- your peace and your silence and your love and your gratitude -- and I could see the whole climate changing. I could feel as if suddenly the coolness had disappeared and there was a certain heat, which does not show your depth in wisdom.

"Remember next time, perhaps in the same village when we return ... if these people invite us, we will have another chance. Next time remember, wisdom cannot be disturbed. Knowledge has no depth -- it can be disturbed very easily."

Raso, your question is, "Would you say something to us about wisdom?" Everything that I am saying to you is about wisdom. The question may be about anything, it doesn't matter; whatever I am saying, I am saying about wisdom.

Your questions go on differing, but my answer, if you listen correctly, is always the same. The reference changes, the context changes, my words change with your question, but whatever I am saying is nothing but expressing different aspects of wisdom.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

WHAT IS NEEDED FOR ME TO MAKE THE NEXT JUMP? LISTENING TO YOUR WORDS FOR THE LAST NINE YEARS DOES NOT APPEAR TO BRIDGE THE GAP, AND MY EXPERIENCE OF SILENCE HASN'T EITHER. WHERE AND HOW CAN I MEET YOU AND DISSOLVE INTO ALL THAT IS?

Deva Arpana, the question that you are asking is very simple and yet very complex at the same time. Simple, because although you have been hearing
me for nine years, you have not heard a single word. There is a hearing and there is a listening.
Hearing is simply possible for everybody, because you have ears. Listening is a totally different discipline. When you are hearing your mind is doing a thousand and one things. In that marketplace of the mind, where so much is going on, whatever you hear is lost or mixed with other thoughts, or is interpreted according to your old prejudices. But one thing is certain, you don't hear that which has been said. To be able to hear that, you need a silent mind.
I don't mean that you have to agree with me; there is no question of agreeing or disagreeing -- I am simply trying to make the difference clear. You have first to listen, then it is up to you to agree or not agree. But first listen clearly to what is being said, and that is possible only if your mind is in silence.
If your mind is going with thousands of thoughts -- relevant, irrelevant -- you may hear and yet you will not listen. That's why I say your question is simple in a way and yet complex in another, because it raises the whole question of meditation, how to be in a state of meditation -- because only a meditator can listen. Mind is incapable of listening.
Researches in depth psychology have come to very strange conclusions. One of the strangest conclusions is that although it has always been thought that the mind is the medium to connect you with the world -- it is a bridge, a

mediator, a window -- the researchers have found that this is not the case. Mind is a barrier, not a bridge; it is a window, but a closed window not an open window. It is a censor for whatever passes in front of you. And the most surprising fact for the researchers has been that ninety-eight percent of what you hear is not allowed in; only two percent reaches to you -- that too, in a distorted form.

If there are five hundred people here, that means there are five hundred versions of what I am saying. If you are asked afterwards to give a report in short of what I have said, you will find five hundred different reports contradicting each other. They were all eyewitnesses; they were all present here!

It happened: one English historian, Edmund Burke, was writing a world history and he was very ambitious. He wanted to make a complete history of the world -- from the very beginning, when life started as a fish in the ocean -- up to now; the whole world, whatever has happened ... And he had devoted almost his whole life to collecting all kinds of facts and figures.

One afternoon he heard a shot behind his house. He ran -- there was a crowd -- a man was lying ... he had been shot. He was not yet dead, but he would die at any moment, so much blood had gone out of his body. And there was a crowd -- they were all eyewitnesses. In front of them, the man had been shot and the murderer had escaped.

Edmund Burke enquired from different people and he found different versions of what had happened. They were all eyewitnesses, and their descriptions of the happening were so different. Many were so contradictory that he could not believe it was possible. And then a great question arose

in his mind, "What am I doing? I am writing the history of the world from the times when life arose in the ocean as fish, and then all the transformations of life up to the man of today, and I cannot figure it out -- just behind my house I have heard a shot, eyewitnesses are present, and yet I cannot figure out what has happened. Of what value is my history?"

He dropped the whole project. He never looked again at all the collected material for which he had wasted almost his whole life. Many of his friends said, "This is not right -- just because of a small incident."

He said, "It is not a small incident. It shows that all that I am writing is only my prejudice, my opinion about something for which I don't have any eyewitnesses. And even if I had eyewitnesses, it would be of no use. Something happens behind my home; I hear the sound of a shot, I run there in time -- the man is dying, the crowd is standing ... and everybody has a different story to tell! Now, what can I say about Confucius? What can I say about Moses? What can I say about Krishna? -- whether these people ever existed or not?"

No, history is simply not possible. And it is true, you can see it. For three hundred years this country was under the slavery of Britain. British historians have written about the last three hundred years' history, and Indian historians have also written ... and they don't agree on any point. The rulers have their own opinion, their own prejudice; the ruled have their own opinion, their own prejudice. How can they agree? Who is going to decide who is right? There is no third party which is neutral.

You have been here, Arpana, for nine years, but you have not been able to hear. And you are asking, "What is needed for me to make the next jump?"
What next jump? Where is the first jump? You have not taken even the first step. You are exactly where you were nine years before. You may be going round and round in the same place with the same mind, with the same prejudice ....
Ask for the first step. And the first step will be: learn to listen. You have already accepted the idea: "Listening to your words for the last nine years" ... you have taken it for granted that you are capable of listening. Nobody is capable of listening without going through a certain discipline. Yes, you can hear, but don't make them synonymous.

I have heard .... A Baptist, a Presbyterian, a Methodist and a Catholic sat down to dinner. As soon as grace was said, a very large fish was served up. The Catholic immediately rose and helped himself to a good third of the fish, head included. Looking at the others, he pompously announced, "The pope is the head of the church." Naturally, being a Catholic, he is entitled to take the head of the fish; that's what his understanding of religion is.
The Methodist wasted no time and reached across the table, helping himself to another third of the fish, including the tail. Chin high in the air, he said, "The end crowns the work."
The Presbyterian quickly removed the last of the fish, saying, "Truth lies between the two extremes."
The Baptist looked down at the empty plate and, faced with the prospect of a meager dinner, grabbed the glass of water

and threw it in the faces of all the three and shouted, "I baptize you in the name of the Lord!"

Everybody is doing his own religion. The Baptist is baptizing. The Presbyterian who believes in the golden mean -- the middle way, always remaining in the middle, avoiding the extremes -- takes the middle part of the fish. The Catholic takes the head, because the pope is the head of the church, and the Methodist takes the tail and announces that the end crowns the work.

This is almost the situation of everybody. Your religion is your interpretation, your convenience, your comfort. What you hear, you hear only selectively -- whatever suits your purpose. If you are sitting here with a predetermined mind, that you know already what is right and what is wrong, you cannot listen.

So the first step for you will be, Arpana, to drop this idea, which you have taken for granted, that you have been listening. If you had been listening for nine years, you would have gone through such a great transformation that you would not have been able to recognize yourself, how much you have changed. But you have not changed at all. That is absolute evidence that you have not listened at all.

So the first step is, start meditating and create the space of silence, so that when you sit here you can really be available to me -- not holding anything back -- so that I can reach to your heart. But if you remain closed, there is no way.

I cannot interfere in your being unless you invite me. Without your invitation and your openness and receptivity, interfering with your life is against the very fundamental

rights of every human being. Everybody should be left alone in his individuality. Unless you invite me, I will stand at the door and wait for you; I will not even knock at your door, because even if I knock you may open the door unwillingly. It will be pointless -- you will still be resistant. If you are waiting for me with open doors and your eyes are looking far away in the distance, waiting for me ... and as I come closer to you -- as you start hearing my footsteps -- you rejoice, then there is a possibility of communion. Then I can say something. Or it may not even need to be said ... just being in my presence may be enough -- something may start changing within you, without anything being said.

This is one of the paradoxes of existence: you sit here for nine years, hearing, and you don't hear a word. And I am saying to you, "Sit here silently, there is no need even for me to say anything and you will hear it. You will hear the message, because the message is of silence, it does not consist of words."

Arpana, forget all those nine years, they have gone down the drain. Begin afresh. This is your first day; count from today. Never mention again those nine years, but make a change. And I am not asking much, I am simply asking, "Be silent." But you cannot be silent unless you are going through meditations.

It is a whole strategy -- you are doing meditations of different kinds because one never knows which one is going to suit you. People are different, that's why there are different kinds of meditations. And I have chosen the most fundamental types, so one is bound to suit you. That which suits you, that which brings joy to your heart, a dance to your feet, go deeper into it. If you feel that there are some

psychological problems which are hindering you in entering meditation, there are groups in which, under expert guidance, you can drop your psychological problems. After you have done all this then sitting with me in silence will become possible, and that is an absolute requirement.

Hymie Goldberg was in the middle of a lengthy religious discussion with his psychiatrist.
"Now, do I understand correctly," said the shrink, "that it was your wife who introduced you to religion?"
"Yes, that's correct," said Hymie. "I did not really believe there was a hell until I married her."

That's how we listen.

"Did you hear that Dennis Thatcher died?"
"No, what were his last words?"
"He did not have any, his wife was with him to the end."

Jesus and Moses are playing golf. Jesus hits the ball, which almost falls into the hole, when a rabbit jumps past and swallows the ball. As the rabbit runs off, an eagle appears, catches the rabbit and flies away with it into the sky. A hunter arrives and shoots the eagle, the rabbit falls out of the eagle's claws and as the rabbit hits the ground, the ball shoots out of his mouth and into the hole."
"So, Moses," says Jesus, "now, what do you say?"
"Well, Jesus," says Moses grumpily, "I have actually wanted to ask you all day, do you really want to play golf or do you just want to muck around?"

That's what, Arpana, I want to ask you. Do you really want to listen to me or just to muck around? Nine years is enough. Now, don't waste time. It is not only you, there are people with you in the same boat.

For example, here is a question from Deva Vimal:

"Somehow I feel it is not enough now, just to bask in your presence. It is as if you have prepared the soil and it is time for me to do some gardening. But what have I done with this responsibility? I head-trip through my most valuable job, I hurt myself and two beautiful women in a messy triangular something, and I procrastinate about any effort at meditation. Then the other night I heard you say, `Anything you do out of unawareness will be wrong.' My God, catch twenty-two. Osho, please help me find my courage and method to cut the crap and go within."

On the one hand, you say, "I procrastinate, I make every effort not to meditate," and yet you want to get out of the problems that your mind is creating. And because you are not meditating, the evidence is immediately available.

You say, "Then the other night I heard you say ..." You say, "Then ..." as if I have said it for the first time, just the other night! My whole life I have been saying only one thing, and that is that anything you do out of unawareness will be wrong and everything that you do out of awareness is right, because awareness is right and unawareness is wrong.

This has been my essential teaching and you have heard it only the other night. And at the same time you don't want to meditate. You yourself are declaring that you avoid making any effort to meditate.

So what do you want? How can you get out of this crap? Your whole life will become more and more a puzzle in

which you will get entangled; you will forget all ways of coming back home. Now, what are you doing by creating a "triangular something" with two beautiful women? One woman is enough to make you enlightened -- two women are enough to drag you back from enlightenment!

Are you writing a film story or a novel? Because no film story, no novel is possible without a triangular mess. Don't make your life a film, don't make your life a novel. Have you ever heard of any film, any novel, any story, profane or sacred, without there being a triangular mess? Either two men and one woman or two women and one man -- that is an absolute necessity for creating the story.

But don't make a story of your life, life is too valuable. Making it a story is destructive. Make it a beautiful growth, a flowering, a celebration, a light unto yourself and for anybody else who is ready to share the light. The night is very dark and the night is very long. Even a single man with a light may be of immense help to millions of people, to bring the dawn closer.

Up to a point every stupidity is allowed, but only up to a point. If you go on doing the same thing again and again, then stupidity becomes your second nature; then to get out of it is almost impossible. It is good that you commit mistakes once -- once you become a buffoon, you fool around -- then you learn the lesson. And nobody can prevent you from coming out of any triangle in the world. The triangle is not holding you in, you are holding the triangle. And it is so deeply humiliating that people in their old age also continue to play games which they should have left when they were teenagers.

I have heard about three old men, all retired. One was seventy, the other was eighty and the third was ninety, and they used to meet daily, as a routine, in the park every morning. They would sit there in the beautiful garden, in the cool breeze, in the early morning sun, and they would talk about their past golden times, beautiful days, and their present miseries.

One day all three were sitting very silently and very sad. Finally, one man said, "Now it is becoming intolerable, this silence is too heavy. I know we are all in trouble, but sharing with each other the problems, the difficulties, the troubles, the mind will feel a little lighter. I should begin, I should take the initiative and say what my problem is."

So they both said, "Okay."

The man of seventy said, "I feel very embarrassed to say it, but I have to say it; otherwise it will remain on my head and I may not be able even to sleep. A beautiful lady was taking a shower in the bathroom and I was looking through the keyhole and my mother caught me red-handed. I am dying with shame."

The two laughed and consoled him saying, "Don't be foolish, everybody does such things in childhood; there is not much of a problem. We have all done the same things, we have all been caught red-handed. But in childhood ... you are a strange fellow, why are you making a fuss about it now?"

The old man of seventy said, "You don't understand at all. It is not an incident from my childhood, it happened just today, this morning!"

They both said, "That is certainly serious. But whatever has happened, has happened, you cannot undo it."

"But your trouble is nothing," said the man of eighty. "You don't know others' troubles, so you start bragging about your trouble. What is great in that? It is natural. A beautiful lady is taking a shower and you are becoming a peeping Tom ... that's perfectly okay. What's wrong in it? You are not harming anybody. And your own mother has caught you red-handed; before your mother you are always a child, forget all about it. For the mother you are never a grown-up, so don't make much fuss about it. You don't know what great trouble I am passing through. For almost a week I have not been able to make love to my wife."

The first man said, "That is really a bigger trouble. For a whole week you have not been able to make love to your wife? What is the problem?"

The ninety-year-old man started giggling. He said, "You are an idiot, and you have been your whole life an idiot. Although you are seventy years old, that makes no difference; you are just a seventy-year-old idiot. First ask what he means by making love to his wife."

He said, "What can he mean? It is a well-known fact."

But the old guy insisted, "First ask."

So he asked, "Please tell me, what do you mean by making love?"

He said, "What CAN I mean? At this age I have found a way of making love to my wife. I take her hand in my hand, I press it three times; then she turns to the other side, I turn to the other side and we fall asleep peacefully. But for seven days continuously, the moment I start trying to find her hand she has said, `Not today, I have a headache.' These seven days have appeared almost like hundreds of years, and I have not made love to her. And she is so

stubborn, she goes on talking about her headache every night. And you think you are having trouble?"
The ninety-year-old man was still giggling and he said, "Listen, now you know what he means by making love. You are both idiots. I knew it from the very beginning what kind of love he makes. But you don't know my trouble, and I am ninety years old -- you are just children in comparison to me. I am passing through such bad times, you cannot believe."
They said, "Please tell us."
He said, "What to tell you? Just this morning when I started preparing to make love to my wife, she started shouting and screaming, `What are you doing, you idiot?' And I said, `I am not doing anything, I am just trying to make love.'
"She said, `The whole night! This is the fourth time. Neither you sleep nor do you allow me to sleep -- love, love, love ....'
"So I said, `My God, it seems I am losing my memory,' because I was thinking it was the first time. And you think you are having troubles! Now I am worried that whenever I start making love to her, I will be trembling inside ... who knows how many times I have already made love? And even if she is lying, I cannot do anything. This is real trouble," he said, "and at the age of ninety -- life is ending like a tragedy."
But this is the situation of many people in the world. In different ways you go on making the same mistakes all your life. If you are given another chance to live again, you will make the same mistakes -- I can give a guarantee for it -- because you don't learn.
This place is a place of learning.

The very meaning of the word `disciple' is, one who is ready to learn. It is derived from the root which means learning.
This is not a place for everybody, it is not a public place. It is a gathering of disciples, of people who are ready to learn and who are ready to transcend their mistakes; who are ready to transcend their egos; who are ready to transcend their minds and who are ready to explode into a light which is eternal, which is divine, which is another name of God.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #16
Chapter title: The only gift to me: your enlightenment
26 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN ENLIGHTENMENT AND THE SPRING OF LIFE? IS ENLIGHTENMENT THE SPRING OF LIFE?

Chandaram, one basic thing has always to be remembered: not to get involved in questions of intellect. They are pseudo questions, they don't belong to your experience. Mind is tremendously capable of creating questions out of words.

But any question that is created by the mind, out of words, not out of experience, is an exercise in utter futility. You don't know what enlightenment is as an experience, you don't know what the spring of life is as an experience. The question is purely intellectual. It can lead to a great philosophical discussion, but it will not lead to any understanding or any transformation.
Intellect is one of the barriers to reach to the sources of existence. It does not allow you to ask the authentic question. It goes on giving you questions which only appear as questions, but they are not your quest. Of course in a dictionary, enlightenment will mean one thing and spring of life will mean something else.
But here we are not discussing linguistics. And the people who have been writing dictionaries, analyzing language and grammar, are not the people of the path. So the first thing: always remember whether the question is arising from some experiential source or not. If it is not arising from experience, then it is not worth discussing.

Carol, a newlywed, brags that her Romeo is a model husband. We looked up the word `model' in the dictionary, and found it means "a small imitation of the real thing."

It has been heard that the pope died but was allowed to return to earth to speak to the cardinals. They gathered around him eagerly.
"What is he like?" they clamored. "Is he very old, with a long, white beard, like in all the paintings? Tell us, describe him."
"Well," said the pope, "to start with, she is black."

Knowing is one thing; knowing directly and knowing through books are so different. Sometimes they may appear to be similar, but they are not similar.

I cannot answer your question in terms of intellect, but I can answer it in terms of existential experience.

The spring of life and enlightenment are not the same, although they are deeply related. The spring of life, when it becomes aware of itself, brings you to the experience of enlightenment. In other words, spring of life plus awareness is equal to enlightenment.

The spring of life is available to everybody; otherwise how can you live? Your life is continuously being nourished by the spring of life. The trees are nourished by the spring of life, the flowers blossom ... but the juice comes from the spring of life. The whole existence is nothing but a manifestation of the springs of life.

But trees cannot become enlightened -- neither can mountains or oceans; neither can animals or birds. They all have the same source of life that you have. But man has a prerogative, a privilege, that he can become aware of his spring of life. This awareness is not possible in any other form in existence. It is man's grandeur, it is his dignity. Existence has given him the most precious opportunity. If he can create awareness, consciousness, more alertness, then his spring of life explodes into a new dimension. The dimension of life becomes the dimension of light, of knowing -- knowing the deepest roots of our being in eternity. And the moment we know our roots are eternal, we know our flowers are also going to be eternal. Enlightenment is a flowering.

The springs of life are seeds; enlightenment is a flower. The seed has come to its ultimate expression -- there is no further to go. Springs of life are the lowest rung of the ladder, and enlightenment is the highest rung of the ladder, although the ladder is the same.

The change comes slowly, as you become more aware of who you are, of what life is -- not intellectually, not by reading through scriptures, but by reading the only holy scripture: your own being, and bringing your potential to its realization. So that which was hidden in the seed becomes an explosion in the flower, in the fragrance. That fragrance is enlightenment. It comes from the sources of life, but it is not synonymous with it.

The seed is not synonymous with the flower, although the flower comes from the seed. The seed is the womb, but the flower -- although connected with the seed, with the womb -- is a totally new experience.

Awareness ordinarily is objective. You know others, you know the world, you know the faraway stars. The moment awareness turns inwards and starts knowing itself -- in other words, the moment awareness is the object of its own knowing -- enlightenment blossoms with all its beauty, with all its immortal glory.

Life is accepted by the scientist, but he is not yet capable of accepting the possibility of enlightenment. Life is accepted by the atheist, but he is also not capable of comprehending the ultimate explosion. Just as for millennia we had no idea that matter is made of small atoms, which are not visible to the eyes ... they are so small that if you put one atom upon another atom, and then go on putting one on top of another, you will need one hundred thousand atoms, and then they

will be as thick as a human hair. Such a small atom, one hundred thousand times thinner than a human hair, when it explodes, releases so much energy that a city like Hiroshima or Nagasaki disappears within seconds -- evaporates.

I have seen a picture sent by a friend from Japan ... just looking at the picture, one feels so sad about humanity, so hopeless. The picture is of a small girl, maybe nine years old. She is going from the ground floor to the first story with her bag and books -- perhaps to do her homework before she goes to sleep. She is just in the middle of the staircase when the atom bomb falls on Hiroshima. Just a small atom exploding creates so much energy ... you can use it for destruction or you can use it for some creative purpose. Right now the scientists say we have come so far from Hiroshima and Nagasaki -- our new nuclear weapons are so great in their energy -- that the atom bombs dropped on Nagasaki and Hiroshima look like children's toys.

If matter, in its smallest particle, contains so much energy, can you conceive how much energy may be available in the living cell of human beings?

Enlightenment is the explosion of a living cell. Certainly it is not destructive at all, but it transforms the whole man. In that way, it is destructive. It destroys the old man, it destroys the night, it destroys all that was constituting your personality: your jealousy, your anger, your hate, your lust, your greed -- all that is simply finished in a single moment. And the same energy that was involved in jealousy, hate, greed, ambition, and a thousand and one desires, is changed into totally new forms of energy: love, silence, peace,

compassion, wisdom -- all that is the basic search of life itself.
Life in itself is dormant, it is fast asleep. Enlightenment is absolutely awake. But it is the same energy that was asleep that becomes awake. So they are not synonymous, but they are two extremes of the same energy.
But this, if taken as an intellectual understanding, is not going to help you in any way. It has to become your own experience.
You have to see that light.
You have to see that explosion within your own being.
You have to see the darkness disappearing. You have to see **The New Dawn** of a new life -- a life of grace and gratitude, a life of beauty and blessings.
Chandaram, you have to remember, it is very easy to ask questions as mind gymnastics. I am not interested in mind gymnastics because it leads you nowhere; you remain stuck where you are. You only become more burdened with knowledge -- knowledge which is meaningless because it is not part of your own experience.

Rabbi Bierstein was asking his congregation to donate money to help build a new synagogue. Suddenly, the town prostitute stood and shouted, "Praise the Lord. I repent. I will give two thousand dollars right now."
"Well, as much as we need funds, I am afraid I cannot accept tainted money," said Bierstein.
"Take it, Rabbi," shouted a man from the back, "after all, it is our money anyway!"

Now, what are these guys doing in a synagogue? Just a formality. They are visiting prostitutes. The prostitute is more authentic. Perhaps the money also belongs to the Rabbi; that's why the man is saying, "It is our money anyway."
Mind has been befooling man for centuries.

After holding mass in Warsaw Cathedral, the pope was giving words of encouragement to a group of devout Poles. One of them asked, "Your Holiness, Poles are such devout Catholics, why was Christ not born in Poland?"
"Don't you understand," said the pope, "that for such a birth, there had to be three wise men and a virgin?"

And where can you find three wise men and a virgin in Poland? You must know the story of Jesus, that he is born out of a virgin, and three wise men come from the East to pay him respect. They are the first to recognize in the small child the possibility of a future enlightened being. They recognized in the seed, the flower.
I recognize in you the seed and the potential of the flower. But if you go on thinking intellectually, you will become a philosopher, a theologian; you will never become a mystic. And unless you become a mystic, you have wasted your life. Such a great opportunity, where you can grow to your greatest height of consciousness, is being wasted in unconscious trivia.
Even if you think about something great, it is only a thought, it never becomes an actual reality in your being. I would like you to be more existential. I am not an existentialist because that is again falling into the same

trap. Existentialist philosophers are not enlightened people. Neither Jean-Paul Sartre is enlightened nor Jaspers, nor Martin Heidegger, nor Marcel, nor Soren Kierkegaard; they are philosophers of existence, they think about existence.
I want you not to be existentialist thinkers; I want you to be existential experiencers. That difference is so great, and makes all the difference -- because Jean-Paul Sartre, or Jaspers or other existentialist philosophers live in anguish, in anxiety, in boredom, in despair. They even think that perhaps suicide is the only way out of this mess. These people are not to be categorized with Gautam Buddha or Chuang Tzu or Baal Shem. These people are thinking about existence, just as old philosophers were thinking about God; only the object of thinking has changed, but thinking continues, and thinking can only lead you into a desert.
It is only the experience which leads your life river towards the ultimate merger with the ocean, with the universe, with the life of full awareness. You come back home. You had left the home unconscious, you come back home with consciousness. The circle is complete. Your life has come to fulfillment and contentment. This is the only benediction and this is the only authentic religious path.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
IF I LOOK AT MY DEATH, OR YOUR DEATH, ONE THING I COULD NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR IS TO MISS YOU. I USED TO THINK: IF LIFE HAS A PURPOSE, YOU ARE THE PURPOSE -- AND IF THERE IS A DESTINY, YOU ARE MY DESTINY. NOW I SEE THINGS A LITTLE DIFFERENTLY. THE

MOST BEAUTIFUL GIFT MY LIFE CAN GIVE TO YOU IS NOT TO WORSHIP YOU OR HELP YOUR WORK ON THIS EARTH. IT IS NOT EVEN TO LOVE YOU. OUT OF YOUR COMPASSION, AS I UNDERSTAND IT, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIFT MY LIFE CAN GIVE TO YOU IS MY OWN ENLIGHTENMENT. PLEASE, OSHO, GIVE ME A TECHNIQUE TO PREPARE MY MEDITATION.

Raso, the way your understanding has been growing is perfectly the right way and the right direction. The only thing you should think of is enlightenment. Yes, that is the only gift you can give to me: your enlightenment. Everything else is trivia. So your conclusion has my absolute, categorical approval.

Once you are committed, once you have decided wholeheartedly that enlightenment is the only purpose of being here in the world, of being alive, then a single pointed awareness -- just like an arrow moving towards its target -- begins in you.

You are asking for the right meditation. Meditation is a beautiful word; hiding behind it is a very dangerous reality. The dangerous reality is: if you want to be deeply in meditation, you will have to pass through almost a death -- the death of the old, the death of all that you used to be, a discontinuity with the past -- and a rebirth.

The place where your meditation is going to descend is the place occupied by your mind and your past. So the first and primary work is to clean your interior being of all thoughts. There is no question of choosing to keep the good thoughts in and to throw the bad thoughts out. For a meditator, all

thoughts are simply junk; there is no question of good and bad. They all occupy the space inside you, and because of their occupation, your inner being cannot become absolutely silent. So good thoughts are as bad as bad thoughts; don't make any discrimination between them. Throw the baby out with the bath water!

Meditation needs absolute quiet, a silence so deep that nothing stirs within you. Once you understand exactly what meditation means, it is not difficult to attain it. It is our birthright; we are absolutely capable of having it. But you cannot have both: the mind and meditation.

Mind is a disturbance.

Mind is nothing but a normal madness.

You have to go beyond the mind into a space where no thought has ever entered, where no imagination functions, where no dream arises, where you simply are -- just a nobody.

It is more an understanding than a discipline. It is not that you have to do much; on the contrary, you don't have to do anything except clearly understand what meditation is. That very understanding will stop the functioning of the mind. That understanding is almost like a master before whom the servants stop quarreling with each other, or even talking with each other; suddenly the master enters the house and there is silence. All the servants start being busy -- at least looking like they are busy. Just a moment before, they were all quarreling and fighting and discussing, and nobody was doing anything.

Understanding what meditation is, is inviting the master in. Mind is a servant. The moment the master comes in with all

its silence, with all its joy, suddenly the mind falls into absolute silence.

Once you have achieved a meditative space, enlightenment is only a question of time. You cannot force it. You have to be just a waiting, an intense waiting, with a great longing -- almost like thirst, hunger, not a word .... It is like the experience of people who have sometimes got lost in a desert. At first, thirst is a word in their mind: "I am feeling thirsty and I am looking for water." But as time goes on, and there is no sign of any oasis -- and as far as the eyes can see, there is no possibility of finding water -- the thirst goes on spreading all over the body.

From the mind, from just a word, `thirst', it starts spreading to every cell and fiber of the body. Now it is no longer a word, it is an actual experience. Your every cell -- and there are seven million cells in the body -- is thirsty. Those cells don't know words, they don't know language, but they know that they need water; otherwise life is going to be finished.

In meditation, the longing becomes just a thirst for enlightenment and a patient awaiting, because it is such a great phenomenon and you are so tiny. Your hands cannot reach it; it is not within your reach. It will come and overwhelm you but you cannot do anything to bring it down to you. You are too small, your energies are too small. But whenever you are really waiting with patience and longing and passion, it comes. In the right moment, it comes. It has always come.

You are asking what meditation will be helpful to you. Raso, all meditations ... hundreds of techniques are available, but the essence of all those techniques is the

same, just their forms differ. And the essence is contained in the meditation vipassana.
That is the meditation that has made more people in the world enlightened than any other, because it is the very essence. All other meditations have the same essence, but in different forms; something nonessential is also joined with them. But vipassana is pure essence. You cannot drop anything out of it and you cannot add anything to improve it.
Vipassana is such a simple thing that even a small child can do it. In fact, the smallest child can do it better than you, because he is not yet filled with the garbage of the mind; he is still clean and innocent.
Raso, I would suggest vipassana as the technique for you. Vipassana can be done in three ways -- you can choose which one suits you the best.
The first is: Awareness of your actions, your body, your mind, your heart. Walking, you should walk with awareness. Moving your hand, you should move with awareness, knowing perfectly that you are moving the hand. You can move it without any consciousness, like a mechanical thing. You are on a morning walk; you can go on walking without being aware of your feet. Be alert of the movements of your body.
While eating, be alert of the movements that are needed for eating. Taking a shower, be alert of the coolness that is coming to you, the water falling on you and the tremendous joy of it .... Just be alert. It should not go on happening in an unconscious state.
And the same about your mind: whatever thought passes on the screen of your mind, just be a watcher. Whatever

emotion passes on the screen of your heart, just remain a witness -- don't get involved, don't get identified, don't evaluate what is good, what is bad; that is not part of your meditation. Your meditation has to be choiceless awareness.

You will be able one day even to see very subtle moods: how sadness settles in you just like the night is slowly, slowly settling around the world, how suddenly a small thing makes you joyous.

Just be a witness. Don't think, "I am sad." Just know, "There is sadness around me, there is joy around me. I am confronting a certain emotion or a certain mood." But you are always far away: a watcher on the hills, and everything else is going on in the valley. This is one of the ways vipassana can be done.

And for a woman, my feeling is that it is the easiest, because a woman is more alert of her body than a man. It is just her nature. She is more conscious of how she looks, she is more conscious of how she moves, she is more conscious of how she sits; she is always conscious of being graceful. And it is not only a conditioning; it is something natural and biological.

Mothers who have experienced having at least two or three children, start feeling after a certain time whether they are carrying a boy or girl in their womb. The boy starts playing football; he starts kicking here and there, he starts making himself felt -- he announces that he is here. The girl remains silent and relaxed; she does not play football, she does not kick, she does not announce. She remains as quiet as possible, as relaxed as possible.

So it is not a question of conditioning, because even in the womb you can see the difference between the boy and the girl. The boy is hectic; he cannot sit in one place. He is all over the place. He wants to do everything, he wants to know everything. The girl behaves in a totally different way.

That's why I say, Raso, it will be easier for you to take vipassana in this first form.

The second form is breathing, becoming aware of breathing. As the breath goes in, your belly starts rising up, and as the breath goes out, your belly starts settling down again. So the second method is to be aware of the belly, its rising and falling. Just the very awareness of the belly rising and falling ... And the belly is very close to the life sources because the child is joined with the mother's life through the navel. Behind the navel is his life's source. So when the belly rises up, it is really the life energy, the spring of life that is rising up and falling down with each breath. That too is not difficult, and perhaps may be even easier, because it is a single technique.

In the first, you have to be aware of the body, you have to be aware of the mind, you have to be aware of your emotions, moods. So it has three steps. The second sort has a single step: just the belly, moving up and down. And the result is the same. As you become more aware of the belly, the mind becomes silent, the heart becomes silent, the moods disappear.

And the third is to be aware of the breath at the entrance, when the breath goes in through your nostrils. Feel it at that extreme -- the other polarity from the belly -- feel it from the nose. The breath going in gives a certain coolness to

your nostrils. Then the breath going out ... breath going in, breath going out ....

That too is possible. It is easier for men than for women. The woman is more aware of the belly. Most men don't even breathe as deep as the belly. Their chest rises up and falls down, because a wrong kind of athletics prevails over the world. Certainly it gives a more beautiful form to the body if your chest is high and your belly is almost non-existent.

Man has chosen to breathe only up to the chest, so the chest becomes bigger and bigger and the belly shrinks down. That appears to him to be more athletic. Around the world, except in Japan, all athletes and teachers of athletes emphasize breathing by filling your lungs, expanding your chest, and pulling the belly in. The ideal is the lion whose chest is big and whose belly is very small. So be like a lion; that has become the rule of athletic gymnasts and the people who have been working with the body.

Japan is the only exception, where they don't care that the chest should be broad and the belly should be pulled in. It needs a certain discipline to pull the belly in; it is not natural. Japan has chosen the natural way; hence you will be surprised to see a Japanese statue of Buddha. That is the way you can immediately discriminate whether the statue is Indian or Japanese. The Indian statues of Gautam Buddha have a very athletic body: the belly is very small and the chest is very broad. But the Japanese Buddha is totally different; his chest is almost silent, because he breathes from the belly, but his belly is bigger. It doesn't look very good because the idea prevalent in the world is the other

way round, and it is so old. But breathing from the belly is more natural, more relaxed.

In the night it happens when you sleep: you don't breathe from the chest, you breathe from the belly. That's why the night is such a relaxed experience. After your sleep, in the morning you feel so fresh, so young, because the whole night you were breathing naturally ... you were in Japan!

These are the two points: if you are afraid that breathing from the belly and being attentive to its rising and falling will destroy your athletic form ... men may be more interested in that athletic form. Then for them it is easier to watch near the nostrils where the breath enters. Watch, and when the breath goes out, watch.

These are the three forms. Any one will do. And if you want to do two forms together, you can do two forms together; then the effort will become more intense. If you want to do all three forms together, you can do all three forms together. Then the process will be quicker. But it all depends on you, whatever feels easy.

Remember: easy is right.

As meditation becomes settled, mind silent, the ego will disappear. You will be there, but there will be no feeling of "I." Then the doors are open. Just wait with a loving longing, with a welcome in the heart for that great moment, the greatest moment in anybody's life -- enlightenment.

It comes ... it certainly comes. It has never delayed for a single moment. Once you are in the right tuning, it suddenly explodes in you, transforms you. The old man is dead and the new man has arrived.

Big Chief Sitting Bull had been constipated for many moons. So he sent his favorite squaw to the medicine man for help. The medicine man gave the squaw three pills and told her to give them to the chief, and then report back to him the next morning.
The next morning the squaw came back with the message, "Big chief no shit." So the medicine man told her to double the dose.
The next day, she came back with the message, "Big Chief no shit." So again he told her to double the dose.
Again she came back with the same message. This went on for a week, and finally the medicine man told the squaw to give Sitting Bull the whole box.
The next morning, she came back with a very sad expression. "What is wrong, my child?" asked the medicine man. The little squaw looked at him with tears in her eyes and said, "Big Shit, no chief!"

One day it will happen to you, and that will be a great moment. That's what I am calling the right moment.

Okay Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #17
Chapter title: Letting me in is finding yourself
26 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1

BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE LANGUAGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT?

Milarepa, there is no language of enlightenment. There cannot be by the very nature of the phenomenon. Enlightenment happens beyond mind and language is part of the mind. Enlightenment is experienced in utter silence. If you want to call silence a language, then of course enlightenment has a language which consists of silence, which consists of blissfulness, which consists of ecstasy, which consists of innocence. But this is not the ordinary meaning of language. The ordinary meaning is that words have to be used as a vehicle to convey. Silence cannot be conveyed by words; neither can ecstasy or love or blissfulness. In fact, enlightenment can be seen, can be understood, can be felt, but cannot be heard and cannot be spoken.

I have told you the story: When Gautam Buddha became enlightened, he remained silent for seven days and the whole existence waited breathlessly to hear him, to hear his music, to hear his soundless song, his words coming from the land of the beyond -- words of truth ... the whole existence was waiting. And those seven days looked like seven centuries.

The story is tremendously beautiful. Up to a certain point it is factual and beyond that it becomes mythological, but by mythological I do not mean it becomes a lie. There are a few truths which can only be expressed through myths. He attained enlightenment, that is a truth; he remained silent for seven days, that is a truth. That the whole existence waited to hear him is a truth, but only for those who had

experienced something of enlightenment and who had experienced the waiting existence, not for everybody.
But still it can be understood that existence rejoices whenever somebody becomes enlightened -- because it is a part of existence itself that is coming to its highest expression, a part of existence that is becoming an Everest, the highest peak. Naturally, it is existence's crowning glory. It is the very longing of the whole: one day to become enlightened, one day to dispel all unconsciousness and flood the whole existence with consciousness and light ... destroy all misery and bring as many flowers of joy as possible.
Beyond this point it becomes pure mythology, but still it has its own significance and its own truth.
The gods in heaven became worried. One thing has to be understood: Buddhism does not believe in a God; neither does Jainism believe in a God, but they believe in gods. They are far more democratic in their concepts than Mohammedanism, Judaism or Christianity -- these religions are more fascist. One God, one religion, one holy scripture, one prophet -- they are very monopolistic. But Buddhism has a totally different approach, far more democratic, far more human. It conceives millions of gods. In fact, every being in existence has to become a god one day. When he becomes enlightened, he will be a god. There is no creator as such; the very idea is ugly. If God has created you, you are only puppets; you don't have an individuality of your own, your strings are in the hands of the puppeteer. And if God can create you, he can uncreate you any moment. Neither did he ask you when he created

you, nor will he ask you when he destroys you. You are just a victim of a whimsical, dictatorial, fascist God.

According to Buddhism there is no God as a creator, and that brings dignity to every being. You are not puppets, you have an individuality and a freedom and a pride. Nobody can create you, nobody can destroy you; hence another concept has come out of it: nobody can save you except yourself. In Christianity there is the idea of the savior; in Judaism there is the idea of the savior -- if there is a God, he can send his messengers, prophets, messiahs to save you. Even liberating yourself is not within your hands. Even your liberation is going to be a sort of slavery -- somebody else liberates you. And a liberation that comes from somebody else's hands is not much of a liberation. Freedom has to be achieved, not to be begged for. Freedom has to be snatched away, not to be prayed for. A freedom that is given to you as a gift out of compassion is not of much value. Hence, in Buddhism there is no savior either. But there are gods -- those who have become enlightened before.

Because there is no creation, existence is eternal; it never began and it will never end. This has to be understood. Christianity says that God created the world exactly four thousand and four years before Jesus Christ was born. Now, this is a very simple logic, that anything that begins in time is bound to end in time someday. You cannot have only a beginning without an end. However far away the end may be, there is bound to be an end because there has been a beginning. Hence, in religions where God is a creator, existence cannot have the rejoicing of eternity, timelessness, deathlessness, immortality.

Since eternity, millions of people must have become enlightened; they are all gods. These gods became disturbed when seven days of silence passed after Gautam Buddha's enlightenment, because it rarely happens that a human being becomes enlightened ... It is such a rare and unique phenomenon that the very soul of existence waits for it, longs for it, and thousands of years pass and then somebody becomes enlightened. And if Gautam Buddha is not going to speak, if he chooses to remain silent ... which is a natural possibility because silence is the only right language for enlightenment. The moment you try to bring it into language it becomes distorted. And the distortion happens on many levels.

First, it becomes distorted when you drag it down from its height, from the peaks, to the dark valleys of the mind. The first distortion happens there. Almost ninety percent of its reality is lost.

Then you speak. The second distortion happens because what you can conceive in the deepest core of your heart is one thing; the moment you bring it into expression as words, that is another thing. You feel great love, but when you say to someone, "I love you," suddenly you realize the word `love' is too small to express what you are feeling. It seems really embarrassing to use it.

And the third distortion happens when it is heard by somebody else, because he has his own ideas, his own conditionings, his own thoughts, opinions, philosophies, ideologies, prejudices. He will immediately interpret it according to himself. By the time it reaches the person, it is no longer the same thing that had started from the highest peak of your consciousness. It has gone through so many

changes that it is altogether something else. So it has happened many times that enlightened people have never spoken. Out of a hundred enlightened people, perhaps one may have chosen to speak.

Gautam Buddha was such a rare human being, so well-cultured, so articulate, that if he chose to remain silent, the world would miss a great opportunity. The gods came down, touched the feet of Gautam Buddha and asked him to speak. "The whole existence is waiting. The trees are waiting, the mountains are waiting, the valleys are waiting, the clouds are waiting, the stars are waiting. Don't frustrate everyone. Don't be so unkind, have some mercy and speak."

But Gautam Buddha had his own argument. He said, "I can understand your compassion, and I would like to speak. For seven days I have been wavering between the two, whether to speak or to not speak, and every argument goes for not speaking. I have not been able to find a single argument in favor of speaking. I am going to be misunderstood, so what is the point when you are going to be misunderstood? -- which is absolutely certain. I am going to be condemned; nobody is going to listen to me the way the words of an enlightened man have to be listened to. Listening needs a certain training, a discipline, it is not just hearing.

"And even if somebody understands me, he is not going to take a single step, because every step is dangerous; it is walking on a razor's edge. I am not against speaking, just I cannot see that there is any use, and I have found every argument against it."

The gods looked at each other. What Gautam Buddha was saying was right. They went aside to discuss what to do now. "We cannot say that what he is saying is wrong, but still we would like him to speak. Some way has to be found to convince him." They discussed for a long time and finally they came to a conclusion.

They came back to Gautam Buddha and they said, "We have found just one single, small argument. It is very small in comparison to all the arguments that go against, but still we would like you to consider. Our argument is that you may be misunderstood by ninety-nine percent of the people, but you cannot say that you will be misunderstood by a hundred percent of the people. You have to give at least a little margin -- just one percent. And that one percent is not small in this vast universe; that one percent is a big enough portion. Perhaps out of that one percent, very few will be able to follow the path.

"But even if one person in the whole universe becomes enlightened because of your speaking, it is worth it. Enlightenment is such a great experience that even if your whole life's effort can make one person enlightened, you have done great. To ask for more is not right; this is more than enough. And there are a few people -- you must be aware, as we are aware -- who are just on the borderline. Just a little push, a little encouragement, a little hope and perhaps they will cross the boundary of ignorance, they will cross the boundary of bondage, they will come out of their prisons. You have to speak."

Gautam Buddha closed his eyes and thought for a few moments, and he said, "I cannot deny that much possibility. It is not much but I do understand that all my arguments,

howsoever great, are small before the compassion. I will live for at least forty-two years, and if I can make a single individual enlightened I will feel immensely rewarded. I will speak. You can go back unburdened of your worry and concern." And he spoke continuously for forty-two years. And certainly not one, but nearabout two dozen people became enlightened. But these two dozen people were the people who learned the art of listening, who learned the art of being silent. They did not become enlightened because of what Buddha was saying, they became enlightened because they could feel what Buddha was -- his presence, his vibe, his silence, his depth, his height.

These two dozen people were not becoming enlightened just by listening to the words of Gautam Buddha. Those words helped: they helped them to be in the presence of Gautam Buddha, they helped them to understand the beauty ordinary words take when they are used by an enlightened person. Ordinary gestures become so graceful, ordinary eyes become so beautiful, with such depth and meaning. Just the way Buddha walks has a different quality to it, just the way he sleeps has a different significance to it. These were the people who tried to understand not what Gautam Buddha was saying, but what he was being. His being is the only authentic language.

But millions heard him, became knowledgeable. And the day he died, the same day, thirty-two schools sprang up, thirty-two divisions amongst the disciples -- because they differed in their interpretations of what Gautam Buddha had said. Every effort was made that they should gather together and compile whatever they had heard from Gautam Buddha, but all their efforts were failures. There

are thirty-two versions, so different that one cannot believe how people can hear one person in so many ways.
Even today those thirty-two schools go on quarreling. For twenty-five centuries they have not been able to be reconciled with each other. In fact, they have gone farther and farther away from each other. Now they have become independent philosophies, proposing that "That is what Gautam Buddha has said and everybody else is wrong. This is the holy scripture. Others are just collections by people who don't understand."
It is one of the great problems, Milarepa, that you have raised: "What is the language of enlightenment?" The being of the enlightened person is his language. To be in contact with him, to drop all defenses, to open all the doors of your heart, to allow his love to reach to you, to allow his vibe to become your vibe ....
Slowly, slowly, if one is ready, unafraid, then the heart of the disciple starts dancing in the same tune as the master. Something is being transpired which nobody can see. Something has happened; something which has not been said has been heard. Something which is not possible to be brought into words, has been conveyed through silence -- just through looking into your eyes, or just holding your hand, or just sitting by your side in silence.
But language as such ... there is none.

Grandpa Hymie Goldberg went to see his doctor. "What is the problem?" asked the physician.
"Well, doc," said Hymie, "it is like this: after the first I am very tired; after the second I feel all ill; after the third my

heart begins to pound; after the fourth I break out in a cold sweat; after the fifth I am so exhausted I feel I could die."
"Incredible," said the doctor. "How old are you?"
"Seventy-six," replied Grandpa Hymie.
"Well, at seventy-six don't you think you should stop after the first?" said the physician.
"But doctor," said old Hymie, "how can I stop after the first floor, when I live on the fifth?"

Language is not much, even in ordinary life. Rather than giving understanding to each other, it gives many misunderstandings.

Two robbers broke into a bank in a small town. "All right," said the bigger man, "line up! We are gonna rob all the men and rape all the women."
"Wait a second," snapped his partner. "Let's just grab the money and beat it."
"Shut up, and mind your own business," said a little old lady from the back. "The big fellow knows what he is doing."

Language is a very fragile instrument, but it works as far as ordinary life is concerned. It is utilitarian, but the moment you start moving towards the non-utilitarian existence, language starts failing you. For example, in poetry language is not so clear as in prose. Prose is simple to understand. Poetry needs interpretation, and interpretations can be many.
The Hindu holy book SHRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA has one thousand interpretations. It is great poetry; and the poet

takes every license with language. He is allowed; otherwise there would be no difference between prose and poetry. You cannot write a scientific treatise in the form of poetry, and you cannot write a love letter the way you solve a mathematical problem. The love letter has to be poetic; even though it is written in prose its essence is poetry. Poetry has beauty, but becomes vague. It is difficult to catch hold of it -- it becomes more and more elusive. The greater the poetry, the more elusive. You feel something, but you cannot exactly pinpoint what it is, where it is.

It happened .... A professor of literature at London University suddenly stopped when he was teaching about the poetry of a great English poet, Coleridge. Just in the middle of the poem he said, "Forgive me, I cannot be unjust to the poet. I can manage and you will not be able to detect it, but I cannot deceive myself: beyond these lines everything is vague, illusory. I don't understand, myself, exactly what he means. And fortunately, Coleridge lives in my neighborhood so it will not take much time; tomorrow I will come having asked him what he means by these words. So just forgive me for one day."

He must have been a very sincere and honest man; otherwise it is very easy to make up some meaning. And people must have been making up that meaning -- other professors before him and after him.

He went that evening to Coleridge and he said, "Forgive me disturbing your peaceful evening, but I had to come because I cannot be insincere; neither can I be unjust to you. I have loved you, respected you. Each of your words is pure gold. But the mystery becomes too much here, in these lines, and I cannot figure out exactly what their meaning is.

They seem to contain much, but perhaps too much for my mind to grasp. It will be a great kindness on your part if you can tell me what you mean by these statements."
Coleridge said, "You will have to forgive me because when I wrote them, two men knew the meaning of these lines. Now only one man knows."
The professor said, "Then there is no problem," because he thought that that one man could not be anybody else but Coleridge. Who bothers about the other man, whether he still has the understanding or not?
Coleridge said, "You don't understand. When I wrote these lines, God knew and I knew. Now I don't know, only God knows. If you meet him somewhere, ask him. And if you can find the meaning, please inform me, because whenever I come to this place I become puzzled myself. There is something, there is something great; but because it is great, mind falls short. It has come from beyond the mind."
And a poet is not capable of going beyond the mind. That is the difference between a poet and a mystic: the mystic can go beyond the mind; the poet once in a while finds himself, accidentally, beyond the mind, but it is not his will. It happens once in a while, but not according to his desire. When it happens, he catches as much as he can. He fills himself with the beauty, with the significance, with the joy, as much as he can -- pours it into poetry. But it is beyond his willpower. He cannot manage to open the door to the beyond whenever he wants; the breeze comes whenever it wants to come.
When Coleridge died, he left forty thousand poems unfinished. Because the door opened for a moment, he saw something, but by the time he managed to write it, the door

had closed. It is almost like lightning -- you see the whole place, just a glimpse, and then it is all darkness. You remember a few things, as if seen in a faraway dream. You can write, but it will remain incomplete.

His friends insisted continuously, "Coleridge, what you are doing is not right. Some poem needs only two lines more and it will be complete. And it is a great poem."

But he said always the same thing: "I have tried, but when I look, I can see my words are very ordinary. Although nobody will be able to detect it, I will always know. I cannot deceive myself. These poems will remain incomplete until the beyond opens again, and fills my heart with the song that has left an incomplete impression, so that I can complete it."

He completed only seven poems. Only seven poems have made him one of the greatest poets of the world, for the simple reason that the quantity is not much but the quality is. You may have written seven thousand poems, it makes no difference -- they will not come to the height of Coleridge. He is the only man in the whole history of literature who is thought to be a great poet only on the grounds of seven poems.

Rabindranath is thought to be a great poet. He has six thousand poems complete, of great grandeur. Of course you can call him a great poet. But Coleridge's greatness consists of a totally different dimension -- his quality.

If this is the situation of the poet, you can understand the situation of the mystic. The poet simply goes just a few steps beyond the mind, and the mystic has gone forever beyond the mind. He lives beyond the mind; he never comes back to the mind. He cannot express his

enlightenment in any language. Even if he speaks, he speaks as a device; he speaks to attract the seekers to feel his being, to feel his presence, to be overwhelmed by his fragrance. He is using language only as a trap, because you can understand only language.

But once you start falling in love with somebody, although in the beginning it is only his language, his poetry, his graceful assertions, his mysterious words ... slowly, slowly you come closer and closer. Words are forgotten and the person becomes more and more important, his presence becomes more and more tangible. You can almost touch it. His silence slowly starts reaching within you, creating a communion -- not a communication.

There is a story about a Sufi mystic, Jalaluddin Rumi, who has been loved by Sufis the most. He is the only Sufi mystic who has been called mevlana: master of masters. And he was certainly a master of masters.

A caravan was passing through the desert, and in a castle in the desert Jalaluddin Rumi had his campus, where seekers from all over the Middle East used to come to see him. The people in the caravan thought, "It is a good place for the night's rest. We and our camels are all tired. And moreover, it is a good chance, just out of curiosity, to see what is happening with this madman, Jalaluddin Rumi, who attracts strange people from faraway countries. And we don't see any point in it. He looks to us a little mad, but they call him a master of masters." So just out of curiosity they stopped under the trees and went into the castle to see what was happening.

Jalaluddin was teaching. His teaching consisted of pure poetry; he would sing a song. They heard his songs -- they

looked like utterances of a madman: irrelevant, unconnected. Beautiful words, but saying nothing ... strange sentences. When you are hearing them you feel great; when later on you think about them you find nothing, your hands are empty. They left in the morning.
When they were returning they again stopped, just out of curiosity: "What is happening now?" Jalaluddin was sitting with closed eyes, and all the disciples were sitting with closed eyes with him. Nobody was saying anything and nobody was hearing anything.

They said, "Now things have gone from bad to worse. Last time at least that madman was saying something which at least looked beautiful -- without meaning. But now he is sitting with closed eyes, and all these idiots are sitting with closed eyes. Now there is nothing for us." So they went away.
On their second trip they again passed by the side of the castle, and they again stopped to see how much the madness had progressed. There was only Jalaluddin Rumi sitting, and nobody else.
They said, "So all those idiots are gone. This is strange -- very strange progress of the disciples. Where have they disappeared to? They have all left."
Seeing nobody there, they took courage, approached Jalaluddin, and asked him, "It is not good to disturb you, but we cannot resist our temptation to ask -- what happened to your disciples?"
Jalaluddin looked at him -- the man who was asking -- and the crowd behind him, the whole caravan. He said, "I have been watching you. The first time you stopped I was

speaking to my disciples, just preparing them so that they can sit in silence with me. The next time you passed, they had become mature enough, they were sitting in silence with me.

"This time you have come, they have all gone to spread the message. They have ripened, they have arrived at the space they had been searching for. Now they have gone to catch hold of other mad people. I will have to begin again when new people come. I will talk, and when they are ready just to enjoy my presence in silence, then I will sit in silence with them. And when they have come so close that their heart and my heart have become one, I will send them to fetch other mad people who are in need of me."

Enlightenment has no language, Milarepa. But enlightenment finds ways, even without language, to convey the essential message. Even language can be used as a device, but it is not a communication of the experienced truth. That communication will happen only in communion.

Everything can be used, and different masters use different things. Jalaluddin Rumi used to dance, and his dance was so infectious that people would start dancing with him. And just by dancing with him, something would start transpiring.

Nanak traveled all over India and outside India -- the only great Indian mystic who ever went outside India. And he had only one disciple with him in all these travels. He went to Sri Lanka, he went to Mecca and Medina in Saudi Arabia, far and wide -- and he was walking. All that he used to do was just to sit under a tree and his disciple, Mardana, used to play on a certain musical instrument. He

would play music and Nanak would sing a song. And there was such beauty in his song, and in the music of Mardana, that even people who did not understand their language would come there and sit close to them.

After the music was finished, Nanak would sit silently. And the people who had become enchanted with the music, without understanding -- because it was not their language ... a few would leave, but a few would sit because now his silence had also become a tremendous magnetic force.

He was an uneducated man and he used only a villager's language -- Punjabi. But he managed to create an impact on almost half of Asia. Without any language, he managed to make disciples. I am reminded of a small but tremendously valuable incident.

Near Lahore there was a campus of Sufi mystics, very famous in those days -- five hundred years ago. People used to come from far and wide to Lahore for that mystic gathering.

Nanak also reached there, and he was just taking a bath outside the campus when the chief Sufi heard that he was there. Neither he understood Nanak's language, nor Nanak understood his language; but some way had to be found. He sent one of his disciples with a beautiful cup full of milk, so full that even one more drop of milk could not be contained in it. And he sent that cup of milk to Nanak.

Mardana could not understand: "What is the matter? What are we supposed to do? Is it a gift, is it a welcome?" Nanak laughed and he looked around, found a wildflower, and floated it in the milk. The wildflower was so light that it did not disturb the milk, and nothing came out of the cup. And he gave the signal to the man to take it back.

The man said, "This is strange. I could not understand why this milk has been sent, and now it has become even more mysterious: that strange fellow has put a wildflower in it." He asked the chief Sufi, his master, "Don't keep me in ignorance. Please tell me what the secret of all this is. What is going on?"

The chief mystic said, "I had sent that cup full of milk to tell Nanak, `Go on to somewhere else; this place is so full of mystics, there is no need of any more mysticism. It is too full, just like this cup. We cannot welcome you; it will be unnecessarily crowding the place. You go somewhere else.' But that man has managed to float a flower in it. He is saying, `I will be just like this flower in your gathering. I will not occupy any space, I will not be a disturbance in your gathering. I will be just a beautiful flower, floating over your gathering.'"

The Sufi mystic came, touched the feet of Nanak and welcomed him -- without language; nothing was said. Nanak remained their guest, every day singing his songs, and the Sufis were dancing, enjoying. And the day he left they were crying. Even the chief mystic was crying. They all came to give him a send-off. Not a single word of language was exchanged -- they had no possibility of any communication. But a great communion happened. Enlightenment has no language, Milarepa, but enlightenment is capable of finding ways of conveying its rejoicings, its blissfulness, its truth, its love, its compassion ... all that is great in human experience -- the highest peaks of consciousness.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,
I AM EXPERIENCING THAT THE MORE I FIND MY INNER CHILD, THE MORE YOU COME INTO ME. WHEN I FEEL THAT STRONGLY I PANIC, SLAM THE DOOR, AND RUSH INTO MY STRONG, ADULT MIND. I TELL MYSELF NOT TO LET YOU TAKE ME OVER. SOMETIMES I THINK THAT LETTING YOU IN AND FINDING MYSELF ARE SYNONYMOUS, WHICH MAKES ME WONDER. AM I A HOPELESS CASE?

Prabodh Nityo, you are not a hopeless case, but you can turn out to be -- you can manage it. You are creating the situation. Just listen to your question: "I am experiencing that the more I find my inner child, the more you come into me." This is the very purpose of your being here, to allow me in. But instead of rejoicing, you say, "When I feel that strongly I panic, slam the door, and rush into my strong, adult mind."
Something great comes to your door -- something for which you are longing, something which has brought you here -- but when it knocks on your door, you forget all about the fact that you have longed for this moment, perhaps for lives. You "panic, slam the door, and rush into your strong, adult mind." You tell yourself not to let me take you over.
This is just old habit.
This fear comes to everybody.
On the one hand, you want me to transform you. On the other hand, you are afraid of any change. On the one hand, you want to pass through a revolution to become totally

new and fresh. On the other hand, the grip of the old is too strong. So as long as your prayers are not heard, everything is okay.

Millions of people are going to the temples, to the churches, to the synagogues, to the mosques, to the gurudwaras, just for a single reason -- because there is no God to hear their prayers. If their prayers were heard, nobody would go even close to the temples. Everybody would panic! -- for the simple reason that to allow God or to allow the beyond to enter in you is to be possessed of something which is far bigger than you.

You are no longer in possession; you are possessed -- possessed of such a tremendous force that unless you are ready to drop your ego, your personality, your separation, you are bound to feel in a terrible shock, scared, and do everything to prevent this overwhelming experience from happening.

"And sometimes," you say, "I think that letting you in and finding myself are synonymous." These must be the times when I am far away from you and there is no fear of being overtaken; when there is no fear that I will hear you; when there is no fear that I am so close that you have to close the doors and run away into your adult mind. But this is far truer ... this is what you have asked, you have been asking every moment to happen.

It is exactly the case. Letting me in is finding yourself. In the deepest core, you and I are not separate -- nobody is. In the deepest center, we are all one. So whether you allow your own child, your own innocence, or you allow me in, it is the same, it is synonymous. The moments when you feel this are saner moments, but you feel this only when nothing

is happening and you are well defended: the doors are closed, you have slammed everything shut, and you are perfectly protected by your adult mind. Then you start thinking again because your mind is not your contentment, your mind is not your peace, your mind is not your god. Your mind is your prison, and you are thinking you are very secure.

When I was in prison in America, in the first jail ... because they kept on moving me from one jail to another. In twelve days I had the great experience of being in five jails. Perhaps it is unprecedented -- in twelve days, covering five jails! In the first jail, the man in charge was a beautiful old man, and he immediately fell in a kind of deep intimacy with me. He told me, "Here you are absolutely secure."

I said, "That's absolutely true, in a jail certainly one is absolutely secure. Security and jails are synonymous. Outside there are all kinds of dangers -- in jail nobody can rob you, nobody can murder you ... you are perfectly secure." I said, "You are right, but you don't follow your own advice."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "In America, twenty percent of the presidents have been assassinated. This is the greatest record of assassination in the whole world. Out of five, one president is going to be assassinated."

He said, "I don't follow. What do you mean by bringing in these assassinations of the presidents?"

I said, "You should keep your presidents in jail instead of keeping me in jail. Ronald Reagan needs to be in jail; here he will be absolutely secure. As far as I am concerned, I have lived my whole life outside. And how long will you

keep me in jail? You are keeping me in jail illegally, without any arrest warrant. You don't have any evidence of any crime against me. So just a few days' security will not help -- again I will be outside.

"And I am of no importance to anybody. I am not a president of a country or a prime minister of a country; I am not a pope of any religion. I don't need any security. Your idea is great. You should suggest to the senate that every president, once he is chosen, should be immediately imprisoned. This way you will save the twenty percent assassinations."

He said, "My God! You are really dangerous. I have heard that you are dangerous ... you are! What kind of ideas are you putting into my head? I'm just on the verge of retirement; don't disturb my life."

I said, "It was your idea. And why do you live outside the jail? It is dangerous outside. Just come in and be safe."

He said, "It is very difficult to argue with you. The whole idea is wrong, but you are convincing."

I said, "It is your idea. You told me, `You are very secure here -- rest, don't be disturbed; nobody can disturb you.' I have just been extending your idea to its logical end. If you follow your own advice, don't go home."

He really fell in love with me. For three days I was in his jail -- I was in the hospital part of the jail. The nurses told me, "You have changed the whole climate here, because this man, who is in charge of the jail, used to come once in six months or once a year to visit this section. Now that you are here, he comes at least six times a day to meet you. He cannot sit in his office." He used to take me to his office

also ..."Just come, have a cup of tea in my office and we will discuss something."
I said, "Listen, if the government comes to know, you will be in trouble."
He said, "I don't care because I'm going to be retired soon."
And the world news media wanted to interview me in the jail. He said, "This is unprecedented, but I will allow the world press conference." And he allowed it ... in the jail were one hundred journalists: television people, radio people, newspaper people, magazine people, cable television people.
And he said, "I'm going to be retired. They can retire me a little earlier at the most. What else can they do? And there is no prohibition in the jail code saying that no press conference can be held inside the jail. So there is no problem."
I said, "That's perfectly good."
He enjoyed the press conference so much, and whatever I said to the press people. His whole staff was there to listen: the doctor, the nurses, everybody was there. And from the next day on they started bringing their families to see me. I said, "What?" And their children started bringing their autograph books!
The nurses could not find anything for me to sign, but in the newspapers there were many pictures of me, so they started bringing cuttings of photographs from the newspapers: "We will remember that once you have been here for three days. This will be our memory ... the most cherished memory. In these three days this place has not been a jail at all."

The nurses were coming even on the day which was their day off. They said, "We will lose that day, but you may go any moment and we don't want to miss any time."
You are worried about security, safety; that if I take you over, or I become your very center, then what is the guarantee of your security and your safety? You are already living in a prison. If I can come within you, I can pull you out of your prison -- even from the outside. That's what I am trying to do: to pull you out of your old mind.
You are not a hopeless case, Prabodh Nityo, but if you go on doing this, then it becomes impossible for me to help you in any way. If you panic, if you slam the door and rush into the strong, adult mind behind a protective wall, then you are doing a schizophrenic act: on the one hand you are asking me to come and transform you, and on the other hand when I come to you, you close the door.
Decide any way -- whichever suits you. If your old mind is a great joy to you, there is no need for me to disturb you; be satisfied with your old mind. But it cannot be the case. If the old mind was right, you would not have been here. You are here in search of something new, in search of something unknown, in search of an alchemical change. Now gather courage. And it is a question only of a single moment.
Stop slamming doors, and stop running into a defense. I cannot destroy you, I can only destroy that which is not you. I can discover and help you to discover your authentic being. But you are in an absolute misunderstanding.

On his wedding night, the preacher returned to the bedroom from brushing his teeth and found his newlywed lying in

bed stark naked, on her back, with her legs spread invitingly.
"Praise the Lord!" cried the preacher. "I expected to find a good Christian girl like you on her knees beside the bed."
"Well, all right," blushed the bride, "but that way it always gives me hiccups."

Just people are such ... Their minds are conditioned in such a way. The poor preacher is thinking of prayer, but the girl is thinking of something else.

Henry Ford died, and before going to heaven was interviewed by God. Asked about his achievements on the earth, Henry Ford boasted, "My model-T Ford is one of the greatest achievements of all time. Incidentally, what do you think about it?"
God smiled and said, "It was not a bad invention." And he asked Henry what he thought about his greatest creation -- woman.
"Not bad," said Henry. "But if you ask me, the inlet valve is a bit too near the exhaust."

A Henry Ford is a Henry Ford; he understands only one language. Your old mind understands only one thing: how to protect yourself. But life belongs to those who drop all defense measures, because every defense measure is a mistrust in existence.
Life belongs to those who trust existence. Then there is no need for any defense. Then this is your home ... all these stars and all these oceans and all these mountains are part of your home. This whole existence is your very life's

source. There is no need to fear, and there is no need to close yourself in dark cells in a deep mistrust.
Mistrust is almost death.
Trust is the only life that I know of.

Okay Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #18
Chapter title: Beware of the mind: it is blind
27 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
DO I HAVE TO KNOW AND UNDERSTAND THE ROOTS OF MY OLD PATTERNS IN ORDER TO BE ABLE TO DROP THEM, OR IS AWARENESS ENOUGH? PLEASE COMMENT.

Deva Suparni, this is the dividing line between Western psychology and Eastern mysticism. Western psychology is an effort to understand the roots of your old patterns, but it does not help anybody to get rid of them.
You become more understanding, you become more sober, you become more normal; your mind is no longer a great mess. Things are settled a little better than they ever have been before, but every problem remains the same -- it simply goes dormant. You can understand your jealousy, you can understand your anger, your hate, your greed, your

ambitions, but all this understanding will remain intellectual. So even the greatest psychologists of the West are far away from the Eastern mystics.

The man who founded Western psychology, Sigmund Freud, was so much afraid of death that even the mention of the word `death' was enough to throw him into a coma; he would become unconscious, the paranoia of death was so great. It happened three times. He was so much afraid of ghosts that he would not pass by the side of a cemetery.

Now, a man like Sigmund Freud who has tremendous intellectual acumen, who knows every root of the mind, who knows every subtle functioning of the mind, still remains confined in the mind.

Awareness leads you beyond the mind. It does not bother to understand the problems of the mind, their roots, it simply leaves the mind aside, it simply gets out of it. That is the reason why in the East there has been no development of psychology.

It is strange that for ten thousand years at least, the East has been consistently and one-pointedly working in the field of human consciousness, but it has not developed any psychology, any psychoanalysis or psychosynthesis. It is a great surprise that for ten thousand years nobody even touched the matter. Rather than understanding the mind, the East developed a totally different approach, and their approach was disidentifying with the mind: "I am not the mind." Once this awareness becomes crystallized in you, the mind becomes impotent.

The whole power of the mind is in your identification with it. So it was found to be useless to go unnecessarily digging for roots, finding causes behind causes, working out

through dreams, analyzing dreams, interpreting dreams. And every psychologist finds a different root, finds a different interpretation, finds a different cause. Psychology is not yet a science; it is still fictitious.

If you go to Sigmund Freud, your dream will be interpreted in sexual terms. His mind is obsessed with sex. Bring anything and immediately he will find an interpretation that it is sexual.

Go to Alfred Adler, the man who founded another school of psychology -- analytical psychology ... He is obsessed with another idea: will to power. So whatever you dream will be interpreted according to that idea -- it is will to power. Go to Carl Gustav Jung, he interprets every dream as a faraway echo from your past lives. His interpretation is mythological. And there are many other schools.

There has been a great effort made by Assagioli -- psychosynthesis -- to bring all these schools together, but his psychosynthesis is absolutely useless. At least psychoanalysis has some truth in it, and analytical psychology also has some truth in it; but psychosynthesis is simply a hodge-podge. It has taken one part from one school, another part from another school, and it has joined them together.

Assagioli is a great intellectual; he could manage to put the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle in the right places. But what was significant in Sigmund Freud was significant in a certain context; that context is no longer there. He has only taken what appears to be significant, but without the context it loses all meaning. Hence, Assagioli has worked his whole life for some synthesis, but he has not been able

to create anything significant. And all these schools have been working hard.

But the East simply bypassed the mind. Rather than finding out the causes and roots and reasons, they found out one thing: from where does the mind get its power? from where does the energy come to feed it? The energy to feed the mind comes from your identification that "I am it." They broke that bridge. That's what awareness is: being aware that "I am not the body, I am not the mind. I am not even the heart, I am simply pure awareness, a SAKSHI."

As this awareness deepens, becomes crystallized, the mind has more and more a shadow existence. Its impact on you loses all force. And when the awareness is a hundred percent settled, mind simply evaporates.

Western psychology has still to figure out why it is not succeeding. Thousands of people are going through psychoanalysis and through other therapeutic methods, but not a single one of them -- not even the founder of those schools -- can be called enlightened, can be said to be without problems, can be said to be without anxieties, anguishes, fears, paranoia. Everything exists in them as it exists in you.

Sigmund Freud was asked many times by his disciples, "You psychoanalyze all of us; we bring our dreams to you to be interpreted. It will be a great experiment if you allow us to psychoanalyze you. You give us your dreams and we will try to analyze and find out what they mean, from where they come, what they indicate." But Sigmund Freud never agreed to that. That shows an immense weakness in the whole framework of psychoanalysis. He was afraid that they would find the same things in his dreams that he was

finding in their dreams. Then his superiority as a founder, as a master would be lost.

He was not aware at all of people like Gautam Buddha or Mahavira or Nagarjuna. Because these people don't dream, there is nothing to analyze. These people have come so far away from the mind that all connections are cut. They live out of awareness, not out of intellect. They respond out of awareness, not out of mind and its memories. And they don't repress anything; hence there is no need for any dreaming.

Dreaming is a by-product of repression. There are aboriginal tribes where people don't dream. Or if they dream, they dream only once in a while. They are surprised to know that civilized people dream almost the whole night. In eight hours' sleep, six hours you are dreaming. And the aboriginal is simply sleeping eight hours in deep silence, with no disturbance. Sigmund Freud was aware only of the sick Western people. He was not aware of a man of awareness; otherwise the whole history of Western psychology would have been different.

I will not tell you, Suparni, to make an effort to understand the roots of your mind and its patterns; it is simply a useless wastage of time. Just awareness is enough, more than enough. As you become aware, you come out of the grip of the mind, and the mind remains almost a dead fossil. There is no need to bother from where the greed came, the real question is how to get out of it. The question is not from where the ego arose -- these are intellectual questions which are not significant for a seeker.

And then there will be many philosophical standpoints: from where greed arose, from where ego came in; from

where your jealousy, from where your hate, from where your cruelty came in -- looking for the beginnings of all this. And mind is a vast complex; in fact, life is too small to figure out all the problems of the mind and their origins. Their origins may be of thousands of lives. Slowly Western psychology is coming closer to it -- for example, primal therapy.

Janov understood that unless we find the beginnings of the problems ... That means to him, being a Christian, believing only in one life -- the roots must be found somewhere in childhood. So he started working to remind you of your childhood, and then he stumbled upon a new fact -- that in deep hypnosis people not only remember their childhood, they remember their birth. They also remember the nine months in the mother's womb, and a few very sensitive people even remember their previous life.

And then he became afraid himself, that he was going into a tunnel which seemed to be unending. You go into the past life and that will take you again, through the whole long passage, to another life. Your mind is many lives old, so you are not going to be able to find its root in the present. Perhaps you will have to travel backwards through thousands of lives, and it is not an easy thing. And then too, even if you come to understand from where the greed has come, it does not make any change. You will have to then know how to drop it.

And there are so many problems that if you start dropping each problem separately, you will need millions of lives to be completely finished with the mind. And while you are figuring out about one problem, other problems are

growing, gathering more energy, more vitality, more influence. It is a very stupid game.

In the East, not a single person in the whole past -- in China, in India, in Japan, in Arabia -- has ever bothered about it. It is fighting with shadows. They worked from a very different angle and they succeeded immensely. They simply pulled their awareness out of the mind. They stood outside the mind as a witness and they found a miracle happening: as they became a witness, the mind became impotent, it lost all power over them. And there was no need to understand anything.

Awareness goes on growing higher and the mind goes on growing smaller -- in the same proportion. If awareness is fifty percent then mind is cut to fifty percent. If awareness is seventy percent, only thirty percent of the mind remains. The day awareness is a hundred percent, there is no mind to be found at all.

Hence, the whole Eastern approach is to find a state of no-mind -- that silence, that purity, that serenity. And mind is no longer there with all its problems, with all its roots; it has simply evaporated the way dewdrops evaporate in the sun in the morning, leaving no trace behind. Hence I will say to you, awareness is not only enough, it is more than enough. You don't need anything else.

Western psychology has no place for meditation in it yet, and that's why it goes on going round and round, finding no solution. There are people who have been in psychoanalysis for fifteen years. They have wasted fortunes on it -- because psychoanalysis is the most highly paid profession. Fifteen years in psychoanalysis and all that has happened is that they have become addicted to

psychoanalysis. Now they cannot remain without it. Rather than solving any problem, a new problem has arisen. Now it has become almost like a drug addiction. So when they get fed up with one psychoanalyst, they start with another. If they are not being psychoanalyzed, then they feel something is missing.

But it has not helped anybody. Even they accept that there is not a single man in the whole West who has been completely analyzed. But such is the blindness of people that they cannot see the simple point, why a single person is not there -- when there are thousands of psychoanalysts analyzing people -- who has been perfectly analyzed and who has gone beyond mind.

Analysis cannot take you beyond. The way beyond is awareness, the way beyond mind is meditation. It is a simple way and it has created thousands of enlightened people in the East. And they were not doing anything with the mind, they were doing something else: they were simply becoming aware, alert, conscious. They were using mind also as an object.

The way you see a tree, the way you see pillars, the way you see other people -- they were trying to see the mind also as separate, and they succeeded. And the moment they succeeded in seeing the mind as separate, that was the death of the mind. In its place grows a clarity; intellect disappears, intelligence arises. One does not react anymore, one responds. Reaction is always based on your past experiences, and response is just like a mirror: you come in front of it and it responds, it shows your face. It does not carry any memory. The moment you have moved away, it is again pure, no reflection.

The meditator becomes finally a mirror. Any situation is reflected in him and he responds in the present moment, out of presence. Hence, his every response has a newness, a freshness, a clarity, a beauty, a grace. It is not some old idea that he is repeating. This is something to be understood, that no situation is ever exactly the same as any other situation that you have encountered before. So if you are reacting out of the past, you are not able to tackle the situation; you are lagging far behind.

That is the cause of your failure. You don't see the situation, you are more concerned with your response; you are blind to the situation. The man of meditation is simply open with his eyes, available to see the situation and let the situation provoke the response in him. He is not carrying a ready-made answer to it.

A beautiful story about Gautam Buddha .... One morning a man asked him, "Is there a God?" Buddha looked at the man, looked into his eyes and said, "No, there is no God." That very day in the afternoon another man asked, "What do you think about God? Is there a God?" Again he looked at the man and into his eyes and said, "Yes, there is a God." Ananda, who was with him, became very much puzzled, but he was always very careful not to interfere in anything. He had his time when everybody had left in the night and Buddha was going to sleep; if he had to ask anything, he would ask at that time.

But by the evening, as the sun was setting, a third man came with almost the same question, formulated differently. He said, "There are people who believe in God, there are people who don't believe in God. I myself don't know with whom I should stand. You help me."

Ananda was very intensely listening now to what Buddha says. He had given two absolutely contradictory answers in the same day, and now the third opportunity has arisen -- and there is no third answer. But Buddha gave him the third answer. He did not speak, he closed his eyes. It was a beautiful evening. The birds had settled in their trees -- Buddha was staying in a mango grove -- the sun had set, a cool breeze had started blowing. The man, seeing Buddha sitting with closed eyes, thought that perhaps this is his answer, so he also sat with closed eyes with him.

An hour passed, the man opened his eyes, touched the feet of Buddha and said, "Your compassion is great. You have given me the answer. I will always remain obliged to you."

Ananda could not believe it, because Buddha had not spoken a single word. And as the man went away, perfectly satisfied and contented, Ananda asked Buddha, "This is too much! You should think of me -- you will drive me mad. I am just on the verge of a nervous breakdown. To one man you say there is no God, to another man you say there is a God, and to the third you don't answer. And that strange fellow says that he has received the answer and he is perfectly satisfied and obliged, and touches your feet. What is going on?"

Buddha said, "Ananda, the first thing you have to remember is, those were not your questions, those answers were not given to you. Why did you get unnecessarily concerned with other people's problems? First solve your own problems."

Ananda said, "That's true, they were not my questions and the answers were not given to me. But what can I do? I

have ears and I hear, and I have heard and I have seen, and now my whole being is puzzled -- what is right?"
Buddha said, "Right? Right is awareness. The first man was a theist. He wanted my support -- he already believed in God. He had come with an answer, ready-made, just to solicit my support so that he can go around and say, `I am right, even Buddha thinks so.' I had to say no to him, just to disturb his belief, because belief is not knowing. The second man was an atheist. He had also come with a ready-made answer, that there is no God, and he wanted my support to strengthen his disbelief and so he can go on proclaiming around that I agree with him. I had to say to him, `Yes, God exists.' But my purpose was the same.
"If you see my purpose, there is no contradiction. I was disturbing the first man's preconceived belief, I was disturbing the second person's preconceived disbelief. Belief is positive, disbelief is negative, but both are the same. Neither of them was a knower and neither of them was a humble seeker; they were already carrying a prejudice.
"The third man was a seeker. He had no prejudice, he had opened his heart. He told me, `There are people who believe, there are people who don't believe. I myself don't know whether God exists or not. Help me.' And the only help I could give was to teach him a lesson of silent awareness; words were useless. And as I closed my eyes he understood the hint. He was a man of certain intelligence -- open, vulnerable. He closed his eyes.
"As I moved deeper into silence, as he became part of the field of my silence and my presence, he started moving into silence, moving into awareness. When one hour had

passed, it seemed as if only a few minutes had passed. He had not received any answer in words, but he had received the authentic answer in silence: don't be bothered about God; it does not matter whether God exists or does not exist. What matters is whether silence exists, awareness exists or not. If you are silent and aware, you yourself are a god. God is not something far away from you; either you are a mind or you are a god. In silence and awareness mind melts and disappears and reveals your divineness to you. Although I have not said anything to him, he has received the answer, and received it in a perfectly right way."

Awareness brings you to a point where you are able to see with your own eyes the ultimate reality of yourself and the universe ... and a miraculous experience that you and the universe are not separate, that you are part of the whole. To me this is the only meaning of holy.

You have been trained for analysis, for understanding, for intellectual gymnastics. Those things are not going to help anybody; they have never helped anybody. That's why the West lacks one most precious dimension -- that of enlightenment, awakening. All its richness is nothing in comparison to the richness that comes from enlightenment, from achieving the state of no-mind.

So don't get entangled with the mind; rather become a watcher by the side of the road and let the mind pass on the road. Soon the road will be empty. The mind lives as a parasite. You are identified with it; that is its life. Your awareness cuts the connection, it becomes its death.

The ancient scriptures of the East say that the master is a death -- a very strange statement, but of immense meaning. The master is a death because meditation is the death of the

mind, meditation is the death of the ego. Meditation is the death of your personality and the birth and the resurrection of your essential being. And to know that essential being is to know all.

Becky Goldberg phoned down to the hotel manager. "I am up here in room five hundred and ten," she shouted angrily, "and I want you to know there is a man walking around the room across the way stark naked, and his blinds are up."
"I will be up right away," said the manager. He entered Becky's room, peered through the window and said, "You are right Madam, the man does appear to be naked. But his window still covers him from the waist down, no matter where he is in the room."
"Ah, yes," yelled Becky. "Just stand on the bed, just stand on the bed!"

Mind is a strange fellow. Where there is no problem, it creates a problem. Why should you stand on the bed? Just to find that somebody is naked in his room? One has to be aware of all these stupidities of the mind. I don't agree with the theory of evolution of Charles Darwin, but I have a certain respect for the theory, because it may not be historically true that the monkeys became men, but it is certainly psychologically true -- because man's mind is just like a monkey ... stupid in every way.
There is no point in digging deep into the rubbish of the mind. It is not your being, it is not you; it is just the dust that you have gathered through many, many lives around you.

A young woman went to the doctor, afraid that she had gangrene because of two small spots, one on each of her thighs. The doctor examined her carefully and then told her it was not gangrene and she had nothing to worry about. "But by the way," he asked the girl as she was leaving, "is your boyfriend a gypsy?" "Yes," replied the girl, "as a matter of fact he is."
"Well," said the doctor, "tell him that his earrings are not gold."

These are mind's functionings.
It is a great discoverer.
The old definition of a philosopher is that he is blind in a dark night, in a dark house where there is no light, and he is searching for a black cat which is not there. But this is not all: he finds her! And he writes great treatises, theses, systems, proves logically the existence of the black cat.
Beware of the mind: it is blind. It has never known anything but it is a great pretender. It pretends to know everything.
Socrates has categorized humanity into two classes. One class he calls the knowledgeably ignorant: the people who think they know and they are basically ignorant; that is the work of the mind. And the second category he calls the ignorant knowers: the people who think, "We don't know." In their humbleness, in their innocence, descends knowing. So there are pretenders of knowledge -- that is the function of the mind -- and there are humble people who say, "We don't know." In their innocence there is knowledge, and that is the work of meditation and awareness.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
AT THE END OF THE MEDITATIONS I SOMETIMES REACH A QUIET, EXPANDING SPACE INSIDE ME. IT IS LIKE A FEELING OF VASTNESS AND IT RELAXES ME VERY MUCH. THEN, AFTER SOME TIME I GET TENSE AND AFRAID AND THE VASTNESS REACHES A BARRIER AND DISAPPEARS. EACH TIME, THE SILENCE DURING THIS EXPERIENCE HAS SOMETHING UNBEARABLE IN IT. BELOVED OSHO, WHAT IS THE BARRIER THAT I ENCOUNTER?

Anand Nirbija, the question that you have asked is significant for all meditators. The first experience of silence is heavy for the simple reason that it is the entry into the unknown. You are well accustomed to the known, familiar. With the unknown, entering into a space without boundaries, you are absolutely unfamiliar, and the same fear arises in you as the fear that arises in a dewdrop which is slipping from the lotus leaf into the ocean. It is a kind of death; it will never be again a dewdrop. It is losing itself into the vastness of the ocean. But it is only in the beginning. Soon the realization turns into a totally different experience.
When it happened to one of the mystics, one of the greatest mystics, Kabir, he wrote a small, beautiful poem, which means: I had gone in search for truth; truth is found but I am no more. There was the seeker -- then the sought was not there. Now the sought is there but the seeker is no

more. My dewdrop existence has fallen into the ocean, and now there is no way to take it out.
Before dying, he told his son, Kamal, "Just write another statement. The first line remains the same: I had gone to seek the truth; the truth is found but the seeker is lost. But change the second line: I was a dewdrop. Now the whole ocean has fallen into me and there is no way to be separated from the ocean."
In the beginning you will feel you are getting lost. In the end you will find that that which was false is lost and you have gained immense territory ... the infinite silence, unbounded bliss. You are no longer there as you used to be. You are no longer a mind, you are just a pure awareness. Hence, the first experience becomes unbearable. One trembles -- the fear of getting lost ... One clings to the lotus leaf. The vast ocean creates a great danger -- danger to your personality, danger to you as you have known yourself up to now. But it is just in the beginning.
One of the very significant statements of Gautam the Buddha is, "That which is sweet in the beginning, beware of it, because in the end it will turn into bitterness. And that which is bitter in the beginning ... have courage, it will turn into sweetness in the end." That bitterness in the beginning is your test, whether you are worthy to have that sweetness that is waiting for you in the end.
I will read your question: "At the end of the meditations I sometimes reach a quiet, expanding space inside me. It is like a feeling of vastness and relaxes me very much. Then, after some time I get tense and afraid and the vastness reaches a barrier and disappears. Each time, the silence

during this experience has something unbearable in it. What is the barrier that I encounter?"

It is good news. Everyone who goes from the mundane to the sacred comes to a barrier. Finally he understands it is not a barrier but a bridge, but that is when he has passed it. From this side it looks like a barrier. Once you have passed to the other side you are surprised that it was a bridge, but it was so unknown that you could not have understood it as a bridge.

You have known barriers in your life; you have never known bridges. Hence, you interpreted it according to your experience. Next time, when you encounter that barrier, pass through it as if it is a bridge. Of course it will be only "as if" for you, but once you have passed it, that "as if" will drop. You will have a good laughter at yourself. And silence seems to be unbearable because you are so accustomed to noise.

Aldous Huxley, one of the most intelligent people of this age, wanted to experience silence -- Western style. So he went into a scientific lab where they had an absolutely soundproof room for their own experiments. Those experiments were going on at that time for the astronauts, because of all the problems that a man who is going to the moon is going to face after he leaves the two hundred miles of air around the earth, the greatest problem is the silence, deafening silence. So they were training the travelers in space for all those experiences that they may encounter and may find very difficult -- but if they know something of it, it will be easier for them. That absolutely soundproof room was created for that purpose.

Aldous Huxley remembers that when he entered the room he could not believe that silence can be so heavy. He became so afraid, knowing perfectly well that he is in a room which is soundproof, no noise can enter it. But his ears, his body, everything was accustomed to vibrations all around. You are sitting here, you are listening to a few noises: the birds in the trees, I am speaking to you ... and there are many sounds which you are not listening to but your body feels the vibes.

All the radio waves are passing through you. You can catch any radio station with just a small transistor set. Do you think that transistor set creates those waves? Those waves are passing; the transistor set is simply capable of catching them. They are touching your body. You are surrounded by millions of radio waves which you are not hearing, but you are accustomed to them. That has been your whole life's experience.

Aldous Huxley felt a few things: one, as if he was naked -- and he was wearing his clothes! What happened? Why was he feeling naked? All those subtle clothes of vibrations that are surrounding you were no longer there. And his ears started hurting ... strange! One can feel one's ears hurting when somebody is shouting or some great noise is there. But because there was no noise, the ears came into an absolutely unknown territory. It was unbelievable.

He had asked to remain there for one hour, but he remained only for five minutes, and he started knocking: "Open the door. It is too much! It feels ... I may burst, I may fall apart" -- because the support of all the waves around you is keeping you together.

When you go into deep silence within you, it is also a very strange experience in the beginning. It creates fear -- inside your silence you know that the identity you had of yourself is absolutely false. Your name is false, your form is false, your body is just a separate thing from you, and you don't find anything solid inside to cling to. In fact, you find you are the silence ... a kind of nothingness, nobodiness.

Gautam Buddha has the right words for this experience. One is anatta; you feel a state of no-selfness. The second is shunyata; you find yourself just a zero. And the third is that there is no hint of any "I." The silence is so deafening -- and you are it -- that one feels like running out into the well-known world, howsoever miserable, howsoever full of suffering. But anyway we are accustomed to it.

The astronauts have gone through strange experiences, which mystics have always gone through -- Eastern style -- just by going inside. As the rocket leaves the gravitation sphere of the earth, for the first time you don't have any weight and it is such a shock. You start floating in the spacecraft. Unless you keep your belt on, you cannot remain in your seat. You are just floating, touching the top, and everything else that is loose is also floating. Because there is no longer any gravitation, you don't have any weight.

Albert Einstein had an idea which most probably will be found to be accurate, because he was the man who worked the hardest as far as space travel is concerned. His idea is mind boggling. He himself kept it for many months and did not announce it to the scientific world because he was afraid that nobody was going to believe him. The idea was such that people would think he had gone cuckoo. But the

idea was so significant that he finally decided that he could risk his sanity but he had to declare it.

The idea was that beyond gravitation you stop aging. If a man leaves the earth for a faraway star, and if it takes thirty years for him to reach that star and then coming back again another thirty years, and when he had left the earth he was thirty years old, then if you think that by the time he comes back he will be ninety years old, you are wrong. He will still be thirty years old. All his friends and colleagues may be already in their graves. Perhaps one or two may still be with one foot in the grave, one foot out. But he will be as young as when he had left.

The moment you are out of gravitation, the aging process stops. Aging is continuously a certain burden on your body. The earth goes on pulling you and you are fighting the pull. Your energy is disturbed and destroyed in this continuous fight. But when you are out of the gravitational field of the earth you simply remain as you were. You will not find your contemporaries; you will not find all those fashions that were current when you left. You will find that sixty years have passed.

But the feeling of going beyond gravitation can happen even in meditation -- it happens. And that has misled many people. With your closed eyes, when you are absolutely silent you are out of gravitation. But just your silence is out of gravitation, not your body. But in that moment you are identified with your silence, so you feel as if you are moving upwards; that is called by yoga "levitation."

And without opening your eyes you will feel not only that it is a feeling, but that your body is actually moving upwards. But that is only a fallacy. Your silence is beyond

gravitation -- that is a true experience. But because you are identified still with the body, you feel as if your body is moving. If you open your eyes you will find yourself sitting in the same posture on the ground.

Just now there is a case in the Supreme Court of America against Maharishi Mahesh Yogi by seven disciples, asking him for ninety million dollars for deceiving them -- because he promised that they would be able to levitate with their body and that did not happen. Whenever they opened their eyes they were sitting on the ground, although when their eyes were closed they felt that it was happening.

Maharishi Mahesh Yogi has been charging people for teaching them levitation, but he has not been able even to give one public demonstration. It is exploitation in the name of spirituality. Certainly those people feel it, but they should keep their eyes closed. If they open their eyes everything is disturbed, they are sitting on the ground. If you continue for hours the feeling of going up, going up, you can move beyond the house, you can move beyond the trees, you can move beyond the mountains -- but don't open your eyes because you are sitting where you are sitting.

It is just the experience of your silence; your silence is moving beyond gravitation. And I don't think Maharishi Mahesh Yogi is going to prove anything in the Supreme Court. He has been asked again and again to give a public demonstration, but no public demonstration is possible. It is an old, known fact that meditators have always felt themselves going up, but that is purely a spiritual experience, nothing physical. What he has done is try to make it appear as if it is physical, and thousands of people

have paid him two hundred and fifty dollars for the training.
It is very easy to exploit people in the name of spirituality and to give them a sense that they have not been exploited. The only condition is, keep your eyes closed and you will feel it, and you will go home with the feeling that you have attained levitation.
It is possible for you also to have that experience -- don't be afraid, you are not going anywhere; you are sitting perfectly in your place. But all these experiences can create fear. Knowing it well that they create fear -- but the fear is unfounded -- one needs just a little courage to get accustomed to the unknown and the fear disappears.

A new group of husbands had just arrived in heaven. The welcoming angel looked them over and said, "Okay, all you men who were henpecked on the earth please step to the left. All those who were the boss of the house please step to the right."
The line quickly formed on the left. Only one man, Hymie Goldberg, stepped to the right. Seeing Hymie looking more like a mouse than a lion, the angel inquired, "And what makes you think that you belong on the right side?"
"Well," squeaked Hymie, "this is where my wife told me to stand."

A lifelong habit of listening to the wife ... even though he is dead, now there is no wife around. The gap is unbridgeable -- the wife is in the world and he is in heaven -- but the old habit ... The wife has even instructed him: "Don't stand in a

crowd." And on the left certainly everybody was standing, so naturally he had to stand on the right.
Habits die hard, and we have so many mundane habits that when you enter into the world of the sacred you will feel you are being robbed of everything. But remember, whatever you are robbed of was false. Don't cling to it; that will become the barrier -- let it go. Whatever is yours will always be yours, there is no way to rob you of it.

A man was in a Turkish bath when he looked up and saw someone stealing his clothes. He took off after the man, covering his private parts with his hat. As he turned the corner, he bumped straight into two girls who looked at him and burst out laughing. "If you were ladies," he shouted, "you would not laugh at a man in my circumstances!"
"And if you were a gentleman," replied one of the girls, "you would raise your hat."

This is our known world -- ladies and gentlemen. When you enter into the unknown you are neither a man nor a woman, you are neither a mind nor a heart; you are something that can only be called "X." It is better not to give any name to it, because any name will come from your vocabulary of the known. Let it remain unknown, mysterious; just don't be worried, don't be afraid.
And I say this not because it is written in some scriptures, I say this because I have passed through the same problems, the same fear, the same desire to turn back, the same barrier which proved finally to be a bridge. So whatever I am saying to you, I am saying with the absolute authority of

my own experience. I am not saying to believe me, I am saying just to experiment. Let my words be just hypothetical -- perhaps your experiment will prove whether they are true or untrue -- don't believe in them beforehand, remain open.

I can allow you to remain open; no religion leaves you open. They say, "Believe." And the reason is that the people who had experienced may have died twenty centuries before, and now the people who are representing them have no experience of their own. They are afraid that if you don't believe ... they themselves are not certain what they are saying, whether it is true or not. They believe; hence they insist that you believe.

I don't believe, I know. Hence, I insist: experiment without any belief and you will know.

Once somebody asked Raman Maharishi, "Do you believe in God?" and he said, "No." The man was shocked; he had come from far away, hearing that Raman Maharishi was an enlightened being. He thought perhaps he had been misunderstood, or he had misunderstood. He repeated his question. Raman Maharishi said, "I have heard it rightly, you have heard it rightly; there is no need to repeat it. I don't believe in God because I know."

Belief is for those who do not know. My effort with you is not to give you belief systems, but to give you hypothetical ideas to experiment on. And I have a certainty that you will come to the same conclusions. There is no other possibility.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn

Chapter #19

Chapter title: Journalism: Making saints out of criminals
27 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU ARE THE GREATEST MARKETING PERSON OF A PRODUCT THAT GRATIFIES THE SOUL. WE ARE IN THE BUSINESS OF SELLING A PRODUCT THAT GRATIFIES THE MIND; THERE ARE OTHERS WHO SELL PRODUCTS THAT GRATIFY THE BODY. WHAT LESSONS CAN WE LEARN FROM YOU TO EFFECTIVELY MARKET MIND AND BODY PRODUCTS?

Sameer, I am reminded by your question of an anecdote. H.G. Wells had completed his great work on the history of the world .... And he has made tremendously important statements in his rare book. For example, he has said about Gautam Buddha that "He was the most godless, yet the most godly man that has ever walked on the earth."
His book was the talk of all the intellectuals around the world, and one intellectual journalist interviewed him about the book. His first question was, "What do you think about civilization?" And the answer that H.G. Wells gave is of such depth that it has not to be forgotten; it is still fresh and new. He said, "The idea of civilization is good, but somebody must do something about it, because it is still an

idea. Civilization has not happened. Researching for my book on world history, I have come to know that man is still uncivilized."

And one of the reasons man is still uncivilized is the division between mind, body, and soul. This division has been preached by all the religions of the world. They have condemned the body; a few of them have condemned the mind, too. And they have all praised the soul. The result has not been as they expected. The result has been a very strange poisoning of humanity. People have not dropped their bodies, they have not dropped their minds, but they have become guilty about them. They have lost self-respect, they have lost touch with the wisdom of their own bodies, and they have lost the mastery of their own minds. And the reality is that unless all three function in a total organic unity, a man is not whole.

One who is not whole is not holy either.

My basic approach is: I am not against the body, I am not against the mind; I am all for a unity, a symphony, a synchronicity amongst these three spheres. And a man will be fulfilled only, complete only, when all three are functioning in total harmony.

In the East, the body has been so much condemned that the ultimate result is poverty -- no science, no technology, a poor, hungry body; starved, condemned, neglected. And in the West, the result has been a healthy body, an evolved technology, richer literature, art, all for the nourishment of the mind, but a poor soul, almost nonexistential. This is a strange tragedy. The West is suffering from a poor soul, and the East is suffering from a poor body and a poor mind.

My suggestion to you, Sameer, is that the work for the future humanity, for a new man, is to drop the old conditioning -- of the East, and of the West. Drop all antagonism, either of the spiritualist or of the materialist. Accept the realistic approach that existence is both -- matter on the outside and spirit on the inside. And in between the two is the bridge of the mind.

In a miniature form, the same is true about every human being. The new man will come out of this unity.

It feels ... if somebody says that Gautam Buddha is only half, it hurts. But truth is truth. Mahavira is half -- just a soul, anti-life. So is Zorba -- against spirituality. So are all the scientists -- even the greatest, like Albert Einstein -- who cannot conceive the possibility that there is an interior existence of consciousness.

Albert Einstein is half; that is the tragedy of the West. Buddha is half; that is our tragedy. And the work for the future is to bring them together.

I have been using one expression, and that is "Zorba the Buddha." The body has to be enjoyed as much as your soul. Matter has its own beauty, its own power, just as consciousness has its own world, its own silence, its own peace, its own ecstasy. And between the two is the area of the mind -- something of matter and something of the spirit. The poet is just in the middle, between the materialist and the spiritualist; his poetry touches both extremes. I would like all three points -- the two extremes and the middle -- to become one unity.

A man who rejoices in his body and the wisdom of the body, a man who uses his mind as a tremendously significant mechanism that evolution has brought, and a

man who does not stop at mind but goes on searching beyond, into the realms of divineness, into the realms of godliness -- to produce this man should be the effort of all those who are in some way concerned with educating the new generation. The educationists, the journalists, the spiritual teachers -- all people who are involved in some way in creating a better human being than has been possible in the past -- have to accept the totality of man without rejecting anything.

Journalists can do a tremendous service to humanity if their minds are clear, if they are not themselves prejudiced, either in favor of spiritualism or in favor of materialism. A journalist has to be of an open mind, receptive to all kinds of possibilities. He has to be a seeker and a searcher and an agnostic; he has not to be a believer. The moment you believe in something, you start enforcing your belief, whether it is right or wrong. The journalist has to be open to all dimensions, ready to accept anything that is going to beautify existence and make man more blissful, more healthy, more intelligent, more aware of the tremendous mystery that surrounds us.

To me, that is the only prayer: to become aware of the miraculous, the mysterious that surrounds us. And only a man who has come to a unity within himself is capable of understanding the mystery of existence.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

WHEN A PERSON ENTERS A TEMPLE, ONE FEELS A SENSE OF SENSORY APPEASEMENT -- MUSIC, CHANTING, INCENSE, PRASAD, THE VISUAL

BEAUTY OF THE ARCHITECTURE, ETC. CAN CORPORATE HOUSES, THE TEMPLES OF THE MODERN AGE, HAVE ANYTHING TO LEARN FROM THIS?

Sameer, not only the corporate houses but every place where man dwells has much to learn from the temples. First, you are always moving on holy ground. Not only in the temple are you in a holy place, but even in the marketplace you are moving on the same holy ground. You are not to be just prayerful in the temple, in the mosque, in the church. Your prayerfulness has to become just your breathing. You have not to create only in your temple a beautiful world of incense, of flowers, of music, of chanting, of beautiful architecture, of sculptures -- the temple should simply be the model for every house. Not only corporate houses, every house should be a temple, because every body is a temple.

God dwells in you, and wherever you are, you should create the aroma, the fragrance of godliness.

The authentically religious person is neither Hindu, nor Mohammedan, nor Christian, nor Jaina, nor Buddhist. An authentic religious person is simply a prayerful person, a loving person, a creative person -- a man who has the golden touch; whatever he touches becomes beautiful and valuable.

It is not possible that our houses remain in hell and once in a while, for an hour, we can enter a temple and find heaven -- that is not possible. Unless you are twenty-four hours in heaven, you cannot enter into a temple and suddenly change -- suddenly drop your jealousies, your anger, your

hatred, your competitiveness, your ambitions, your politics. You cannot simply drop all your ugliness.

You can pretend, you can be a hypocrite ... and in fact all the people who are visiting temples of any religion are hypocrites, because their other twenty-three hours show their reality. For only one hour, they cannot become a different being.

A religious person has to understand that it is not a question of believing in a certain theology; it is not a question of believing in a certain tradition. It is a question of transforming yourself in such a way that compassion becomes your very heartbeat, that gratitude becomes your very breathing, that wherever you are, your eyes can see the divine -- in the trees, in the mountains, in people, in animals, in birds. Unless you can make the whole existence your temple, you are not religious.

Wherever you move, you are always in a temple, because you are always surrounded by that mysterious energy that people have called "God." A few others have given it other names -- they differ only in names. But one thing is certain: we are not living in a mundane universe. On each step there is a mystery, and there are mysteries beyond mysteries. If you are simply aware of all the mysteries, your worship will be to make everything as worthy of God as possible. Sitting in your shop, you should be waiting for a customer who is going to be a god ....

Kabir became enlightened, and even kings were his disciples. They all said to him, "Now it is time: you stop weaving clothes. It hurts our pride. People laugh at us, they say, `Your master has to function like a poor weaver. The whole week he weaves clothes and then he takes the clothes

on his own shoulders to the marketplace. It does not look right for a man who has so many disciples. Can't you take care of him?'"

But Kabir insisted, "It is not a question of my livelihood, it is a question that some god will be coming to the market to purchase what I have woven with such love, with such gratitude, with such meditativeness. And if he does not find me there ... I cannot do that. As long as I am alive, I will go on serving God by the only art that I know -- that is weaving."

And he made clothes with such love, with such prayerfulness, with such grace, that you could feel that this man is not only weaving clothes -- he is weaving something more; something spiritual is being woven into the clothes.

And in the market every customer was addressed by Kabir as "Ram," the Indian word for God. "Ram, I have been waiting so long for you; where have you gone? It is time for the closing of the market, the sun is setting, and I am waiting for you."

And at first customers used to be very puzzled: this great saint calls them `Ram'? By and by they became accustomed to the fact, and they started behaving in a different way -- it was not a question of being a shopkeeper and a customer, it was a question of being two lovers. It was a love affair.

I would like all corporate houses to be temples -- but not only corporate houses; I would like every house, every kitchen, every bedroom, to be a temple. And I would like you to behave with everybody .... He may be your enemy, but still he has deep in his being the same source of life you have. You have to be respectful to his being, as much as

you are respectful to your friend. Your wife should be as much respected as any goddess in any temple.
I cannot believe that people who have been pretending up to now to be religious, have behaved with women in such a barbarous way, and they have not seen any shadow of God in the woman. The same religious people have behaved with the poorest of the poor -- the sudras, the untouchables -- as inhuman beings. They could not see. They could see gods in stone statues, but they could not see in living beings that a god is throbbing in their hearts just as he is throbbing within you.
I want to say it with absolute certainty: these people were not religious. Just as civilization has not happened yet, religion also has not happened yet. We have to create the space where religion, civilization, culture, can happen. They are different aspects of the same consciousness, of the same awareness.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
FOR A COMMERCIAL ORGANIZATION, MARKETING IS THE ULTIMATE LIFE SOURCE; HOWEVER, SOME MARKETING PROFESSIONALS SUFFER FROM AN ELEMENT OF CONTRADICTION IN THEIR PERSONAL LIVES. VIS-A-VIS PROFESSIONAL OBJECTIVES, ARE WE SELLING THINGS TO PEOPLE THAT THEY DON'T NEED?

Sameer, the question is a little complex -- complex because in a way you are selling people what they need ... but

whether their need is sick or healthy is a totally different matter.

You are fulfilling people's sick needs. And that should be felt as a responsibility. Needs have to be fulfilled, but you have to learn a great discrimination: what are the sick needs, and what are the healthy needs?

For example, pornography is a need. And millions of people are providing pornographic literature, photography, all kinds of pornographic films, blue films. They certainly are fulfilling a need -- people have been so repressed sexually for centuries that they are hungry to see the naked woman. Certainly your business prospers, but you are depending on a very ugly exploitation of people.

The responsibility of the journalist is great: he has to make people aware -- why do they need pornography? In an aboriginal tribe, nobody is interested in pornographic literature because people are almost naked; they don't have any clothes. From the very childhood, the boys and the girls become aware of each other's bodies, it is a natural acquaintance. They never become peeping Toms. And they will not be interested in magazines like Playboy. But in our so-called civilized society, people are hiding Playboys in the SHRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA, in the HOLY BIBLE, because that is the safest place to hide anything; nobody opens it. Who bothers to look into the HOLY BIBLE, or the SHRIMAD BHAGAVADGITA?

I have heard about a man who was a salesman of encyclopedias, a door-to-door salesman. He knocked at the door, a woman opened it and as he started his sales talk the woman said, "We already have a good encyclopedia; we don't need any. You can see: there in the corner on the table

is the encyclopedia. So please forgive me, I am not interested."
The man said, "I can say definitely, that is not an encyclopedia; it is a BIBLE."
The woman said, "You seem to be a strange man -- how can you say that so categorically?"
He said, "Because so much dust has gathered on it, nobody opens it." Encyclopedias are opened, people look into them, but who looks into BIBLES? And he said, "I am ready to bet."
The woman said, "No there is no question, it is a BIBLE; just forgive me for telling you a lie."
Just the layer of dust was so thick, it was enough proof that it was not an encyclopedia but something holy. People are hiding all kinds of ugly things in HOLY BIBLES, holy GITAS, holy KORANS.
The need is to make society aware that any kind of repression is against nature, to create a climate where what is natural is accepted, not denied. On the one hand, you will deny what is natural; then from some other door, your natural instinct will demand its satisfaction. That becomes a perverted need. In a very strange way, your so-called saints and your pornographers are in a conspiracy; they are both partners in the same business.
The saints go on telling people to repress sex, to be celibate. And these repressed people are hungry -- you know if you have ever fasted, then the whole day you are thinking only about food and nothing else. You never think about food -- every day you eat whatever you feel like eating and whatever your need is. You don't think about it, you don't dream about it, you don't need some

pornography, some delicious dishes to look at. But I know people who have been on a fast ... then their whole thinking becomes concentrated on food. They dream about delicious food; if you take them out in the market, they only see food stores, restaurants, hotels. They don't see anything else; nothing else is attractive.

It has been found in psychological experiments that if a man is kept for three weeks on a fast, he loses interest in seeing a pornographic picture. He would rather see a picture of a beautiful dish. It is not strange that people call women "beautiful dishes." It is humiliating, ugly, but somehow sex is also a hunger, as any other hunger is.

The problem becomes complex because people need pornography -- if you provide pornography, you sell, you earn. If you don't provide it, the circulation of your newspaper or your magazine drops. You are in a very difficult dilemma: either you lose business or you have to do something which is absolutely ugly.

Unless the whole situation changes, unless the whole news media becomes aware of the fact, of why people are interested in pornography .... They should start creating an atmosphere -- with articles, with stories, with poetry, with films, with television, with radio -- that repression is anti-life. The day there is no repression in the world, there will be no need of pornography. The day there is no repression in the world, there will be no perversion, there will be no homosexuality, there will be no lesbianism.

And journalism has to become aware of the complexity of the situation. For example, now there is a great disease spreading all over the world -- AIDS. It has come out of homosexuality. And the Catholic pope and other heads of

religions are condemning homosexuality, but homosexuality is only a symptom. The real disease is the teaching of celibacy -- because homosexuality was born in the monasteries, in soldier's camps, in boy scouts living together, in the hostels of boys and girls, which we have separated. Wherever we have separated man and woman, some kind of perversion arises.

In Texas, the government passed a law that homosexuality will now be a crime, punishable by five years in jail. And one million homosexuals -- one would have never thought that Texas has so many homosexuals -- one million homosexuals protested before the assembly hall. And these are not all the homosexuals of Texas, certainly -- not everybody has joined in the protest. And they declared that "If you don't withdraw this law, we will go underground. There are gay restaurants, gay clubs, and all kinds of homosexual groups, openly -- if you make it a crime we will go underground." And once homosexuality goes underground, then it will become more difficult to fight the disease that is being created by it.

The disease is spreading like wildfire, and every government of the world is trying to hide the fact of how many homosexuals there are in their countries, and how many homosexuals have tested positive for the AIDS virus. Because AIDS has no cure; the person is absolutely certain to die.

And scientists have shown with absolute certainty that we will not be able to find a cure. The disease is such that it is almost a slow death. It is not an ordinary disease; it has come out of behaving against nature, and nature is taking its revenge.

Just the other day, I was informed about South Africa: in one hospital they did a survey, just one month before -- in the whole city, seventy percent of the prostitutes had AIDS. And after one month, when they did the survey the next time, a hundred percent of the prostitutes had AIDS. But this is not something to be surprised about; the more surprising fact which came to light was that out of all the mothers who came to give birth in the hospitals, seventy percent also had AIDS -- the same percentage as the prostitutes. And these were not prostitutes, these were housewives ... and their children will be born with AIDS. But the whole world is silent.

This is more dangerous than nuclear weapons, because nuclear weapons at least are something that can be controlled, something within our hands. But AIDS seems to be out of our hands.

The responsibility of the journalist is to bring before the people authentic facts, to make them aware how to avoid perversions. Homosexuality is not a disease; it is just a symptom of a disease. The real disease is celibacy, which is being preached by all religions. Now it is a strange game. The same people who are the cause of creating AIDS are condemning homosexuals. And they are the real criminals -- if anybody needs to be behind bars, it is all your saints and all your preachers and all your priests. But not the homosexuals, they are victims -- victims of an absolutely wrong psychology being preached for centuries.

Don't fulfill sick needs. Expose the fact that those sick needs are arising from a certain source. And create a protest in the minds of people so that the sources can be stopped. You cannot fight with the sick needs if the sources are not

dropped. On the one hand you go on supporting the sources, and on the other hand you want people to drop their sick needs, which is impossible.

The fire and brimstone fundamentalist was ranting and raving before his congregation. "Praise the Lord, I know there are those among you who have committed the unspeakable sin of he-ing and she-ing. Stand up and repent!" Three-quarters of the congregation stood up.
"And there are those among you," continued the preacher, "who have committed that double sin of sins, he-ing and he-ing. Stand up and repent!" The rest of the men stood up.
"And I know there are those among you who have committed the triple sin, she-ing and she-ing. Stand up and repent!" The remaining women all stood up. No one was left sitting except one little boy with a puzzled look on his face.
"Preacher," he cried, "I would like to know where you stand on me-ing and me-ing?"

But this is the situation your religions have created. There is a great need for all these bogus, unscientific, unpsychological doctrines to be exposed to the public, and the public should be made aware to live a natural and healthy life, accepting whatever the need of the body is as a natural gift. Then only is there a possibility that we will be able not to exploit people's sick needs ... because there will be no sick needs at all.
Journalism should not be only a business; it should also be a great responsibility towards humanity. It is no ordinary business, it cannot look only for profits. You have many

other businesses for profit -- at least don't corrupt journalism for the sake of profit. Journalism should be ready to sacrifice its profits; only then can it avoid fulfilling people's sick needs, and expose their original and basic causes -- which can be removed.

Journalism should be a revolution, not just a profession. A journalist is basically a rebellious person -- who wants the world to be a little better, who is basically a fighter -- and he has to fight for right causes. I never look at journalism as just another profession. For profit, you have so many professions available; at least something should be left uncorrupted by the profit motive. Only then is there a possibility that you can educate people: educate them for a rebellious attitude against all that is wrong, educate them against anything that causes perversions.

One thing more I would like to remind you of. Life is not just a bed of roses, there are thorns too. But there is no need to make too much fuss about thorns. By making too much fuss about thorns, you slowly start forgetting about roses.

Journalism and other news media are a new phenomenon in the world. There was nothing like that in the times of Gautam Buddha or Jesus. That is one of the reasons that people go on bragging that the days of old were very beautiful. Hindu chauvinists go on saying that in the times of Gautam Buddha, people had no need to lock their doors. Their argument is that there was no stealing -- but that is sheer stupidity, because Gautam Buddha preached every day for forty-two years against stealing. Do you think he was mad? If there was no stealing, to whom was he preaching, "Don't steal, don't lie"? All the teachings of all the old saints are against lying, against stealing, against

adultery. You will not find anything new in the world that was not there before -- you just have to look into their preaching.

If there were no locks, it is not because there were no thieves; in fact, there were no locks! And there was nothing to be locked, people were so poor. The lock is a certain stage of technology that was not there ... and you have to have something to lock. You don't even have food for two meals a day -- what are you going to lock?

It happened in Bengal in this century: Mahatma Gandhi was going on his tour towards Noachali, and a woman came and touched his feet and said, "Just wait a minute. My husband wants to touch your feet." So Mahatma Gandhi said, "But why has he not come with you?"

She said, "Don't make us embarrassed. We have only one good set of clothes, so I have come; now I will go and give the clothes to him and he will come. He's standing naked in the house."

This is in the twentieth century! We don't know about things that were happening which were evil in those times because there was no news media. The existence of news media has brought a very new thing -- because everything evil, everything bad, everything negative, whether true or untrue, is sensational; it sells. People are interested in rapes, in murders, in briberies, in all kinds of criminal acts, riots. And because people are asking for all this news, you go on collecting all the wrong that is happening in the world. The roses are completely forgotten; only thorns are remembered -- and exaggerated. And if you cannot find, you invent, because your whole problem is how to sell.

The same or even worse was the situation in the past, but people never came to know about it. They always knew about what can be called the "good news" because scriptures were written not about thieves, not about murderers, but about saints and their statements. That was the only literature. Journalism has brought the possibility of making saints out of criminals.

There was one case in Sweden ... a man murdered a stranger whom he had never met; he had no idea who he was. He had not even seen his face. The man was sitting on the beach, looking at the ocean, and this other man came from behind and shot him dead. And in the court, the man said, "I wanted my picture to be printed on the front pages of all the newspapers. My desire is fulfilled. Now I don't care; you can sentence me to death, that's perfectly okay. My only desire was to see my picture in the newspapers." Now, you are creating a strange kind of person by the attention that you are paying to wrongdoings.

Last year a California university did a survey: after each boxing match, after each football match, the crime rate suddenly goes fourteen percent higher, and it remains fourteen percent higher for seven to ten days -- then slowly it tapers down. But the government is not interested in preventing a barbarous thing like boxing -- which is absolutely inhuman, and definitely inhuman to those two persons who are fighting. It creates in the whole state of California fourteen percent more crimes: more murders, more rapes. Strange ... still boxing continues, football matches continue. And the news media goes on reporting all these things. If the news media is alert, it should stop all commentaries on football matches, boxing -- let them

happen, but don't make so much fuss about them that the whole country becomes involved. They will die out by themselves.

The news media has to learn to boycott a few things which are creative of crimes, of inhumanity to human beings. But rather than boycotting them, you are flourishing, profiting from them, making your sales bigger and bigger, your circulation more and more, without ever giving a single thought to what the ultimate consequence is.

The old economics had the idea that wherever there is a need, there will be a supply. But the latest research shows that wherever there is a supply, slowly slowly the need is also created. For example, nobody needed a car five hundred years ago, nobody needed airplanes, nobody needed the railway.

When for the first time a railway train started from the London station, all the priests and bishops and cardinals and the archbishop of England gathered great congregations and declared: "This railway train was not made by God. When God created the world, it is obvious he never made the railway train, so who is making this railway train? It must be the devil."

And the old railway train, its engine, looked like the devil! The train was just experimental, only going for ten miles. The train was offering a free journey -- breakfast, lunch, every comfort and luxury -- to whoever wanted to come. And the preachers in every church were preventing people. What they were saying was, "In the first place, God never created it; in the second place, why are they persuading people by giving free tickets, breakfast, lunch, and all the comforts?"

"We can tell you," the archbishop told the congregation, "that this train will start, but it will never stop. So if you want to go, you can go. But remember, you will repent."
Nobody was ready to go into the train. A crowd was waiting all around the railway station, all along the ten-mile path, but nobody was ready. Only a few daredevils, thinking ..."Let us see what happens. If it does not stop, so what? If they go on giving lunch and breakfast, let it not stop! What is the harm?"
A few people ... the train was meant to carry one hundred and twenty people, but only eight people managed enough courage to enter the train. But once the train was there, it became an absolute need -- now you cannot think of a world where trains don't exist, or cars don't exist, or airplanes don't exist.
Journalism not only has to look to fulfill the needs of the people, it has to create healthy supplies -- which will create needs in people. That old law of economics is out of date ... and that is the whole secret of advertisement. Why do people advertise? Particularly in America -- the product will come two years afterwards, and advertisement starts two years before. They are simply making people aware of something which is coming into the market. The supply is first, and the supply is creating the need; hence, great advertisements are needed.
You can create better needs, healthy needs. You are not compelled to fulfill the sick needs of people. Fulfilling their sick needs is really committing a great crime.
But I have been around the world, and I have been puzzled that the so-called news media, if it cannot find something negative, invents it. All kinds of lies are invented. It never

talks about anything beautiful, anything great. It does not create the idea in people that we are progressing, that we are evolving, that a better humanity is ahead. It only gives the idea that the night is going to be darker and darker. And looking at your newspapers, your radio broadcasts, your television, your film, it seems that there is no way of going in any other direction than towards hell. Just in California alone ... school kids are taking drugs -- six year olds, eight year olds. Those days when there were hippies are gone -- hippies have disappeared. Hippies were at least adult: twenty-one years, twenty-two, up to thirty. They are gone, they are no more. Now it is small school kids. There have been cases of murder by thirteen and fourteen-year-old boys, and there have been cases of rape by fourteen, fifteen-year-old boys. How does all this get into their minds? They see the films, and particularly the films that are prohibited to them -- that prohibition becomes an invitation. They see in the news every day what is happening in the world.

In America alone, surveys show that every person is watching television for an average of seven hours every day -- just glued to the chair for seven hours. And what is he watching? Murder, rape, robbery ... slowly, slowly it gets into his head. He starts thinking, "This is all that is happening in the world; I'm just a fool who still goes to the church!" He never sees anybody praying, he never sees anybody meditating; he only sees people who are raping, people who are murdering: "Something must be wrong with me, I'm something abnormal. Normal people are doing normal things; all that I am doing is just being glued to the chair and watching television. Something has to be

DONE." And slowly, slowly his mind is conditioned by all the input of the news media.
A healthy news media is a great need. And if you feel that perhaps this is not the need of the people, then create the need; create a beautiful supply. I don't think that there are not people who are going to be interested in the good side of life.
Don't take the attitude of a pessimist. There are people who are interested in the good side, there are people who are interested in the roses, there are people who are interested in all that is great in man. Bring it out; make everybody feel that if he is not doing something good, he is sick, abnormal. Right now just the opposite is the case.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
IN OUR JOURNALISM TRAINING COURSE, THE GROWTH OF BEING, THE SPIRITUAL DIMENSION, IS TOTALLY IGNORED, WHILE OTHER PSYCHOSOMATIC SUBJECTS ARE ALL VERY MUCH HIGHLIGHTED. OSHO, COULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN: WHY IS IT SIGNIFICANT TO INCLUDE THE SPIRITUAL DIMENSION IN THE TEACHING OF JOURNALISM?

Nandita, this country has been under slavery for two thousand years. That has created a psychological slavery in people. Although politically we are free, psychologically we are still slaves. Journalism is a product of the West, and we are imitating whatever is being done there; it is not our

creation. The West does not believe in any spirituality, and it is suffering great anguish and great anxiety because of it. The suicide rate is four times more than it is in the East. And in the East, people commit suicide because of hunger, starvation; you have to be compassionate towards them. In the West people commit suicide because they have everything, and they feel life is meaningless. They have all the money, they have all that money can purchase ... but there are a few things which money cannot purchase. They cannot purchase silence, they cannot purchase joy, they cannot purchase love, they cannot purchase meditation ....
In the life of Mahavira, there is a beautiful story. One great king of Mahavira's time, Prasenjita, had everything that was possible in those days. But one day he came across a Jaina monk who said to him, "You may be a great emperor, but do you know the blissfulness and the ecstasy of meditation?" And for the first time, Prasenjita was very shocked -- he used to brag, thinking that he had everything. For the first time somebody had pointed out that he didn't have everything. He asked the monk, "From where can I get meditation?" He thought perhaps that too could be purchased. "I am ready to pay any price."
The monk said, "For that you will have to go to my master, who is living just outside the capital. You have to go to Mahavira."
Prasenjita went to Mahavira, and asked him the same question: "I have come here to purchase meditation, whatever the price. You don't be worried about the price -- I am ready to pay right now -- but I want meditation."
Mahavira looked at him, and said, "You certainly want meditation, but I don't want to sell it -- at any price. But I

know a very poor man in your own capital, my disciple. Perhaps he may be ready to sell it." Just a joke ... so he gave him the name of the poor man, and he said, "Perhaps he may be in need of money, and he may sell his meditation."

And Prasenjita went in his golden chariot to the quarters of the poorest people, and they could not believe it -- a great crowd gathered, and they found the poor man. Prasenjita asked, "Whatever the price, it will be given to you right now; I am carrying enough money in the chariot. But give me your meditation."

The man said, "My master must have been joking. It is not something that you can purchase. Although I am poor .... But it is not possible to sell meditation, you have to evolve into it."

In the West, four times as many people are committing suicide -- and these people are not poor people, these people are from the highest class, super-rich. What is the problem, what is missing? And those who are not committing suicide are feeling at a loss. They have reached the highest rung of the ladder, and now ... nowhere to go, and inside there is simply darkness and death.

Journalism is coming from the West. You are still copying something that has not grown within your culture, within your atmosphere; which is not part of this earth, it is not a flower here. So you are carrying a plastic flower; it has no roots.

In the West, the news media is not interested in spiritualism because in the West, nobody is interested in spiritualism. That has been their choice for centuries, and they are suffering because of it -- badly suffering. So many people

are in psychoanalysis, so many people are inside psychiatric hospitals, so many people are going insane, committing suicide, murdering, doing things just because they find life so meaningless, so useless.

One of the very famous novels of Dostoevsky, THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV, has a statement by one of the brothers: If I meet God, I want to return my ticket. I don't want to be in the world; it is simply useless, there is no meaning.

You are asking me: "In our journalism training course, the growth of being, the spiritual dimension, is totally ignored." It is because you are not growing a journalism that belongs to this earth, that has the fragrance of this earth. You are simply imitating.

And you are doing a tremendous harm to this society, because here spiritualism is the most fundamental thing. But the same is happening in your educational systems. In your universities, in your colleges, in your schools, everywhere there is a mental slavery to the West. Whatever is happening in the West, you have to imitate it; it has become your unconscious habit. Journalism has to learn its own way, has to evolve its own individuality, just as education has to evolve its own individuality.

Nandita, you are asking if it is significant, and why it is significant to include the spiritual dimension in the teaching of journalism.

Spiritualism is the very meaning of life.

Without a spirit, a man is only a corpse. And without spiritualism, anything -- education, journalism ... they are only corpses, they stink.

Your politics is an imitation from the West. That's why even after forty years of freedom, nothing seems to have changed. The same bureaucracy ... it has even got worse, because imitators cannot be better than the originals.
Your education is just an imitation. I have been a teacher in the university, and I had to fight with the university continuously. They were not ready to include yoga or meditation in the university courses, but they go on bragging that this is the land of Gautam Buddha and Mahavira and Bodhidharma and Patanjali and Kabir and Nanak -- they go on bragging, but they don't see what they are doing. Their journalism, their education, their politics, has no trace of Kabir, or Nanak, or Patanjali, or Buddha. They are under the impact of Western masters. Although politically you are free, psychologically you are not free. Journalism has to attain freedom from the West and it has to give an authentic, original shape to itself. And you will be surprised that if you can manage to introduce a spiritual dimension to journalism, the West is going to imitate you sooner or later -- because there is a great hunger, a great thirst. Rather than being imitators, why can you not be the originals, and let others be the imitators? That will be for the first time that something out of freedom happens in this country.
And spiritualism does not mean any kind of fanaticism. Spiritualism does not mean that you have to preach Hinduism, that you have to preach Jainism, or you have to preach Mohammedanism. Spiritualism simply means you have to spread the basic fundamentals of all religions, which are the same.

Can love be Hindu or Mohammedan? Can a peaceful mind be Hindu or Buddhist? Does a man of compassion have to be a Christian or a Jew?

An authentic spirituality will be without any adjective. It will teach only the essentials of all religions. And journalism should give it the first preference: on your laundry list, it should be your first item and politics should be the last. Unfortunately, politics is the first and spiritualism is not even the last.

I cannot understand how you can go on and on being slaves. Is not the time ripe that we should be spiritually free from the West? That we should have our own education, that we should have our own journalism? That we should have our own fragrance, and our own nuance?

The time is ripe, and journalism can become the beginning of a new era. Push politics as far back as possible, to the last pages of your newspapers. Politics is not our soul, it is the dirtiest game that you are propagating in people's minds. It is absolutely necessary that the politician be made clearly aware that he is not the man of wisdom, that he is not to guide the destiny of the nation; that he is only the servant of the people, his role is that of a functionary.

You don't make much fuss about who is the postmaster general; his role is that of a functionary. You don't make much fuss about who is the head of all the railways; what is the need? He is doing his work, he is getting his salary, that's enough. Why do you go on bothering about politicians? More than fifty percent of your energy is wasted on those whose life span is only four years. Tomorrow they will be forgotten.

They are exactly like your newspapers. Yesterday's newspaper is just as useless as your politician of yesterday. But why give so much importance to momentary things? Spirituality means giving importance to something which is a permanent value, which gives life, light and guidance forever, which is sanatan, which is eternal. Eternal values constitute spirituality; momentary values constitute politics. Politics and religion are just polar opposites.

And politics is trying to make every effort to suppress religion in every part of the country. The only danger for politicians is from the religions, because only from the religions can people come out with more wisdom.

For example, I cannot see any problem so big that the country should remain struggling and not be able to solve it. Within ten years, every problem of this country can be solved. But the politicians don't want to solve the problems, they want to create them. In fact their very life depends on problems.

Adolf Hitler, in his autobiography, has a very significant statement: a politician, if he wants to be a great politician, a great leader of people, should never allow peace in his land. He should always create turmoil, keep people afraid, insecure, worried, concerned. He should keep people in such a situation that they need him. Always create enemies in the neighbors -- real or phony, but always keep enemies on the side -- and the moment you feel that your leadership is going, create a war, because only in war are great leaders born. And he is right. But what is the conclusion from it? The conclusion is that the politician is not interested in solving problems, he is interested in making them as complex as possible. So he becomes absolutely essential;

you need him always. He wants to keep you always afraid of the enemies -- from China, from Pakistan -- they are gathering atomic weapons, nuclear weapons, so you need your leaders, whether they are of any worth or not. In times of war, whoever is in power should be given total support, because it is a question of crisis. The cunning politician keeps every country always in crisis.

There is a saying that the first statement which can be called political was asserted by Adam to Eve. When they were driven out by God from the Garden of Eden, passing through the gate, Adam said to Eve, "We are passing through a great crisis." Since then, every politician has been saying the same thing: "We are passing through a great crisis." And the crisis is so great that only he can tackle it, you cannot manage it.

One of the greatest revolutions in journalism will be, Nandita, if we can create in this country a different kind of journalism -- which is not dominated by politicians, but is inspired by its wise people. And you can remain absolutely certain that the wise people of any country are not going to fight in the elections; they are not going to beg for votes from the masses. So the wise people by their very nature remain out of power. It should be one of the basic functions of journalism to bring the wise people and their wisdom before the masses, into the light.

Politicians should not be paid too much attention; it is dangerous. They should be ignored as much as possible. They should be paid attention only when they do something which is authentically good.

Question 5

BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS HEALTHY JOURNALISM? CAN JOURNALISM SURVIVE ON POSITIVE NEWS? PLEASE EXPLAIN YOUR VISION ON THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE MEDIA.

Nandita, by healthy journalism, I mean journalism which nourishes the whole personality of man -- his body, his mind, his soul -- journalism whose whole concern is to create a better humanity, not just to report what is happening. Journalism should not be just a news medium, it should also be great literature -- then it is healthy. Even yesterday's newspaper should remain of some worth, so that even today it can be read. It should not be so momentary. But if you are only a news medium then naturally, once the day has passed, the news is old. You should make something that never becomes old, and always remains new.

That's what great literature is. Dostoevsky's novels, or those of Leo Tolstoy, Anton Chekhov, or Turgenev, Rabindranath Tagore ... they will remain significant as long as humanity remains, and as fresh as ever.

Something in your journalism should have that quality, and that quality can be introduced. You can have space for news, but that should be secondary. Because what are those news reports? What are they going to do? Somebody steals -- what is the point of reporting it? And somebody commits suicide -- what is the point of reporting it? Why make it news unnecessarily? You are filling your space with absolutely nonessential things.

Bring the essential in. You have poets, you have painters, you have writers, you have spiritual giants -- you can introduce all of them. They should be your major part, and politics should be just your third page, or fourth page -- or maybe no page! You have made these politicians so huge, so exaggerated, and then the whole country suffers. The whole world is suffering because of these people, and you will have to take responsibility for it. These people should be cut down to size and put in their place. Somebody may be the president of the country; that doesn't mean much. The question is whether he is a great president; the quality is the question.

It happened when Abraham Lincoln became the president: The first day in the Senate, the aristocrats were very much arrogant and angry because he was not an aristocrat; he was the son of a shoemaker. And one aristocrat could not resist his temptation, and stood up. He said, "Mr. Lincoln, before you start your speech" -- that was the inaugural speech -- "I want you to remember that you are the son of a shoemaker."

The whole Senate clapped and laughed; they wanted to humiliate Abraham Lincoln. But you cannot humiliate a man like him. He stood silently and as the clamor died, he said, "I am very grateful to you, that you reminded me of my great father. I know my frailties, my weaknesses; I can never be as great a president as he was a great shoemaker. I stand as no comparison. My father was a great artist. I will try my best, but I know I cannot surpass him."

The Senate was shocked, but they recognized that this is not the kind of man whom you can humiliate. And he said to the man who had raised the question, "How have you

remembered him? Because I remember perfectly well: my father used to go to your house also. Are you wearing the shoes made by my father? Are they pinching? Because I know something, I can mend them. I am not a great artist, but just by working with my father I have learned a little bit. So if any of you have any trouble with your shoes, you can always depend on me."

A president, just by being a president, is not much, but his quality ... Talk of the qualities, don't talk of personalities. A prime minister, just by being the prime minister, does not mean anything. Talk about the qualities -- what has he done to the country, what is he capable of doing? Provoke him to do it.

Days go on passing ... I have seen these forty years passing. My whole family was involved in the freedom struggle, all of them had been in jails; we suffered as children. In my childhood I used to ask my father, "Are you certain that the freedom you are fighting for will ever come? It is possible that the British may go, but are you certain that the people who replace them will be better? I can understand that you are fighting against slavery, but I don't think you have any idea that you are fighting for freedom; you don't have any positive program."

The whole liberation movement in India was running without any positive program. And the result is that forty years have passed, and the country has been falling down and down. When I started speaking thirty years ago, the population of the country was four hundred million. I spoke in favor of birth control methods, and I was stoned, my meeting was disturbed. And next time when I reached that city, I was not allowed to get off the train. Two hundred

Hindu chauvinists were standing on the platform; they would not let me get out.

And now the country's population has reached nine hundred million. By the end of this century it will pass one billion. For the first time in history, India will be ahead of China. Up to now, China was the most idiotic land; now India will be ahead of it. China has managed to cut its population, but your politicians don't have guts; they are afraid to tell the truth to people, because they have to get their votes.

Journalists should not be afraid of anybody; you are not dependent on anybody's votes. You should bring truth to the people: You are creating children -- but in fact you are creating death. By the end of this century, half of the country -- that means five hundred million people -- will be dying of starvation: one man out of two. You will be surrounded by corpses. What are your politicians doing about it? And if I speak for birth control methods, then shankaracharyas condemn me, then the politicians try to destroy my efforts, because it goes against the religious superstitions of the people.

No politician has even the courage to come and meet me. Indira asked ... six times she had appointments to come to me, and just one day before, she would cancel. Finally, I sent my secretary to ask her, "What nonsense is this? If you want to come, you come; if you don't want to come, nobody is inviting you. You have been asking ...." And then she told my secretary, "My colleagues prevent me. They say if I go there, it is dangerous for my political future." Because I don't have any votes! The shankaracharyas and

the imams and the bishops will all withdraw their votes, if they see a politician coming to me.
And it is one of the wonders that none of them is able to argue. I have been challenging them, saying that I am ready for a public debate with anybody on any point, and those cowards ... none of them comes.
The journalists should bring to the public news of the people who are fighting for unpopular causes, because the unpopular causes are the future of man. The popular causes are the past, rotten heritage. The politician cannot have that courage, but the journalist can have it, and should have. Nandita, I call that journalism healthy.
And you are asking, "Can journalism survive on positive news?" I am not saying that; I am saying don't try just to survive on negative news. Bring out the positive, in all its beauty, and put the negative in the background; it should not be the focus. I don't want you just to be positive, I want you to be realists.
The negative side is a part of life, yes; death is a part of life. But that does not mean that you have to make your funeral ground in the middle of the market. You make your funeral ground outside the city, where you go only once and you don't come back. Why don't you make it in the middle of the bazaar so that everybody can see, passing by every day, that people are being burned?
It is part of life, so once in a while you can talk about the funeral, but don't focus on it. Death is certain, but life is more important. Talk about life, make life a celebration. Don't make people too much afraid of death.
Don't create a phobia with the negative; that's what I am saying. I am not saying that the media can survive only on

the positive news -- that will be wrong, that will be half. The negative should be brought to light, but should not be emphasized. It should be criticized.
The positive should be supported, and the negative should be condemned. In that way you are not being simply positive, you are bringing both ... but the negative side is ugly. You know that in life we go on putting the negative out of the way, and we go on putting the positive in front. The same should be the attitude of a healthy journalism: the positive should be the goal. The negative should be used as a stepping stone to it, but never emphasized, because that creates in people's minds the idea that the negative is what life is all about. That is a very dangerous cancer of the soul.

Question 6
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS YOUR TRADE SECRET? PLEASE MAKE YOUR TRADE SECRET AN OPEN SECRET.

Nandita, I don't have any secret -- but if you want to call it an open secret, then it can be described simply: I have been bringing the truth as I see it, without any fear of any vested interest. Whatever the consequences for me were, I have always accepted those consequences as rewards. And I have no regrets about life; I have lived it according to myself. Even if the whole world was against me I have never bothered to compromise.
You can call this my secret: I am a non-compromising man. Either I am true or I am wrong, and I fight for my truth, tooth and nail.

I have been around the world fighting for my truth, and it is hilarious to see that a single man can put the whole world against him, and great nations like America and Germany and England and Greece can freak out -- and they don't have any answer.

I have been prohibited from entering twenty-one countries, because they are afraid that if I enter their country for three weeks I will destroy their morality, their religion, their tradition. I have been asking, "If your religion, that you have been establishing for two thousand years, is so poor that it can be destroyed in three weeks' time, if your morality is so rotten that a single person on a three-week tourist visa can demolish your morality, then it is worth demolishing whether I come or not! You should do it yourself."

And you will be surprised to know: countries like Germany have even passed laws in their parliaments saying that I cannot enter the country. I have never entered their country, and I have never said that I wanted to enter their country. It is just from the air, from nowhere. But the fear, the paranoia is spread all over the world.

Other countries were doing the same -- England did it, America, then Germany. It was almost like wildfire, and they forgot completely that at least you have to be intelligent in what you are doing. Germany has passed a law that I cannot enter the country, and not only that, my airplane cannot land at any airport of Germany, for refueling or anything. They are afraid that perhaps sitting in my airplane I can destroy and corrupt the people of their land.

What a weak humanity we have .... Is this the country of great intellectuals like Kant and Hegel and Feuerbach and Karl Marx? Is this the country that has created really great thinkers ... that is afraid?

In Greece, I had a four-week tourist visa, and I had not gone out of my house -- I never go; whoever wants to come, comes. I am just a well: if you are thirsty, you are welcome; if you are not thirsty, the well is not going to run after you, because that would be a very weird scene.

I had not gone out of the house. People were with me in the house, twenty-five people, and those who wanted to come, were coming to see me. The archbishop of the oldest church in the world, the Greek Orthodox Church, started a campaign against me. He said that if I were not thrown out from the country within twelve hours, the morality would be in danger, the religion would be in danger, the youth would be corrupted.

And these are the people who talk about peace, about love; they say "God is love," they talk about Jesus as "the prince of peace." The archbishop threatened the government, and he threatened me, that if within twelve hours I was not out of Greece, then he was going to dynamite my house with all the living people inside, and burn them all. Now, these are your religious leaders. The prime minister became afraid. The police came immediately ... I was asleep, and my secretary stopped them and said, "Just wait, I will go in and wake him." But even the police were carrying dynamite, saying that "If you don't allow us, we will start dynamiting the whole place."

They threw my secretary, a young girl, from the first floor to the gravel on the ground, and dragged her into a jeep. I

was asleep; I was awakened by the noise, because they started throwing stones and rocks against the beautiful palace that was my host's house. I could not understand what was happening, because I was sleeping on the second floor. And then one sannyasin came running, and he said, "The police seem to be absolutely mad! We were telling them that we were going to wake you up, but they have started throwing stones and breaking windows."

So I had to go down without even changing my clothes, and they said, "You cannot stay even for a single moment." No arrest warrant, no search warrant -- and they forced me, at gun point. Forty loaded guns, against a man who has nothing in his hands, and who has not gone out of the house.

And I told the chief of the Greek police -- because he was amongst the forty -- "Now I can understand what kind of people poisoned Socrates. You must have been one of those people, born again."

I said, "Is there any reason for this? I have not done any crime, I have not done anything wrong against your society, I have not gone out of the house. And your morality is disturbed, your religion is disturbed." I have been around the world and I have seen the ugly faces ... and the dead humanity.

I have enjoyed it immensely, hilariously, seeing that one man can put the whole world on fire -- without having any dynamite in his hand, just with his words.

I don't have any secret -- simply that I have been saying whatsoever I have felt as truth from the depths of my being. And I have been ready to fight for it in every possible way. If you think of that as a secret, Nandita, you can call it a

secret; otherwise I am just a lover of stories, a storyteller. And through stories I have been demolishing people's superstitions as politely as possible.
Just the last thing ....

A little girl was complaining to her mother about the long prayers she had to recite before going to bed at night. "Why can't I say the short prayers that you and daddy use?" she asked.
"What prayers do you mean, sweetheart?" replied her mother.
"Well," said the little girl, "last night I heard Daddy say, `Oh, dear God, I am coming!' and then you said, `Lord, Jesus Christ, wait for me!'"

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #20
Chapter title: Friendliness is enough
28 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
IS THE CONCEPT OF SOULMATES MORE USEFUL THAN MARRIAGE?

Prem Pragyan, one of the most significant things in man's life has been the love affair. Birth is not in your hands, death is not in your hands; and these are the only three

great things in life: birth, love, and death. Only love is in your hands, only love gives you the freedom and dignity of being a human being; otherwise, birth and death happen just like any other animal, or any tree. Love should be kept as pure and unpolluted as possible.

You are asking, "Is the concept of soulmates more useful than marriage?" Concepts don't matter. What matters is your understanding. You can change the word `marriage' to the word `soulmates', but you are the same. You will make the same hell out of soulmates as you have been making out of marriage -- nothing has changed, only the word, the label. Don't believe in labels too much.

Why has marriage failed? In the first place, we raised it to unnatural standards. We tried to make it something permanent, something sacred, without knowing even the ABC of sacredness, without knowing anything about the eternal. Our intentions were good but our understanding was very small, almost negligible. So instead of marriage becoming something of a heaven, it has become a hell. Instead of becoming sacred, it has fallen even below profanity.

And this has been man's stupidity -- a very ancient one: whenever he gets into difficulty, he changes the word. Change the word `marriage' into `soulmates', but don't change yourself. And you are the problem, not the word; any word will do. A rose is a rose is a rose ... you can call it by any name. You are asking to change the concept, you are not asking to change yourself.

Marriage has failed because you could not rise to the standard that you were expecting of marriage, of the concept of marriage. You were brutal, you were barbarous,

you were full of jealousies, you were full of lust; you had never known really what love is. In the name of love, you tried everything which is just the opposite of love: possessiveness, domination, power.

Marriage has become a battlefield where two persons are fighting for supremacy. Of course, the man has his own way: rough and more primitive. The woman has her own way: feminine, softer, a little more civilized, more subdued. But the situation is the same. Now psychologists are talking about marriage as an intimate enmity. And that's what it has proved to be. Two enemies are living together pretending to be in love, expecting the other to give love; and the same is being expected by the other. Nobody is ready to give -- nobody has it. How can you give love if you don't have it? And when you feel that love is not coming towards you ... and both feel the same: a great frustration and an idea, a suspicion that perhaps the other has deceived you. Before the marriage both were using beautiful words, sweet nothings; both were bringing their best to attract the other, to catch hold of the other. And once they are married, and the law has entered in, and society has granted you freedom to live together, soon the honeymoon is over. Even before coming back from the honeymoon it is over ... all is finished because you have come to know the other in their total wholeness, which is ugly.

The facade, the mask that they were wearing before the marriage has slipped. You cannot hold it for twenty-four hours. When you live with someone, you have to come down from your hypocrisies and be whatever you are -- and you know that you are not the person you pretend to be.

The same is true about the other. And then it becomes a struggle to possess the woman, to possess the man.
The only significant symptom of love is, it never possesses; on the contrary, it gives freedom. It is happy in the happiness of the other. It does not beg; it is not a beggar. It is an emperor. It gives, and it gives unconditionally.
But in actual life, what we have been doing for centuries is asking the other to give; and the other is also asking you to give. And both are beggars, their bowls are empty; they don't have anything to give. It becomes a struggle, a warfare.
You can change the concept from marriage to soulmates, but what about you? What about the people who will become soulmates? If they are the same people who were becoming a couple in a marriage, nothing will change.
My suggestion is, neither marriage is needed nor soulmates are needed -- just friendliness is enough. You don't know anything about soul, how can you become a soulmate?
If you can become just friendly with each other, that is more than can be expected from the present man. If you can be understanding of each other's frailties, weaknesses, that is more than can be expected.
If you can drop the old superstitions, that once a woman or a man loves you, they have to love you forever ... Love is very fragile. It is just like a flower: beautiful, but very delicate. In the morning it blossoms; by the evening it is gone, its petals are scattered. That was a beauty in the morning; by the evening it has become a grave. Life is a changing, continuously changing phenomenon.
When I say a great understanding is needed, the old idea of permanent relationship under any concept has to be

dropped. You have to live moment to moment, you have to live each moment as if it is the last moment. So don't waste it in quarreling, in nagging or in fighting. Perhaps you will not find the next moment even for an apology.

One of the mystics, Sarmad, used to tell his disciples every night, "We are going to sleep for the last time. Please forgive me. As a master I may have been hard to you. I had to be because I loved you and I wanted a transformation to happen. And I don't know whether in the morning I will wake up again, so I'm asking for your forgiveness." Each night he would go to bed as if it was the last night -- and one day it is going to be true, one night will be the last night and you will never wake up again.

And each morning he would wake up as if it was a new beginning; he had accepted death in the night before, now this was a rebirth. He looks tremendously grateful towards existence: one day more to live, one day more the sun, the wind, the trees, the birds, one day more of friends, one day more of love. But not more than that.

The very idea of having a permanent, lifelong relationship helps you to postpone that which is essential and go on doing things which are absolutely nonessential; not only nonessential but idiotic.

People are fighting about such small things that they themselves, in their saner moments, laugh about it. I have heard about a couple who were getting married in the government registrar's office. The man signed -- the woman had signed before him. As she saw the man's signature, she immediately told the registrar, "I want a divorce." The registrar said, "What has happened? You are getting married, you have just signed the marriage papers."

She said, "Yes, I have signed but things have gone sour already. Just look at the paper. I have signed in small letters and he has signed in such big letters, to show me who he is. This is the beginning of trouble -- I don't want to get into it." The bigger letters already declare the supremacy, superiority of the man.

You can change words -- I would like to change your consciousness.

The idea of permanent relationship was wrong, but it has been imposed on you by poets, by priests, by everybody. And I am not saying that two persons cannot live in deep friendship for their whole life. They can, but it should not be a conditioning, but just a flowering of friendship, open. Any day one partner can say, "I am grateful for all the beautiful moments you have given to me, but now our paths separate. In sadness ... but I will remember you always. I don't want life with you to create a hell. Then all that was beautiful will be destroyed, even the memory of it will be destroyed. Just a friendliness is enough."

My vision of a new society is that of small communes, not of big cities. A commune consisting of not more than five thousand people, so that people can know each other very easily. And the commune should take the whole responsibility for the children, and nobody should be allowed to have children unless the commune needs them. That decision will be of the commune. And now all scientific techniques are available. The society can decide what it needs -- engineers, doctors, scientists, poets, mystics. Now it is scientifically possible to choose what kind of a child you are going to give birth to, you just have to drop your old superstition that the child has to be yours.

Just as you have blood banks, you should have sperm banks in every hospital. And scientists are able now to figure out about every living sperm; they can read it, what it is going to be. Up to now we have lived a very accidental life, and perhaps the world is so full of stupid and retarded people because of that.

When two persons make love, the man releases in one lovemaking almost a million living sperm, and a great politics starts because they all run fast to reach the mother's egg. Only one will be able to enter. The mother's egg is made in such a way that it remains open until a living male sperm has entered it. The moment the sperm enters, it closes. It rarely happens that two cells reach simultaneously -- that's why twins are born -- or sometimes three, or sometimes four; but these are exceptions.

That small passage is a long journey for the small sperm. According to its size it is almost two miles long, and a great struggle ... a million people trying to reach to become the president! My understanding is that the wiser ones will stand to the side and let the idiots go ahead.

Rabindranath was the thirteenth child of his parents. If there had been birth control, Rabindranath would not have ever been born. And even without birth control there are very few people who produce thirteen children. If the parents had stopped at one dozen, which would have been more logical and a more rounded figure, Rabindranath would have been out of the game, you would never have heard of that man and his greatness.

But science has become able, within these last ten years, to read the whole future of a single sperm: whether it is going to become a scientist, whether it is going to become a poet

or a doctor or a philosopher or a mystic or a dancer or a musician. Its potential can be read. Its life pattern, in minute detail, can be read: whether it will be a healthy child or a sick child, whether it will die after six months or after a hundred years. To go on doing the old accidental thing and producing children, not knowing whom you are bringing into the world -- whether you are giving birth to an Adolf Hitler or a Benito Mussolini or a Joseph Stalin or a Ronald Reagan ... you don't have any idea. It is a very blind game. Love should be only of friendship. And if society has a need and the medical profession proves your wife to be the right vehicle for bringing a child into the world, then from their sperm bank they can find the right sperm and inject it. You can go on making love; that is a separate affair.

There has been the pill, but it was not a hundred percent foolproof. Sometimes you are not thinking that you are going to make love and you don't take the pill, and suddenly your lover turns up and you take the risk. They chance it -- it is not always that one becomes pregnant. Now they have come up with two other pills. One is to be taken after you have made love -- that is a hundred percent effective -- and for the second one the woman is not needed, just the man can take a pill. They have come up with a pill for men, too. Then the woman need not take any pill. Your love becomes pure fun, pure joy, without any responsibility and burden.

And the woman should be educated, should be given all the opportunities to become an independent individual, financially and in every other respect, so that she is no longer dependent on you. An independent woman and an independent man, just out of friendship feel good to be with

each other. As long as they feel good they remain together. The moment they feel things are going wrong, there is no need to prolong the affair. They can say good bye with gratitude towards each other. No law is needed, no government permission, no social sanction is needed -- because who are these people to interfere in your life? Yes, society can only have a concern about the children because that is going to be the future society. Society cannot allow you to produce Adolf Hitlers. But society has not done anything to prevent it. And this can be prevented. There is no need of calling it marriage or soulmates or any great words ... just hot air! Use simple words. You feel friendly towards someone and you feel joyous to be with the person. As long as you feel joyous it is valid. The moment trouble arises, you can separate. Marriage has created so much ugliness in the world, that you cannot conceive.

First, it has given accidental generations which are not produced out of understanding, out of a scientific approach, but just like animals, under the force, the blind force of biology; otherwise we can have so many beautiful people around. And the world does not consist only of a beautiful moon and beautiful stars, its greatest beauty is a beautiful person: physically, mentally, spiritually.

The by-products of marriage have been very strange. All religions are against prostitutes, but they are a by-product of marriage. In fact, prostitutes are a safety measure for marriage to remain, because by nature neither man is monogamous nor woman is monogamous. Monogamy is a kind of bondage, imprisonment. Why should you be so one-dimensional when life has given you all the

opportunities of multidimensionality? No one can say whether tomorrow you may come across a woman and you may fall in love.

The society in a subtle way approves of prostitutes. It is an arrangement for men, when they get bored with their wives. And wives also have been accepting, down the ages, the existence of the prostitute because they know the prostitute is only a commodity, she is not a competitor. The husband may go there for one day, that's all. She becomes more worried when the husband falls in love with some woman; then there is competition. With the prostitute there is no competition.

Prostitutes used to come to rich houses to dance and to give pleasure to the rich people, and it was accepted. The wife was not at all disturbed by it -- because she is only a purchased woman, she will be gone tomorrow. It is not going to be a constant problem for her. But the woman was completely confined in monogamy. It is only just now, because of the women's liberation movement in Europe and in America, that male prostitutes have become available. Now woman can also have the same opportunity that man has enjoyed for thousands of years. It is strange and ugly, but because we are going against nature we have to find some way to satisfy nature.

Polygamy is the nature of man and woman both, because polygamy is multidimensional, it is a freedom. If today I love someone and tomorrow I find someone who suits me more, then why should I be prevented? If tomorrow I find someone who is more harmonious with me, then why should I be prevented and kept in bondage? And of course, in this bondage I will be suffering and it will be a torture,

and I will take revenge on the poor woman who has done nothing to me.
So one thing: the old superstition that love is monogamous has to be dropped -- it is not. There is every evidence against it.
Secondly, the old superstition that love has to be permanent, only then is it true, is absolutely wrong. If a roseflower is not permanent, do you think it is not real? And if you are so much interested in permanency, then you can have only plastic flowers, not real roses. Those plastic flowers don't die because they don't have any life, they are already dead. Love is a very living phenomenon. In fact, life comes to its highest peak in love.
Hence, there is every possibility that what has been today a great blessing, tomorrow may not be there. It is a breeze that comes and goes. We have to accept nature as it is. To create something unnatural is going to create perversions.

"I locked my husband out of the house last week for playing around with other women," confessed the attractive young housewife. "And now he wants me to take him back. What should I do, Father?"
"You must take him back, it is your Christian duty," replied the priest, patting her hand. "But," he added as his grip tightened, "how would you like to get even with the bastard?"

After all, your priest is also a human being. You have forced him into celibacy, so he has to find ways ... Fifty percent of the monks in a Christian monastery in Ethos have declared that they are homosexuals and they are going

to remain homosexuals. You will be surprised to know that the archbishop of England has been considering a petition from many cardinals that homosexuality should be allowed, it is not against celibacy. A great idea!

The idea is that celibacy is only against heterosexual relationships. Homosexual relationship is not the question; it does not break the vow of celibacy. These poor priests, they are hung up in an unnatural situation. Naturally, they have to find some way through the back door. And they are enforcing unnaturalness on other people.

I have heard about a party of very super-rich people ... because the more rich you become, the more open you become with your perversions. You can afford it. The poor man will be condemned and crushed, will lose his job, but who can raise a finger against the super-rich? They have their private theaters in their own homes, where they can see blue movies. For them, special movies are created, absolutely ugly, of sex orgies.

There was a party of very super-rich people and they were playing a game, and the archbishop of the country was also invited. The game was so strange that the archbishop said, "I feel that I should retire. I cannot join in the game." He had come a little late so he had no idea that the game had already been going on. The game was that the lights would be turned off and all the men would stand naked and the women would find out, by touching their genitals, who the person was. If they can guess the right name, then they have the right to have the night with the person.

The archbishop said, "This goes against my religious ideology and I cannot participate." But the people laughed. They said, "Don't be a hypocrite, the game has been going

on and your name has been proposed three times. All the women seem to know you perfectly well, so don't feel shy." All these uglinesses are by-products.

Two little old ladies were chatting over the back yard fence. The first one boasted, "I went out with old man Cane last night and I had to slap him twice."
"To stop him?" asked the friend.
"No," she giggled, "to start him up."

He must be too old, maybe falling asleep. She had to slap him so he came to his senses ... what is he doing?
If you look at the back doors, it is a very hilarious situation. Marriage has proved ugly because it has perverted people into homosexuality, into sodomy, into all kinds of perversions, into pornography. It has given them the opportunity to make women slaves. Half of the population of the world has been deprived of all kinds of spiritual growth.
Women have asked again and again why there are not women as great as Gautam Buddha or Jesus or Zarathustra or Lao Tzu. Man has not allowed women even to be educated. He has not allowed women to have any financial independence. He has not allowed the woman free movement in society. At the most she can go to church. The only man available to her is the priest.
How can the woman become a Gautam Buddha? Gautam Buddhas don't grow on trees; neither they drop from the sky suddenly! They need roots in the earth and they need nourishment to grow. The woman, in the past particularly, has been continually kept pregnant. She has been used like

a factory for reproduction. And it was a biological necessity, because out of ten children, nine were dying and only one was surviving. So if you needed a few children, the wife had to be continually pregnant. There was no time for her to be a Gautam Buddha. She was not even accepted as equal to man.

Marriage has created the family: the unit of the society, the unit of the nation. Unless the family disappears, nations cannot disappear. And without the disappearance of nations, wars will continue, man will continue to butcher man. To me, marriage is one of the things that needs to be immediately abolished. With marriage abolished, prostitution will disappear. And everybody is miserable -- husbands are miserable, wives are miserable.

I have been staying with thousands of families -- everybody is miserable. And because I have been loved by so many people, the husband could open his heart to me, the wife could open her heart to me. Both are beautiful people, but together they are continuously at war. Every house has become a battlefield. And children are growing in this poisonous atmosphere. They will learn the same techniques and strategies and they will repeat them.

That's how every generation goes on giving its diseases to the new generation. Generations change, diseases have become permanent. Now we have to drop the diseases, so that the future humanity can be free from all this ugliness. Don't just give it a new name, change it from the very foundations.

Three young men arrived at the pearly gates together and St. Peter asked, "How did three healthy men like you die so soon?"
"Well," said the first, "it happened like this: I came home from work early one day and found my wife stark naked in bed, the bedcovers all a mess. I saw her glance at the open window, and so I looked out and saw a man running across the front yard. I raced into the kitchen, picked up the fridge, carried it back to the bedroom and hurled it out of the window at the running man. But unfortunately the effort was too much for me and I died."
"What about you?" St. Peter said to the second man.
"Well," he replied, "I don't know what the hell happened. I was late for an appointment so I ran out of my groundfloor apartment and some idiot dropped a fridge on my head and I died."
"And what about you?" said St. Peter to the third man.
"Well, Pete," said the man shyly, "it all started when I was in the fridge."

This is going on .... It is a hilarious situation.

Before she left her friend's house one evening, aunt Emma was warned that a sex maniac was loose in the neighborhood. When she returned to her apartment, she cautiously looked under the bed, in her closet, and behind her curtains. Then Emma switched on the light.
"Well," she sighed, "he is not here, damn it!"

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,

WHAT IS SLEEP FOR YOU? DO YOU LEAVE YOUR BODY WHILE IT IS RESTING OR DOES SLEEP HELP YOU TO STAY IN YOUR BODY?

Prem Shunyo, asleep or awake, my consciousness is in the same state. To me, sleep is samadhi. That's how Patanjali explains samadhi: a sleep without dreams; a sleep which is not unconscious, which is not like a coma, but simply a light rest for the body. But deep inside, the inner being is fully alert ... just like a candle burning all night in a dark room, where no wind comes in. It remains unwavering but goes on radiating light.

I don't feel any difference in my sleep or in my awakening. The same light and the same blissfulness and the same silence continues day in, day out. My sleep is not much of a sleep, just a thin layer of rest for the body. Inside I am all awake.

You are asking, "Do you leave your body while it is resting or does sleep help you to stay in your body?" I don't leave my body while I am asleep and neither does sleep help me to remain in the body. In fact sleep helps my body to continue functioning. My inner being, my subjectivity is awake all the time. I don't have any dreams because I don't have any repressions of anything. I am not an ascetic, I am against all repressions. I am the most natural man possible -- almost wildly natural.

Sleep is also a beautiful experience of tremendous rest. You feel the aftereffects of rest in the morning, when you wake up. It is only inference for you that sleep must have refreshed you, must have taken away all tiredness, must have rejuvenated you; but these are your inferences. To me,

these are my eyewitness experiences. While the body is resting, relaxing, regaining its strength, I am watching it. It is not in the morning that I find my body is relaxed, I find it relaxed simultaneously as it is resting. And there is no need to leave the body.

My work is of a totally different kind. I don't want to interfere in anybody's life; otherwise it has been done, it can be done: one can leave the body and while somebody else is asleep, can work upon the person. But it is an infringement of somebody's freedom, and I am absolutely against any infringement, even if it is for your good, because to me freedom is the ultimate value.

I respect you as you are, and because of my respect I go on telling you that much more is possible. But that does not mean that if you don't change, I will not respect you. That does not mean that if you change, I will respect you more. My respect will remain constant, whether you change or not, whether you are with me or against me. I respect your humanity and I respect your intelligence.

Rather than working in a way in which you will not be conscious, my work is absolutely to confront you consciously. And my experience is that this way is the best way and the right way. Coming from the back door in your sleep and changing things, in the first place is a criminal offense -- although nobody can see the crime or catch the criminal, because it is absolutely invisible. You will never know, but the change that will happen to you will always remain something foreign, as if it has been imposed on you, and you will feel a certain tension.

I can make you more loving by coming to you in your sleep. And you will become more loving but your love will

have a certain tension, it will not be relaxed, because you have not really changed; it has not come from your own understanding. It has to come consciously from your own understanding. So my work has a very different approach. I go on talking to you, making every effort that you listen and you understand, and if something comes out of that, it is your own. And what is your own is the only real treasure.

Hymie Goldberg was down on his luck, so he went to the local synagogue and approached the rabbi. "All I need is fifty dollars to get me out of debt," sobbed Hymie. "I keep praying to God but he does not answer my prayers."
"Don't lose faith," said the rabbi. "You must keep praying."
After Hymie left, the rabbi began to feel sorry for him. "I don't make much money," he thought, "but that poor man needs help. Perhaps I will give him twenty-five dollars out of my own pocket."
The next day the rabbi went to Hymie's house and handed him an envelope with twenty-five dollars inside and said, "Here, Hymie, God has sent this for you."
After saying good bye to the rabbi, Hymie closed the door, looked inside the envelope and bowed his head. "But next time you send money," he said to God, "please send it directly to me. That bastard rabbi kept half of it!"

Things should be done directly, with your understanding; otherwise there is going to be a mess, a conflict. I can give you some change, but it will not have roots in you. So it will be something polished, just on the surface. Deep inside you will be still carrying your old garbage.

A drunk walked into an open elevator shaft and fell twenty-four stories straight down. Shakily he stood up, brushed himself off, carefully adjusted his hat and shouted, "Damn, I said `Up!'"

In your unconsciousness, in your sleep, I don't want to disturb you. My approach is purely of individual respect and respect for your consciousness, and I have immense trust in my love and in my respect towards your consciousness, that it will change you. And that change will be authentic, total, irreversible.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn

Chapter #21

Chapter title: Genetic science: for those who love creation
28 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I HEARD YOU SPEAK OF SCIENTISTS CHOOSING FUTURE PEOPLE FROM THEIR GENETIC ANALYSIS OF SPERMS. I HAVE NO TRUST IN SCIENTISTS, OR DOCTORS OR ANYBODY WHOSE KNOWLEDGE EXTENDS NO FURTHER THAN THEIR HEAD. I INTUITIVELY FEEL THAT GENETICS PLAYS ONLY A SMALL ROLE IN DETERMINING WHAT A PERSON BECOMES. A GARDENER MAY WELL

HAVE BECOME A MUSICIAN; A SOLDIER MAY HAVE THE POTENTIAL TO BE A SCIENTIST. SURELY WHAT A MAN IS, IS NO MEASURE OF WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN IN DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES.
BELOVED MASTER, WHO COULD HAVE FORESEEN A OSHO IN THE SPERM AND EGG OF YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER? PLEASE SPEAK MORE ON THE UNDERLYING SANITY BEHIND YOUR SUGGESTION -- WHICH I CANNOT SEE BECAUSE OF MY FEAR OF TOTALITARIAN REGIMES.

Devageet, I can understand your concern; it is my concern too. But there are many things to be understood. The first is, never act out of fear. If man had acted out of fear there would have been no progress possible.
For example, the people who invented bicycles ... can you ever think of any danger? It is simply inconceivable that bicycles can be dangerous. But then the Wright brothers made the first flying machine out of the parts of bicycles. The whole world rejoiced -- because nobody could have foreseen that airplanes would be used to destroy cities, millions of people, in the first world war.
But the same airplanes are carrying millions of people around the world. They have made the world small, they have made it possible to call the world just a global village. They have made bridges between peoples, they have brought together people of different races, religions, languages in such a way that no other invention has been able to do. So the first thing to remember is that acting out of fear is not the right way.

Act cautiously, with consciousness, remembering the possibilities and the dangers, and creating the atmosphere to prevent those dangers. Now, what can be more dangerous than nuclear weapons in the hands of the politicians? You have put the most dangerous thing into their hands.

Now, in fact there is no need to be afraid; even nuclear weapons can be used creatively. And I have a deep trust in life, that they will be used creatively. Life cannot allow itself to be destroyed so easily, it is going to give tremendous resistance. In that resistance is hidden the birth of a new man, of a new dawn, of a new order, of the whole of life and existence.

According to me, nuclear weapons have made a great war impossible. Gautam Buddha could not do it, Jesus Christ could not do it. All the saints of the world together have been talking about nonviolence, no war; they could not succeed. But nuclear weapons have done their job.

Seeing that the danger is so big, all the politicians are trembling deep down, that if a third world war begins the whole of life will be destroyed -- and they will be included in it. They cannot save themselves. Nothing can be saved.

This is a great chance for all those who love creation. This is the moment when we can turn the whole trend of science towards creativity.

Remember one thing: that science is neutral. It simply gives you power. Now, how to use it depends on you, depends on the whole of humanity and its intelligence. Science gives us more power to create a better life, to create more comfortable living, to create more healthy human beings --

rather than preventing ... just out of fear that some totalitarian power may misuse it.

Everything can be misused. And Devageet himself is a doctor; he himself belongs to the category of scientists. He should understand one thing, that everything that can harm can also be of tremendous benefit. Don't condemn anything, just raise the consciousness of human beings. Otherwise you are falling into the same fallacy into which Mahatma Gandhi has fallen.

Once you start acting out of fear, where are you going to stop? Mahatma Gandhi was using the same logic, and he stopped at the spinning wheel. That must have been invented at least twenty thousand years ago and he did not want to go beyond that. He wanted everything that has been invented after the spinning wheel to be destroyed. He was against railway trains, because in India railway trains have been used to make the whole country a slave.

These railway trains in India were not created for people's comfort and their service. They were created to move armies, so that within hours armies can move from one part of the country to another part. This is a vast country. There are places which, even by railway train, you can only reach in six days' time. It is almost a subcontinent; and to control this country they had to spread a big network of railway trains. Its basic purpose was the army and the army's movement.

But that cannot make us decide that railway trains should be destroyed. That would mean the movement of man is curtailed, he falls back into the Dark Ages. Mahatma Gandhi was not in favor even of innocent things like telegrams, telegraphs, the post office, because they were all

used in India, in the beginning, to control the country. Slowly, slowly they were changed into public services. Every invention has been used first by the military, by the war-mongers, and finally they have come to be used by the people.

What is needed is not to go backwards; otherwise you will destroy the whole humanity. What is needed is to go forwards and learn some lesson from the past: so that, as scientific technology develops, simultaneously human consciousness should develop. And that will be the protection against technology being used as something harmful to mankind.

My basic disagreement with Mahatma Gandhi has been this: that he was dragging humanity backwards.

First, horses were used by the soldiers. Do you mean to say that horses should not be used any more? In fact, every vehicle has been used in the beginning in the service of death. Now there are all kinds of medicines; and allopathic medicines -- which is the official science in the world as far as medicines are concerned -- are mostly poisons. They are in the hands of the powerful.

Now there has been great concern that the Soviet Union is developing a certain ray called a death ray. It can be extracted from the sunrays; it does not reach us because there is a certain layer of ozone around the earth which prevents it from entering. Ozone turns the death rays back. But we only became aware of it when our first rockets went to the moon. They made holes in the ozone layer and death rays entered. And immediately the cancer rate went so high that it was unbelievable -- what has happened? And then it was found that there are some rays reaching the earth which

have never been reaching before. The Soviet Union has been trying to generate those death rays rather than sending nuclear weapons and missiles and airplanes loaded with bombs without pilots, controlled just by remote control. They are trying to find a far more refined way. Just sending rays ... you cannot do anything against those rays, they are not even visible. And they will not destroy anything, houses will remain intact. They will simply destroy only living things -- man, birds, animals, trees, anything that has any kind of life. The moment the death ray touches it, life disappears. It will create really a tremendous nightmare. Houses will be there, streets will be there, shops will be there, everything will be there, just life will not be there. But even then I would not say, not to investigate death rays. As the Russians began to work on death rays, America immediately started to work on how to prevent them, how to detect them, how to turn them back, how to create anti-death rays. And there is a possibility ... Perhaps in the future, even if man does not use these things, if the ozone layer starts breaking in different parts and death rays enter into the atmosphere, we will be able to create anti-death rays to turn them back. We may be able to create, closer to us, another ozone layer.

So one should not act out of fear; one should see the whole perspective. If there is fear, that means the fear comes not from the power generated by science, the fear comes from the unconscious man. In his hands everything becomes poisonous, dangerous.

Change the man, don't stop progressive science. For example, what I have told you was the latest findings of genetic scientists. Up to now we have lived accidentally, in

the hands of blind biology. You don't know what kind of child you are going to give birth to -- blind, retarded, crippled, ugly; and he will suffer his whole life. And in an unconscious way you are responsible, because you never bothered to figure out some way that only healthy children -- not blind, not deaf, not dumb, not retarded, not insane -- are born.

And particularly now, when children are born with AIDS, you have to take some steps to choose which children should be born and which children should not be born. The children born with AIDS are bringing death to themselves, to their family, to their friends. They will go to the schools, they will go to the colleges, and they will spread it. And finally they will get married, and they will produce children who will have AIDS.

Now, unless we listen to the genetic scientists, there is no way to prevent it. Devageet is perhaps not aware that genetic science is able to exactly figure out a few things: for example, whether the child born out of a certain combination of male and female energy is going to be healthy or not.

In Tibet, in the past they used a very strange method, very primitive; but you cannot be angry against them, they had to use it. It was a very barbarous method. Whenever a child was born, immediately it was dipped in ice-cold water seven times. Out of ten children, nine children used to die -- the ice cold water ... Immediately after the child is born, the first thing is to dip him into ice-cold water. He will become blue by the seventh time; you are just dipping a corpse.

But it was absolutely necessary, because Tibet is the highest land in the world, at the top of Himalayas. Life is very hard, it needs very strong people, and the cold is killing. Unless a child is able to cope, it is better he dies. It was out of compassion, not out of cruelty. It is better that he dies rather than suffer his whole life. He will not be able to function, will not be able to work. And the land needs people who can tolerate that much cold and still work, produce. This was an ancient type of genetics. They were choosing -- although they had no idea how to do it. But somehow they managed to choose the healthiest people. Hence the outcome has been that Tibetans have lived the longest, because all the people who would have died in the middle somewhere have been finished on their first entry into the world. They were returned unopened! And the people who remained were really strong, really stubborn. They have lived a long life and a very healthy life, because they eliminated all the weaklings from the very beginning. And it was part of compassion. Why allow a person to live who is going to suffer his whole life from all kinds of diseases, sicknesses, weakness? He will not be able to enjoy life at all.

Genetic scientists cannot say in detail that this man will become a doctor, or an engineer, or a gardener, but they can say a few things very definitively and a few things as possibilities. About health they can say very definitively; what kind of diseases the child will suffer from they can say very definitively. So precautions can be taken, and the child can be saved from suffering from those diseases. They can certainly and very definitively say how long the child will live. Measures can be taken to prolong his life.

On the side of possibilities, they can say that this child has a possibility, a potential for being a musician. That does not mean that he cannot become a doctor; that simply means that if the right opportunities are given to him he will become a musician rather than becoming a doctor. And if he does not become a musician and becomes a doctor, he will never find fulfillment. His innermost being will remain missing something.

So if the genetic scientist can say that these are the possibilities, the society, the parents, the commune, can make certain opportunities available to the child. Right now, we don't know what his potential is. We have to decide; parents are in a dilemma where to send the child: to an engineering college, to a medical college, to a carpentry workshop, or to a car mechanic. Where to send him, and how to decide? Their decision comes out of financial considerations. That is the only way for them to decide -- which way the child will be a success financially, comfortable, prestigious. That may not be the potential of the child, but parents have no idea.

The genetic scientists can simply give you the possibilities. They are not saying these are certainties, that whatever you do this child will become a musician. They are not saying that, because nature can be diverted by nurture. If you stop all possibilities for him to become a musician and you force him to become a doctor, he will become a doctor; but he will be a doctor his whole life unwillingly, without any joy. Nurture is important, but if we know exactly what the possibilities are, we can help the child through the right kind of nurture. Then nature and nurture can function harmoniously together and create a better human being,

more contented with himself, more joyous, and creating a more beautiful world around him.

Only on one point are you right: genetics is capable of giving the potential about everything except enlightenment, because enlightenment is not part of a biological program. It is something beyond biology.

Hence, in genetic science there is no way to say that this person is going to become enlightened. At the most they can say this person will have a leaning more towards spirituality, mysticism, more towards the unknown; but if these leanings are known, we can provide the nurture for him. And the world will have more enlightened people than has ever been possible before.

The fear that Devageet feels is that if genetics falls into the hands of totalitarian governments, they will start choosing children who will be obedient to the status quo, who will not be revolutionaries, who will never become rebellious, who will be always ready to become slaves without any resistance.

That fear is there, but that fear can be avoided. Why give the power to totalitarian governments? I am giving you a whole program for society.

My first idea is, nations should disappear. There should be a world government which is only functional. And there is no problem of its being afraid about revolution because it will be a servant of the people. And the functionaries of the world government will be only a Rotary Club. They will go on changing each year. Nobody will be in power for more than one year, no one will be allowed to be in power in the government again.

Only one time, for one year -- what can he do? And his power is not totalitarian. The people who have chosen him have the right to recall him at any moment. Just fifty-one percent of the voters who have chosen him give a signature to the government that they want him to be recalled -- he is going against the interest of the people -- and the person loses all his power. His power is not given to him for five years without any restraint. Anyway he is going to be out of power at the end of the year, and he will never see power again, so he will make the most of it, to do something that will make him be remembered. And if he tries to do any harm, we have the possibility of recalling him. Just fifty-one percent of the voters are needed to sign a petition and the person can be out.

My plan is complete for the whole society; it is not fragmentary. Big cities, by and by, should disappear; small communes should take their place. Families should disappear, so there is no loyalty towards a family, no loyalty towards a nation. Children are brought up by the commune, not by the parents. And it is to be decided by the commune how many children are needed, because as people's lives become longer we will need less and less children. If the old people are going to stay longer, then for new guests we don't have any room.

In the past it was possible -- go on producing children, as many as you can. A woman was almost always pregnant, until the day she became unable to be pregnant. She went on producing like a factory -- because people's life span was very small.

The findings are that five thousand years ago, nobody lived more than forty years. Not a single skeleton has been

found, of this age, in the whole world, which has been proved to be more than forty years old. When a man died, he was not more than forty years old -- and this may be the highest age limit, not the average. When people were dying at thirty-five years or forty years of age, naturally there was much space for the new people to come up and take over. But genetic scientists also say that everybody is by nature capable of living at least three hundred years -- and remain young. Old age can be abolished. And it will be a great revolution, because if an Albert Einstein can go on working for three hundred years, if a Gautam Buddha can go on preaching for three hundred years, if all the great poets and mystics and scientists and painters can go on working, refining their methods, refining their language, their poetry, refining their techniques, technology, the world will be immensely rich.

This is a very great wastage as it is now. When a man really comes of age, death starts knocking on his door. It is very strange -- it brings new people who know nothing. Now bring them up, educate them, train them, discipline them, and by the time they are really mature, retire them. When they are really capable of doing something, the time of retirement comes. And after retirement nobody lives more than ten or fifteen years, because after retirement one becomes absolutely useless, and he himself starts feeling a burden on the children, on the society. He loses all his respectability, prestige, power. He becomes an outsider, an unwelcome guest who is just reluctant to die.

You may not be aware that the generation gap has never been in existence in the past. The generation gap is a new phenomenon that has come into existence just now because

people are living longer. Now a ninety-year-old father ... three other generations have come into existence. His son is seventy years old, his grandson is fifty years old, his great grandson is thirty years old. Now the distance is so great that the great grandson has no connection at all: Who is this old man, and why does he go on hanging around? -- an unnecessary trouble and always irritated, always angry, always ready to freak out. What purpose is there?

In the past, people never saw four or five generations together; hence there were no generation gaps. I don't even know the name of my great grandfather. I asked my father. He said, "I don't know myself. The names that you know are the names I know. More than that, I know nothing." Now in the Caucasus, where there are a few people who are living at the age of one hundred and eighty, what do you think? Seventh, eighth generation children will be in their houses and they will not recognize them. These people should have been in their graves long before -- that was the usual way. So foreigners are living in the house, one house. They don't speak each other's language because the times have changed. They don't understand each other's fashions, they don't understand each other's music, each other's religion. There is nothing in common at all.

If we continue to live accidentally, then the situation is going to become worse. It is better that society takes a new formulation, a totally new program. Old programs have failed. The commune is the new unit of the world. No more family, no more nation -- communes and an international humanity.

The commune is decisive in creating what is needed, because right now you need doctors but doctors are not

there. Engineers are unemployed because there are too many engineers; or you need engineers and engineers are not there. There is no planning of life, it is just going zigzag, accidentally. That's why there are so many unemployed people; otherwise there is no need, there should not be a single person unemployed. You should not produce more people than you can give employment to. As machines are becoming more and more capable of doing the work of man, more efficient than man, without asking for higher wages, without going on strike, without changing shifts -- twenty-four hours they go on producing; a single machine can work in place of a thousand people -- more and more people will be becoming unemployed.

It is better to plan, so that you have only as many people as you need. And why not have the best? Why not drop this mob that surrounds the earth? This mob is the most dangerous thing, because it plays into the hands of any cunning politician.

The mob has no mind of its own, no intelligence of its own. We can create individuals with great intelligence, individuality, and each generation will be a better generation than the outgoing one. Then evolution will be in leaps and bounds; otherwise we are stuck. We have been stuck for thousands of years, only things go on growing -- better cars, better airplanes, better bombs, but not better human beings.

If man is stuck and everything goes on growing, it is a dangerous situation. Man will be burdened with his own progress, with his own technology, with his own science. Man should also grow; man should always remain ahead.

I understand Devageet's concern, but I don't agree with it. I always see a ray of light in the darkest night. And howsoever dark the night may be, there is always a possibility for the dawn to be very close.
I am in favor of every scientific progress, but the progress should be in the hands of creative people, the progress should not be in the hands of war-mongers. War can now be stopped and war-mongers can disappear. This is possible for the first time in the history of man. Hence, don't be afraid of totalitarian people.
It is true that genetic scientists cannot say anything definitely; perhaps in the future they will be more definite. It is a very new discovery, to read the future possibilities in human sperm. It is just the beginning. Perhaps within five years, ten years' time, what we are now just able to say as a possibility we will be able to say as a certainty. Then the nurture is in our hands, so that we can give a harmonious nurture, knowing the possibility, and create more harmonious beings.
Devageet, look positively at things, don't look negatively. I have heard ....

Hymie Goldberg goes to visit his gay friend lying on his deathbed. Hymie's friend is whining and snivelling about the negative side of his life. Hymie, in an attempt to cheer up his friend, says in a consoling voice, "Don't just look at the dark side of things. At least your AIDS test was positive!"

Just look at the positive side, whatever the circumstance may be.

The genetic scientists have also been trying to change the program which is already determined by biology. Up to now they have not been able to split the living cell of the sperm, just the way they have been able to split the atom. But it took three hundred years of physical research to split matter into atomic energy. It may take a few years, but I am absolutely certain that they will be able to split the living human sperm also. And once they are able to split it, they can reprogram it. The whole program is there.

You will be surprised to know that once in a while there are twins born. Twins are of two types: two-egg twins and one-egg twins. Once in a while this accident happens, that the mother releases two eggs -- which is very rare. Then naturally two male sperm enter the two eggs. These are also twins, but they have differences because their mother cells are different. Once in a while just one egg is released but two male sperm reach the mother cell exactly at the same time, so as the door opens they get in. Then a rare variety of twins is born, which is one-egg twins.

They look exactly similar, and experiments on these twins have given great insights to genetic scientists, because these twins ... One may be living in Europe and one may be living in China. In China there may be some disease that the child falls sick of. In Europe the disease is not there, but the twin child in Europe will fall sick of the same disease of which his brother has fallen sick -- without being informed about it.

They will have at the same time colds, headaches, and they will die almost simultaneously, wherever they are. That gave genetic scientists the first idea that there must be a fixed and determined program; otherwise how is it

happening? It cannot be infection because one boy is in Europe and one boy is in China. Why should they have headaches at the same time? They feel angry at the same time, they feel sad at the same time.
It seems it is beyond their capacity to be sad or angry -- it is something in their program. They die almost simultaneously; at the most the difference has been found to be three months, but not more than that. Mostly it is the same day, but at the most the difference has been only of three months.
If we can change the genetic program, life can have a very different flavor. We can change the many stupidities that man is prone to. We can change man's lust for power, we can change man's desire to be somebody special, we can change jealousy -- we can simply remove it and we can put in new qualities, as a program.
It is not that you are not ashamed of your jealousy, your anger, your lust for power, but what can you do? Somehow you feel that you are caught in some blind force that drives you nuts.

A husband and wife were having a fight. "Look, honey," the husband said, "can't we discuss this sensibly?"
"No, no, no!" she shouted, and stamped her foot. "Every time we discuss things sensibly I lose."

We have to change the woman's genetic program, so that every time she discusses sensibly she does not have to lose. She knows perfectly well, that "sensibly" is not the way to win. Behave as crazily as possible, do absolutely absurd

things. Make the whole neighborhood know and the husband will be afraid, and he will say, "You are right." They know the whole question is not being sensible or not sensible. The question is, who wins. Victory decides whether your means were right or wrong. But this has to be changed. This destroys something in the individuality of women. Reason will give them a beauty. Intelligence will give them something that will make them not only physically beautiful, but will make them also mentally more developed.

Otherwise, even the most beautiful women in the world are not capable of having a good conversation. They are mostly vegetables. They look beautiful, so it is always good to look at somebody else's woman because you are only looking; the other man knows how she behaves, what she says, what she does. But she is not responsible, it is the biological programming.

Genetics relieves you of your burden. Man has a very chauvinistic, egoistic idea about himself. That is his program. It makes him look very stupid.

Jerry was visiting his married friends Ethel and Richard. "Rich, I can't help it," said Jerry, "but Ethel really turns me on. If I could pinch her on the backside just once, I would give her five thousand dollars."

"For that kind of money," said Richard, "I don't think Ethel would mind. Go ahead, pinch her."

Ethel leaned over a chair, lifted her skirt and exposed her bare behind. Jerry took a long, thoughtful look at it. Finally, after about five minutes he said, "I just can't do it."

"Why not?" asked Richard. "Have you not got the nerve? "

"It is not that," said Jerry. "I have not got the money."

But the desire is there ... what to do?
I am in every way in favor of genetic reprogramming of men and women. What kind of nonsense is this? Pinching! And in every crowd men are doing that. Every woman knows when she has been pinched, and she cannot conceive what this man is getting out of it. But the man is ready to give five thousand dollars, which he has not got! Some blind force which is not within his control ...
Unless we change the whole program of men and women, we will not have a new world. We have to drop all fears. And I repeat again, never act out of fear. Any action out of fear is going to lead us backwards.
Act with consciousness, cautiously. Use every preventive measure so that what you are doing cannot be misused, but don't look backward. Life is ahead and in the future.
Because of this point I have angered all of India's Gandhians; if it weren't for this they would be my followers. Even the president of the ruling party and the ministers and the chief ministers, all used to attend the meditation camps.
But the day I started saying things against Mahatma Gandhi, they became afraid. Nobody answered me, but they became afraid: "You should not say anything against Mahatma Gandhi."
I said, "I am not saying anything against him, but what he is proposing is a backward step, taking man back to primitive ages, making him more barbarous. He is already barbarous."

But the people who are acting out of fear think perhaps it is good that all scientific progress is stopped and all scientific technology is drowned in the ocean, and man goes back to when there was not even kerosene oil, when there were no clothes -- you had to spin your own clothes.

If you spin your own clothes eight hours per day, in a year you will be able to clothe yourself, your bed, but what you are going to eat? And if some day you fall sick, from where will you get the medicine? And what are you going to feed to your children, and how are you going to feed your old father and mother and your wife? And how are the children going to be educated? -- who is going to pay their fees and their expenses? One man has to be involved for eight hours just making his own clothes.

Such a society will be so poor ... no education. But Gandhi is against education because education is being misused. His whole philosophy is based on fear: anything that can be misused ... But you are talking such nonsense -- anything can be misused. There is not a single thing in the world which cannot be misused. If you are just living in paranoia then everything has to be renounced.

In my home town, my father's shop was in front of a row of barber's saloons. And I used to go to those saloons because they used to have newspapers, magazines for their customers. I was not a customer of anybody, but I used to go for their magazines and their newspapers.

The principal of my school used to come to a certain shop for his beard to be shaved, his hair to be cut. But he never talked with the barber. And that barber was so talkative that a thing that could be done in five minutes would take fifty minutes, because he would go so slow and he would talk so

much. And I saw that my principal was simply saying, "Yes, yes, mmm, yes ..." He would never talk to him.
One day I caught hold of him outside the shop. I said, "This is strange, he goes on saying anything and you don't even talk."
He said, "You don't understand, that man is almost mad. You have not heard what he is saying. He is saying anything -- I have not asked, I am not interested. And moreover, he has that big razor blade just near my throat. If I say something ... And he looks like a very angry man, because he is always saying that `We will destroy this whole government,' and this and that, so I have to simply be silent.
"Politics cannot be discussed, religion cannot be discussed, because he is such a fanatic. Instead of cutting my hair he will cut my throat! He will not take a single moment to think. My life is at risk and you are asking me, `Why don't you talk to that man?'"
I said, "Then I can help you to find a better barber." He said, "No, I don't want to change either because this one I am accustomed to. I don't know about others." He was an outsider in the city.
So he said, "I don't want to get into trouble. This one at least simply talks and bores me, takes a long time -- but no harm ... And I have become accustomed."
I said, "It is up to you; otherwise I have an acquaintance with a barber. If you want he can do you without taking any money."
He said, "I don't want to take any risk. A man who can do it without money -- he is dangerous from the very beginning. Why should he do it without taking money?"

I said, "Because he does things. He is an opium addict." What punks are sometimes doing in the West now, that man in that village was doing fifty years ago. He would simply cut off half of your hair -- just on any whim. And when you asked, "What are you doing?" when you looked in the mirror, "What have you done?" he would say, "Don't be angry. If you don't like it, don't give me any money, I have done it for free. You get lost. I have wasted my time and you don't have any appreciation."

But, the man could not move in that situation because punks were not known at that time. They are not known even now in India. Sometimes he would cut half the mustache and would say, "Wait, I am coming." And the man would say, "Where are you going?"

He said, "I am just going to take a cup of tea. Just sit down. And I have cut half the mustache considerably, so that you cannot escape from here."

I have seen people sitting for hours. Once he was gone, he was gone. If he came back on the same day it was great fortune, because he was such a good conversationalist that anybody could catch hold of him and he would sit there and he would start talking. And he would forget all about his shop. I have seen people sitting there for hours, and they would say, "My God, is this man going to come back or not?"

I said, "Don't be worried, he will come because he has to close the shop."

They said, "To close the shop? That is the whole day. Shops are closed at eight o'clock in the evening and now it is just ten o'clock in the morning."

I said, "You can go and have your lunch and come back. You don't be worried, he will come."
And mostly it happened that he would come only when the shop had to be closed; otherwise that was an illegal act, keeping the shop open after eight o'clock. That's why he had to come. And he would see the man sitting there and say, "What are you doing, when there is nobody here? Who are you? What are you doing here?"
The man said, "Have you forgotten me? In the morning you cut half of my mustache." He would say, "Yes, I remember. I remember that sometime I cut half of somebody's mustache. So you are that fellow! Come tomorrow, because now it is time to close the shop. Otherwise I will be in trouble -- the police may come and you will be in trouble. Why are you sitting here?"
The man said, "This is strange." So he said, "You can go, I will not charge you." And the man had wasted the whole day!
He said, "At least cut my half mustache. And I had not told you to cut my mustache at all. I had come to have my beard shaved. I have been always proud of my mustache and you have destroyed my mustache."
The barber was a very philosophical man. He said, "Don't be worried, hairs grow. They will grow again. Don't be worried, I have not cut off your nose. Just feel fortunate, because once the nose is cut off, it never grows." He would cut half of the mustache and the man would rush out angry -- but what to do? And the principal knew about it, he had heard many stories.
When I told him that "This is the place," he said, "You are getting me into trouble. Can't you stop making trouble for

people? You create trouble for your teachers, you create trouble for your fellow students. I don't get in your way. Every day I receive reports against you. I just go on keeping them in the file, because I don't want to encounter you unnecessarily. I have not done any harm to you and you are introducing me to that opium addict."

There are all kinds of people in the world. These people could have been totally different, just they need a different program from the very beginning.

There are so many criminals in your jails. In America, they have so many jails and so many criminals that American judges have been telling the government, "If you don't create more jails, close the courts, we cannot send anybody to jail -- there is no space. Once we send somebody to jail, we have to release somebody else, although he should still remain in jail for two or three years. We have to release him just to make space for the new criminal."

The whole world is full of jails, and these people only have the wrong genetic program. They are victims of a blind biological force. And, Devageet, do you want to continue this accidental humanity? Don't you want it to be well-planned -- intelligently, consciously? I understand your fear, but that can be avoided. That should be avoided. But progress cannot be dropped.

In every way we can create a man who is really a superman, who has never existed except in the dreams of great poets and great mystics. That superman has to be made a reality. Genetic science and engineering can help immensely.

Little Eddy was doing his arithmetic homework. "Three plus one, the son of a bitch, is four," he was saying. "Three plus two, the son of a bitch, is five. Three plus three, the son of a bitch, is six." And so on.
Eddy's mom was horrified when she overheard him. The next day she went to see what kind of arithmetic his teacher was teaching.
"I don't quite understand where Eddy has picked this language up," said the teacher. "I simply teach the children to say: three plus one, the sum of which is four; three plus two, the sum of which is five."

But not only little Eddy, even your oldest citizens of the world are living in such a misunderstanding about everything.
In spite of the dangers we have to take steps to change this situation. Man's intelligence is absolutely dependent on his genetic heritage. We can have as many Albert Einsteins as we need, we can have as many Rabindranath Tagores as we need, we can have as many Nijinskys as we need. The world can be such a beautiful place. But certainly there are risks and there are dangers, and I am aware of them more than you are aware of them, Devageet. But still, I want to take all the risks because man has nothing to lose -- he has got nothing. So why be so much afraid? He has everything to gain and he has nothing to lose.
The risk can be taken -- yes, with consciousness, with awareness. Hence I am teaching all the time how to be more aware, how to be more conscious, because much has to be done once we have a certain portion of humanity alert

and conscious. Those will be our guardians, our guards against technology being used in any way for evil purposes. We can take every protective measure, but we cannot go backwards.

Okay Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #22
Chapter title: Compassion - love come of age
29 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
BUDDHA WAS SAYING AGAIN AND AGAIN TO HIS DISCIPLES THAT MEDITATION AND COMPASSION SHOULD GROW SIDE BY SIDE. THESE DAYS I HAVE BEEN FEELING YOUR COMPASSION AS NEVER BEFORE, AND I HAVE ALSO BEEN FEELING THE URGE TO START LEARNING FROM IT, AT LEAST THE ABC. FOR NOW, THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES ME FEEL CLOSE TO IT ARE THOSE WARM TEARS THAT FLOW DOWN MY CHEEKS AS I LOOK AT YOU.
BELOVED, CAN YOU PLEASE TALK ABOUT COMPASSION, AND HOW TO GO INTO IT FROM THE STAGE I'M AT.

Chidananda, Gautam Buddha's emphasis on compassion was a very new phenomenon as far as the mystics of old were concerned. Gautam Buddha makes a historical dividing line from the past; before him meditation was enough, nobody had emphasized compassion together with meditation. And the reason was that meditation brings enlightenment, your blossoming, your ultimate expression of being. What more do you need? As far as the individual is concerned, meditation is enough. Gautam Buddha's greatness consists in introducing compassion even before you start meditating. You should be more loving, more kind, more compassionate.

There is a hidden science behind it. Before a man becomes enlightened, if he has a heart full of compassion there is a possibility that after meditation he will help others to achieve the same beautitude, to the same height, to the same celebration as he has achieved. Gautam Buddha makes it possible for enlightenment to be infectious. But if the person feels that he has come back home, why bother about anybody else?

Buddha makes enlightenment for the first time unselfish; he makes it a social responsibility. It is a great change. But compassion should be learned before enlightenment happens. If it is not learned before, then after enlightenment there is nothing to learn. When one becomes so ecstatic in himself then even compassion seems to be preventing his own joy -- a kind of disturbance in his ecstasy ... That's why there have been hundreds of enlightened people, but very few masters.

To be enlightened does not mean necessarily that you will become a master. Becoming a master means you have

tremendous compassion, and you feel ashamed to go alone into those beautiful spaces that enlightenment makes available. You want to help the people who are blind, in darkness, groping their way. It becomes a joy to help them, it is not a disturbance.

In fact, it becomes a richer ecstasy when you see so many people flowering around you; you are not a solitary tree who has blossomed in a forest where no other tree is blossoming. When the whole forest blossoms with you, the joy becomes a thousandfold; you have used your enlightenment to bring a revolution in the world. Gautam Buddha is not only enlightened, but an enlightened revolutionary.

His concern with the world, with people, is immense. He was teaching his disciples that when you meditate and you feel silence, serenity, a deep joy bubbling inside your being, don't hold onto it; give it to the whole world. And don't be worried, because the more you give it, the more you will become capable of getting it. The gesture of giving is of tremendous importance once you know that giving does not take anything from you; on the contrary, it multiplies your experiences. But the man who has never been compassionate does not know the secret of giving, does not know the secret of sharing.

It happened that one of his disciples, a layman -- he was not a sannyasin, but he was very much devoted to Gautam Buddha -- said, "I will do it ... but I want just to make one exception. I will give all my joy and all my meditation and all my inner treasures to the whole world -- except my neighbor, because that fellow is really nasty."

Neighbors are always enemies. Gautam Buddha said to him, "You forget the world, you simply give to your neighbor."
He said, "What are you saying?"
Buddha said, "If you can give to your neighbor, only then will you be freed from this antagonistic attitude towards a human being."
Compassion basically means accepting people's frailties, their weaknesses, not expecting them to behave like gods. That is cruelty, because they will not be able to behave like gods and then they will fall in your estimation, and they will also fall in their own self-respect. You have dangerously crippled them, you have damaged their dignity. One of the fundamentals of compassion is to make everybody dignified, everybody aware that what has happened to you can happen to him; that he is not a hopeless case, that he is not unworthy, that enlightenment is not to be deserved, it is your very self-nature.
But these words should come from the enlightened man, only then can they create trust. If they come from unenlightened scholars, they cannot create trust. The word, through the enlightened man, starts breathing, starts having a heartbeat of its own. It becomes living, it goes directly into your heart -- it is not an intellectual gymnastics. But with the scholar it is a different thing. He himself is not certain of what he is talking about, what he is writing about. He is in the same uncertainty as you are.

Gautam Buddha is one of the landmarks in the evolution of consciousness; his contribution is great, immeasurable. And in his contribution, the idea of compassion is the most

essential. But you have to remember that by being compassionate you don't become higher; otherwise you spoil the whole thing. It becomes an ego trip. Remember not to humiliate the other person by being compassionate; otherwise you are not being compassionate, behind the words you are enjoying their humiliation.

Compassion has to be understood, because it is love come of age. Ordinary love is very childish, it is a good game for teenagers. The faster you grow out of it the better, because your love is a blind biological force. It has nothing to do with your spiritual growth; that's why all love affairs turn in a strange way, become very bitter.

That which was so alluring, so exciting, so challenging, for which you could have died ... now you could still die -- but not for it, you could die to get rid of it.

A great psychologist, Alfred Adler, went to a madhouse to see in what condition the mad people were, what their problems were, and if he and his understanding about man's psychology could be of any help.

The superintendent knew he was a world famous figure ... but there happened to be a very strange case. He saw a man behind bars, in a cell, who was keeping a photograph on his chest -- and tears were coming from his eyes. Alfred Adler knew the man, because the man was a professor in the university where Alfred Adler had addressed the professors many times. He was a very learned man. What had happened to this poor guy?

The superintendent said, "It is a very complicated and strange story. When you know the whole of it, you will not be able to believe it. He loved a woman -- the picture is of that woman. He still loves her, he cannot forget her for a

moment. He never loses hold of the picture; even in the night he sleeps with the picture. And these tears ... one cannot believe how many tears he has. They seem to be inexhaustible, they go on flowing. Because the woman refused to marry him, that triggered something in him and he went mad.

"Now he does not talk to anyone. We have tried in every possible way to break the ice and somehow bring him back to normality, but he does not talk, he does not want to see anybody. If you go in front of him, he closes his eyes. He wants to see only his beloved. That picture is more real to him than anything else in the world. And that `no' is hurting him so deeply ... he eats well but he goes on losing weight. He has become almost a skeleton."

Alfred Adler said, "I knew the man before; he was a perfectly healthy, a robust person. He has aged as if he had skipped at least twenty years. He was young when I knew him, just a year ago."

The superintendent said, "He is simply committing slow suicide. That `no' has been too heavy; he really loved the woman."

They moved on, and in the second cell there was a man rolling around like a maniac, hitting the walls, beating the bars, shouting as loudly as he could, "Just leave me! I want to do one thing only -- to kill that woman!"

And the superintendent said to Alfred Adler, "You will be surprised now, really surprised. The woman who refused the first man -- and he has gone mad because he could not conceive of his life without her -- is the same woman this man married. And just within six months of marriage things have gone so poisonous that he wants to murder her. He has

made efforts to murder her; he was caught by the police and forced into the madhouse."

Alfred Adler, in his autobiography, remembers the incident, and he said, "What kind of love is this? They both loved, but the first one, to whom she said no, still loves her; and the second one, to whom she said yes, wants to kill the woman. That is his only goal in life. He said, `Any day, someday you will let me out. My only project is to kill that woman and surrender myself to the police. You can shoot me, you can hang me, whatever you want to do -- I am no longer interested. But let me do at least one thing first -- kill that woman. She destroyed my peace, my life, my joy, everything.'"

Love is a blind force. The only successful lovers have been those who never succeeded in getting their beloveds. All the great stories of lovers: laila and Majnu, Shiri and Farhad, Soni and Mahival ... these are the three Eastern stories of great love. But all the three never could get together; society, parents, everything became a barrier. And I think perhaps it was good. Once lovers get married, then there is no love story left.

Majnu was fortunate that he never got hold of laila. What happens when two blind forces come together? Because both are blind and unconscious, the outcome cannot be a great harmony. The outcome can only be a battlefield of domination, of humiliation, of all kinds of conflicts.

The very word `compassion' will remind you about passion. When passion becomes alert and aware, the whole energy of love comes to a refinement; it becomes compassion. Love is always addressed to one person, and its deepest desire is to possess that person. But the same is the case

from the other side -- and that becomes the cause of creating a hell.

Compassion is not addressed to anybody. It is not a relationship, it is simply your very being. You enjoy being compassionate to the trees, to the birds, to the animals, to human beings, to everybody -- unconditionally, not asking for anything in return. Compassion is a freedom from blind biology. Before you become enlightened, you should keep alert that your love energy is not repressed. That's what old religions have been doing: they teach you condemnation of your love. So you repress your love energy, and that is the energy which can be transformed into compassion. But by condemnation there is no possibility of transformation.

So your saints are absolutely without any compassion; in their eyes you will not see any compassion. They are absolutely dry bones, with no juice at all. To live with a saint for twenty-four hours is enough to experience what hell is like. Perhaps people are aware of this fact, so they immediately touch the feet of the saint and run away.

One of the great philosophers of our age, Bertrand Russell, has emphatically declared, "If there is hell and heaven, I want to go to hell." Why? Just to avoid the saints, because heaven will be full of all these dead, dull, dusty, saints. And Bertrand Russell thinks, "I could not tolerate this company even for a minute. And to think of eternity, forever, to be surrounded by these corpses, who don't know any love, who don't know any friendship, who never go on holidays ..."

A saint always remains seven days a week a saint. It is not allowed for him that at least on one day, Sunday, he should

enjoy being a human being. No, he remains stiff, and this stiffness goes on growing as time passes.

Bertrand Russell's choice to be in hell I appreciate very much, because I can understand what he means by it. He is saying that in hell you will find all the juicy people of the world -- the poets, the painters, the rebellious spirits, the scientists, the creative people, the dancers, the actors, the singers, the musicians. Hell must be really a heaven, because heaven is nothing but a hell!

Things have gone so wrong, and the basic reason for their going wrong is that love energy has been repressed.

Gautam Buddha's contribution is, "Don't repress your love energy. Refine it, and use meditation to refine it."

So side by side, as meditation grows it goes on refining your love energy and makes it compassion. Before your meditation reaches to its highest climax and explodes into a beautiful experience of enlightenment, compassion will be very close. It will become possible for the enlightened person to let his energies flow -- and now he has all the energies of the world -- through the roots of compassion, to anyone who is ready to receive. Only this type of man becomes a master.

To become enlightened is simple, but to become a master is a very complex phenomenon, because it needs meditation plus compassion. Just meditation is easy, just compassion is easy; but both together, simultaneously growing, becomes a complex affair.

But the people who become enlightened and never share their experience because they don't feel any compassion, don't help the evolution of consciousness on the earth; they don't raise the level of humanity. Only the masters have

been able to raise consciousness. Whatsoever small consciousness you have, the whole credit goes to the few masters who managed to remain compassionate, even after their enlightenment. It will be difficult for you to understand, because enlightenment is so absorbing that one tends to forget the whole world.

One is so utterly satisfied that he does not have any space to think of all those millions who are also groping for the same experience -- knowingly, unknowingly. Rightly or wrongly, but a compassion remains present; then it is impossible to forget those people. In fact, this is the moment when you have something to give, something to share. And sharing is such a joy. You have known through compassion, slowly slowly, that the more you share, the more you have. If you can share your enlightenment too, your enlightenment will have much more richness, much more aliveness, much more celebration, many more dimensions.

Enlightenment can be one-dimensional -- that's what has happened to many people. It satisfies them, and they disappear into the universal source. But enlightenment can be multidimensional, it can bring so many flowers to the world. And you owe something to the world because you are sons of this earth.

I am reminded of Zarathustra's saying, "Never betray the earth. Even in your highest glory, don't forget the earth; it is your mother. And don't forget the people. They may have been hindrances, they may have been enemies to you; they may have tried in every way to destroy you; they may have already crucified you, stoned you to death, or poisoned you -- but don't forget them. Whatever they have done, they

have done in an unconscious state. And if you cannot forgive them, who is going to forgive them? And your forgiving them is going to enrich you immeasurably."
Chidananda, you are asking, "Gautam Buddha was saying again and again to his disciples that meditation and compassion should grow side by side." That's his uniqueness amongst all other mystics.
"These days I have been feeling your compassion as never before, and I have also been feeling the urge to start learning from it, at least the ABC. For now, the only thing that makes me feel close to it are those warm tears that flow down my cheeks as I look at you. Beloved, can you please talk about compassion, and how to grow into it from the stage I am at?"
You simply allow it to grow on its own. You are in a right space; those tears are indications. If you start doing something to make the process of growth faster, you may damage the whole thing. It is almost like a gardener -- he cannot pull up his plants to make them grow faster. The pulling may destroy the whole plant. It may come out of the earth with the roots, and you may not be able to give it life again. The gardener has to take care; he has to water, he has to give nourishment, he has to give all kinds of manure, but he has not to touch the plant. The plant will grow on its own, it is a spontaneous growth.
You are feeling that the seed has broken, and perhaps just two green leaves have sprouted out of the earth. Rejoice, and in every way support it, but don't try to hurry up the process. There are processes which cannot be hurried -- you can kill them. They are so delicate that they grow only on their own. You can support them, you can put around them

everything that they need, but leave them absolutely to themselves.

You are exactly in a right space. Enjoy your tears, enjoy your laughter -- and not only when you are with me. Slowly, slowly bring the same space with other people. Perhaps they will not be able to understand you. They may start consoling you, "Chidananda, don't cry. What has happened? Has your girlfriend left you? Or are you in some financial trouble?" Just tell them that your girlfriend has not left, that you are not in financial trouble, but thank them for their sympathy. Tell them your tears are not of sadness or failure; your tears are out of your joy.

Joy is the nourishment for your compassion ... a very subtle food. Sing, dance, play on musical instruments, and all this will support the delicate phenomenon that has already been born in you. But don't do anything to hurry up the process, because that hurrying up comes from the mind. The mind is always in a hurry, the mind is always speeding; but all great things grow very slowly, very silently, without making any noise.

Just watch that anything that goes against compassion you don't give any support to. Jealousy, competition, an effort to dominate -- all that goes against compassion. And you will know immediately because your compassion will start wavering. The moment you feel your compassion is shaky, you must be doing something that is going against it. You can poison your compassion by stupid things, which don't give you anything except anxiety, anguish, struggle, and a sheer wastage of a tremendously precious life.

A beautiful story for you:

Paddy came home an hour earlier than usual and found his wife stark naked on the bed. When he asked why, she explained, "I am protesting because I don't have any nice clothes to wear."
Paddy pulled open the closet door. "That's ridiculous," he said, "look in here. There is a yellow dress, a red dress, a print dress, a pantsuit ... Hi, Bill!" And he goes on, "A green dress ..."

This is compassion!
It is compassion to his wife, it is compassion to Bill. No jealousy, no fight, just simply, "Hi, Bill! How are you?" and he goes on. He never even enquires, "What are you doing in my closet?"
Compassion is very understanding. It is the finest understanding that is possible to man.
As he was approaching an intersection, the man's car lost its brakes and bumped into the rear of a car with "Just Married" written all over it. The damage was slight but the man sincerely offered his apologies to the newlywed couple.
"Aw, it doesn't matter," replied the husband. "It has been one of those days."

An understanding, a deep understanding that now everything is possible ... Once one is married, then he can expect all kinds of accidents. The greatest accident has already happened -- now nothing matters.
A man of compassion should not be disturbed by small things in life, which are happening every moment. Only then, in an indirect way, are you helping your

compassionate energies to accumulate, to crystallize, to become stronger, and to go on rising with your meditation. So the day the blissful moment comes, when you are full of light, there will be at least one companion: compassion. And immediately a new style of life ... because now you have so much that you can bless the whole world.

Although Gautam Buddha insisted consistently, finally he had to make a division, a categorization amongst his disciples. One category he calls arhatas; they are enlightened people, but without compassion. They have put their whole energy into meditation, but they have not listened about compassion. And the other he calls bodhisattvas; they have listened to his message of compassion. They are enlightened with compassion, so they are not in a hurry to go to the other shore; they want to linger on this shore, with all kinds of difficulties, to help people. Their boat has arrived, and perhaps the captain is saying, "Don't waste time, the call has come from the other shore, which you have been seeking all your life."

But they persuade the captain to wait a little, so that they can share their joy, their wisdom, their light, their love with all those people who are also searching the same. This will become a trust in them: "Yes, there is another shore, and when you are ripe a boat comes to take you to the other shore. There is a shore of immortals, there is a shore where no misery exists, there is a shore where life is simply a moment-to-moment song and a dance. Let me at least give them a little taste before I leave the world."

And masters have tried in every possible way to cling to something so that they are not swept away to the other shore. According to Buddha, compassion is the best,

because compassion is also a desire, in the final analysis. The idea to help somebody is also a desire, and while you can keep the desire you cannot be taken to the other shore. It is a very thin thread that keeps you attached to the world. Everything is broken, all chains are broken -- a thin thread of love ... But Buddha's emphasis is, keep that thin thread as long as possible; as many people that can be helped, help them.

Your enlightenment should not have a selfish motive, it should not be just yours; you should make it shared as widely, to as many people as possible. That's the only way to raise the consciousness on the earth -- which has given you life, which has given you the chance to become enlightened.

This is the moment to pay back something, although you cannot pay back everything that life has given to you. But something -- just two flowers, in gratitude.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

BEING HERE WITH YOU, I FIND MYSELF MORE AND MORE OFTEN IN MOMENTS OF LET-GO. IT SEEMS THAT IN THESE MOMENTS MY MIND LOSES ALL ITS POWER, AND I CAN WATCH OVERWHELMING WAVES OF ENERGY VIBRATING WITHIN MY BODY. I SUDDENLY BECOME AWARE OF THE EARTH BENEATH MY FEET, AND IT FEELS AS IF I AM CONNECTED WITH EXISTENCE ITSELF, AS IF I AM ONE WITH EXISTENCE.

BELOVED MASTER, WOULD YOU PLEASE TALK TO US AGAIN ABOUT THE STATE OF LET-GO AND MELTING INTO EXISTENCE.

Lokita, the question that you have asked is, "Being here with you, I find myself more and more often in moments of let-go." That's the very purpose of this place, that's the very purpose of me lingering on this shore. My boat has long been waiting. So if you are feeling moments of let-go, that is a good beginning, in the right direction.

"It seems that in these moments my mind loses all its power, and I can watch overwhelming waves of energy vibrating within my body." It happens, when you are in a let-go, that the mind has no power over you. The mind becomes impotent, it loses all its power. And the same power is felt vibrating all over your body. So these are exactly the right symptoms.

"I suddenly become aware of the earth beneath my feet, and it feels as if I am connected with existence itself, as if I am one with existence." Just, please drop those words, "as if." When you feel that you are one with existence, what is the need of "as if"? That destroys the very beauty of the experience.

Perhaps you are afraid to say with certainty that "I feel one with existence," but here you have to be exactly authentic and sincere in whatever you say. It is also possible in the beginning that when such experiences happen, you yourself are uncertain whether you are imagining, hallucinating, because you have never felt one with existence before. So just to avoid showing your confusion, uncertainty, you can use "as if." But "as if" is a very poor expression.

There is a great book of philosophy called AS IF. And the whole book is filled with great statements, but all their greatness is destroyed because the man goes on saying "as if": as if there is a God ... It is better to say "There is no God," or "There is a God." But "as if there is a God" keeps God in a limbo, hanging in the middle. Neither do you give him reality, nor do you take him as unreal. You make him a hypothesis.

So I would like you, when these experiences happen to you again -- and they will be happening -- to drop the idea of "as if." Feel the experience in its totality, and attain to some certainty. That certainty will make the experience happen more often. And as it happens more often, more certainty ... and a point comes such that even if the whole world denies it, it does not matter. Your certainty is far bigger, far more crystallized than the whole world. It is not a question of voting, you know it. I want you to be aware of the dangers of "as if." That will never allow you a certain ground to stand on; you will be always wavering, wishy-washy.

You are asking me to talk about "the state of let-go and melting into existence." There is no need to talk about it, it is almost happening to you. It is better to let it happen. No talk can be a substitute for actual experience. But mind plays all kinds of games before it leaves you, it tries in every possible way to keep you entangled. That "as if" is coming from the mind.

The experience of becoming one with existence is coming from a different source -- beyond mind. You drop that "as if" and listen to the source beyond, and allow these moments more and more to take possession of you, without any fear.

That is one of the greatest advantages of being with a master. Alone, you will become so afraid -- perhaps you are going insane, how can you be one with existence? And if you talk to people, say that you are being one with existence, they will say, "Shut up. Don't say it to anybody, otherwise you will be sent to a psychiatric hospital. One with existence?"

It is too big even if you say, "I am feeling one with this tree." They will say, "My God! Lokita has gone out of her mind. Something has to be done to put her back into her normal senses. How can you be one with a tree, or a mountain, or the ocean?"

But in this place ... this is a communion, a gathering of fellow seekers, where everybody's experience is going to help everybody else to experience the same things without any fear. I am here to tell you whether you are moving in the right space or not, and I say with an absolute guarantee, you are moving in a right space.

Those moments are beautiful when you feel the let-go. These are the things you cannot do. Let-go is not something that you can manage to do -- that will not be let-go; you are still the manager. It is something like sleep: either it comes or it does not come. You cannot force it to come, you cannot threaten it to come, you cannot blackmail it to come; you have just to wait silently, trustingly. Whenever it comes, it comes. It is beyond your powers of doing.

And let-go is a far greater relaxation than sleep. These moments are happening to you without any effort, that is their beauty. If you don't listen to your mind and its doubts, those moments will become bigger and bigger. Finally, one starts feeling oneself in a let-go twenty-four hours a day.

Don't ask me to talk about the state of let-go, because that may give you clues, and you may start forcing them to happen more often -- because the beauty of those moments is not of this world. The nourishment that comes in those moments is divine.

So there is no need, because they are happening on their own. Just beware, when you become in those moments, a nobody. A let-go means the ego has disappeared. You will feel oneness with existence, because the ego is the only barrier. Once the ego disappears, you are one with the earth, you are one with stars, you are one with everything all around.

One Zen master, Bokoju, was very puzzling to his students, his disciples. He had a big monastery and a great name as an enlightened master -- and he was. Every morning, when he would open his eyes, the first thing he would say was, "Bokoju, are you still here?"

"Yes, sir." He would answer it too.

The disciples said, "This is madness."

Finally they gathered courage and asked, "Everything is okay that you say, but what you do every day in the morning is absolutely inconceivable to us, it looks insane. You are Bokoju and you ask, `Bokoju, are you still here?' And you yourself say, `Yes, sir.'"

Bokoju laughed. He said, "I become so relaxed and so one with existence that a question arises in me: is Bokoju still in the same old personality? So just to hear my own voice, I ask, `Bokoju, are you still here?' And when I hear the question I say, `He is here.' That's why I say, `Yes, sir.'"

"You need not think that I am insane. In the day I am so much engaged with your problems, from the morning until

late in the night. But in the night I am left alone, in a let-go. In the morning I have to remind myself, `Who am I? And what am I doing here? Who is this fellow who is waking up?' So I have made it a strategy. I forget everything, but I keep on remembering only one thing: the name of Bokoju. The day I forget that name also, you can prepare for a funeral."

They were very much shocked. They said, "No, we don't want you to forget. You continue as many times as you want to ask; it is your business, in your room."

He said, "Not many times, just one time."

And the last day, on the day he died, he did not ask. He woke up, and the disciples waited: "What happened to his lifelong habit? `Bokoju, are you still here?' And he himself answers, because there is nobody else, `Yes, sir.' What has happened? He has not asked it." They gathered courage again, and one disciple asked, "You have forgotten something."

He said, "I have not forgotten, but Bokoju is no more here. And no one is here to answer `Yes, sir.'

"I have only been waiting for the morning so that I can see you for the last time and bless you for the last time; otherwise in the middle of the night I was evaporating. Now it is not a meaningful question to ask. So come close to me, receive my blessings; Bokoju is going, and from tomorrow this room will be empty to the ordinary eyes -- but to those who had loved me, it will be still full of my presence. And those who have loved me totally, they may even hear every morning a sound coming from nowhere, `Bokoju are you still here?' -- `Yes, sir.'"

And the story is that only two disciples were able to hear it after he was dead, disposed of, but many felt his presence. Those two disciples became enlightened very soon.
Even when you are becoming one with existence, it does not mean you lose your individual being. You lose only your periphery, your center remains always there. But in such a harmonious state with existence, you can say that you have become one with it.
So this is a very vulnerable state for you. Perhaps this anecdote may help you:

"I have to take every precaution to avoid pregnancy," confided a woman to her friend.
"But hasn't your husband just had a vasectomy?" asked her friend.
"Yes," replied the woman, "and that's why I have to take every precaution."

You have to take every precaution not to get entangled with doubts, questions, and the mind. And just enjoy the feeling of let-go. The more you enjoy it, the more it will be coming to you.
The mind is the only problem in the growth of your spiritual being. The mind is continuously lying. Even when there is something real happening, it becomes very much afraid, it creates all kinds of doubts, because its life is at risk.

Two women in a restaurant were having an intense conversation. One said to the other, "Why don't you go to

him in a perfectly straightforward way and lie about the whole thing."

Great advice! But that's what the mind goes on doing to everybody.

Hymie Goldberg thought he had the perfect marriage, until he moved from New York to California and discovered he still had the same milkman.

Don't trust the mind -- a perfect marriage! And everything else is just a lie. Mind is a lying energy. Respect with certainty the experiences that are happening to you -- the let-go, and because of the let-go the feeling as if the separation has disappeared.
That "as if" is not your feeling; that "as if" is an insertion by your mind. You are feeling with absolute certainty that the separation has disappeared and you are one with existence. So all that you have to do is to drop your "as if," and to not allow your mind to interfere and disturb a beautiful phenomenon that is going to grow in you.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #23
Chapter title: Existence is very shy
29 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1

BELOVED OSHO,
DURING DISCOURSE THE OTHER NIGHT, I EXPERIENCED MYSELF FILLING WITH AIR LIKE A BALLOON AND BECOMING MIND-BOGGLINGLY ENORMOUS. IT WAS AS THOUGH MY BODY WAS JUST A SKIN OF THE FINEST ELASTIC AND HAD THE CAPACITY TO STRETCH TO ETERNITY. IT SEEMED AS IF MY BELLY WAS TAKING IN THE AIR AND FILLING OUT EVERY LITTLE CREVICE AND CREASE OF ME. ALTHOUGH I HAD NO SENSATION OF FLOATING, THE FEELING WAS LIGHT AND TRANSPARENT.
I'M A FAIRLY ORDINARY SORT OF PERSON WHO HAS RARELY BEEN KNOWN TO GO WILDLY ECSTATIC, FREAK OUT OR HAVE EXOTIC SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES. IS MY TIDE TURNING?

Dhyan Sagar, nobody is born ecstatic. Everybody comes into the world exactly alike -- innocent, with all the possibilities and all the dimensions. But society closes a few doors completely; they are dangerous. Such experiences as the one you had last night will be thought crazy.
They are not of any utilitarian use. And society is based fundamentally on utility, so it closes all those dimensions which can be called spiritual, religious. It keeps the mind one-pointedly focused on ambitions -- for money, power, prestige. It allows a few people to move into traditional ways in the world of religion, but then too that world of religion remains very mundane.

For example, no Catholic pope has ever experienced anything like ecstasy, enlightenment. They are people of the market; their function is marketing God. They are part of the mundane, utilitarian society -- which also wants to feel that it is not irreligious, that it is not unspiritual. So it creates pseudo religions, pseudo spiritualities, which are nothing but people like parrots repeating scriptures, the meaning of which is not their experience.

And unless there is experience to support them, those words are meaningless and dead. Have you ever heard of any pope who was enlightened? Have you heard of any shankaracharya who was enlightened? It is a strange phenomenon, but we go on taking it for granted that these people are religious heads -- and they have not experienced any out-of-the-body phenomenon, they have not experienced the innermost being of themselves. They have not known any silence or peace. They are not men of wisdom.

So naturally, you must have become a little disturbed when you started feeling that you are "filling with air like a balloon and becoming mind-bogglingly enormous." It was as though your body was "just a skin of the finest elastic and had the capacity to stretch to eternity." It seemed as if your belly "was taking in the air and filling out every little crevice and crease" of your being. Although you had "no sensation of floating, the feeling was light and transparent." It certainly must have been a very outlandish experience because you say, "I am a fairly ordinary sort of a person who has rarely been known to go wildly ecstatic, freak out, or have exotic spiritual experiences. Is my tide turning?"

Dhyan Sagar, fortunately, yes. The tide is turning.

And now more and more experiences will be coming to you. But always remember: Life is not what we ordinarily experience it as. Life is much more, beyond our dreams, beyond our imaginations, beyond all our fantasies ... Life is a tremendous mystery.

In a sense it is ordinary, but in a very special sense: I call it extraordinarily ordinary. Only the superficial can think of it as ordinary; otherwise, behind this apparently ordinary existence there are so many mysteries, incalculable -- you just have to be open to it.

The tide is turning but it will depend on you, whether you allow it to turn or you prevent it from turning. The ordinary, normal life is not going to give you anything; it is just a burden, a drag from the cradle to the grave. Only if something of the spiritual starts happening do you start for the first time having some meaning, some significance, some blissfulness.

And as you become attuned to all these experiences, existence goes on opening new doors -- doors upon doors, peaks upon peaks. And there is no end, the mystery is infinite.

On your part, all that is needed is a deep trust that wherever existence takes you, it is good. Go easily with it, without any reluctance, without any resistance, because a slight reluctance, a slight resistance immediately closes the doors. Existence is very shy.

It never interferes in anybody's life.

If last night something happened to you, you must have been so absorbed in listening that you forgot to close the doors of your being. You forgot your ordinary, normal psychology. You became so attuned with me, you fell in

such a harmony, that things which were not possible for you before, suddenly started happening.

What has happened, happens to many meditators -- an experience of expansion. It is not imagination; you really expand your consciousness. Your consciousness is not limited within your body; it has the capacity to expand to the very limits of existence -- if there are any limits. The center will remain in you, but the periphery will go on becoming bigger and bigger and bigger.

In the beginning it is certainly scary. But once you have taken the step with courage, with trust, the very experience that was looking risky becomes the most beautiful experience of life. You will ask for it, you will pray for it. Each moment you will wait for it. And this is nothing, this is only a small fragment. There are so many experiences which you may not have even heard about.

But they are all possible. You have the potential capacity for them, it is just that the society does not allow all those experiences. And society has a reason for it. If people start becoming exotic, outlandish, freaking out, suddenly dancing in the middle of the street blocking the traffic ... the normal life will feel these people are disturbances.

It used to happen with Ramakrishna -- and I take Ramakrishna as an example because he is not very ancient, so that nobody can say it is just a mythology. I have come in contact with people whose fathers or grandfathers have been eyewitnesses of these experiences.

The followers of Ramakrishna were very afraid to take him anywhere. And he was invited by the disciples if there was a marriage, just to bless ... and he would never say no to anybody. But to take him to that place was a great problem.

The problem was that if anybody on the way, just casually, pronounced the name of God, that would trigger in him strange experiences.

He may stand in the middle of the road almost frozen, as if he has become a marble statue. The traffic will stop, the police will come, and the disciples will say, "We will take him but don't disturb him, don't touch him." In the marriage ceremony, if there is being sung a devotional song, he will start dancing. And the whole marriage ceremony will be disturbed, because everybody will forget about the bride and the bridegroom; he will become the center of the whole celebration.

And he was such a lovely and such a beautiful person, radiating so much joy ... he was not an ascetic -- dry, desert-like. He was a garden full of flowers. And when he was dancing, by and by people would become infected, and others would start dancing. Sometimes it was found that the bride and the bridegroom were dancing also. In the center was Ramakrishna and he had disturbed the whole ceremony. And the priest who had come to perform the ritual of marriage was standing in the corner looking at the whole scene: "What to do? Who is going to be married with whom?"

The disciples used to say to people, "Never invite him. He is a continuous nuisance anywhere, and we cannot stop him because it is beyond his capacity to stop." He has fallen many times on the road in a trance. He will go absolutely inside ... in the middle of the road he is lying with his eyes closed, his disciples surrounding him, feeling very embarrassed: "What kind of master have you got? Wherever you go some trouble is bound to happen."

Once he remained for six days in such a coma. The doctors declared, "It is a coma," but his disciples said, "You are not able to understand a man like Ramakrishna. It is not a coma, he is in deep samadhi -- and we will wait. If we have to wait our whole lives, we will wait and take care of his body."

And after six days he came back, opened his eyes, and with tears said, "Why have you awakened me? You don't know -- what you thought was my unconsciousness was my purest consciousness, and what you think is my awakening is falling back again into the unconscious world."

What he was saying was exactly the definition made by Patanjali -- who is the authority on samadhi, the ancientmost authority. Nobody has been able to go further than that. He has defined samadhi from all possible aspects. There has very rarely been such a case, when one single man has developed a whole science -- the whole science of yoga is the contribution of a single man, Patanjali. With all its far-reaching effects ... he has not left a single thing unmentioned.

About samadhi, he says in his yoga sutras, "It is just like a deep sleep without dreams. The being in the deepest core is fully awake; only the body is in a sleep-like state. Don't disturb. It is possible even breathing may slowly, slowly stop; heartbeats may slowly, slowly disappear; the pulse may not be found at all -- but don't be worried, just wait. The man will come back. If he is a man of meditation, the possibility of falling into a coma is absolutely canceled."

Even the disciples became restless after the second day, third day. And more and more people became disturbed and restless and thought, "Perhaps he is in a coma." When the

breathing disappeared, when the heartbeat stopped, when the doctors could not find any pulse ... and the doctors -- the best doctors of Calcutta -- unanimously said that he was dead. But his wife, Sharda, simply refused. She said, "You don't know anything about yoga or samadhi; you have never been a physician to an enlightened being. All that you know is not of any use. The functioning of the enlightened being differs totally from the ordinary human being." All the doctors proved wrong and the uneducated woman, Sharda, proved right. By the sixth day, Ramakrishna was back.

The doctors could not believe their eyes, and they all said to Ramakrishna, "It is due to your wife that you are saved; otherwise we were going to say that a funeral should be prepared. But your wife has certainly a deep insight." Ramakrishna had so much respect for his wife that he used to call her "Mother." He never had any relationship with her the way a husband is related to the wife. Even from the very beginning, even before the marriage ... He was only thirteen years of age, and his family had taken him to see the girl. And as is the custom in India, when somebody comes to see the girl, when they are sitting for their breakfast or lunch, the girl comes to serve some sweets or something and that is the only time the boy can see her for a moment.

When the girl came near Ramakrishna to put a plate of sweets ... He had three rupees in his pocket that his mother had given him: "In case you need to purchase something; you are going to a big city from a very small village." He took out those three rupees, put those three rupees at her

feet, touched her feet and said, "Mother, you certainly look beautiful."

Everybody was shocked -- his family, his father, uncle and other friends. They were shocked, "This idiot is calling his own wife `Mother,' touching her feet, offering three rupees ..." And the family of the girl was shocked also, "Is this boy crazy or what? Should we say yes to the marriage? He looks very silent, looks very graceful, but seems to be a little bit eccentric. What has he done?"

But the strangest thing happened. Even Sharda, who was only ten years old, said that if she will ever get married, this is the man. Otherwise she will not be ready to marry anybody else -- only a man who can respect her just like a mother she cannot refuse.

Unwillingly the family agreed, and from the very first day Ramakrishna started every morning ... instead of worshipping the mother goddess Kali in the temple, he started worshipping Sharda. He said, "It is useless to go to the temple to worship a stone statue while you are here, so beautiful, so living, so divine. You just sit and I will worship you here." After that he stopped going to the temple.

The whole village was angry, that this idiot ... because they thought, "This is idiotic, what he is doing. Worshipping his own wife and calling her `mother goddess' ... and has stopped going to the temple, and he is the son of a priest!"

But this relationship remained his whole life. So he told the doctors, "She is not only my wife, she is my mother too. And if she cannot understand me, nobody else can understand me. So whenever something like this happens, never do anything against her will -- because I will not be

listening to you, but whatever she says is going to be right."
And since that day, many times he fell into that trance state. His wife was the authority. No doctor was listened to, no disciple was listened to; whatever Sharda said was agreed upon.
The day he died, the doctors were at a loss what to do. According to them, every symptom of death ... but the disciples said, "The mother Sharda has gone to the Ganges to take a bath. Unless she comes, nothing can be decided. Keep your decision suspended."
As Sharda came, entered the room, she burst out crying. She said, "This is not a trance, he is dead."
And the people asked, "How can you make the distinction, because he has been exactly like this many times. Even for six days continuously he has been in this state, and this is only twenty or twenty-five minutes and you declare him dead?"
She said, "The very fragrance has changed around him; the aura has disappeared. I used to see an aura around him -- it is not there. I cannot smell the fragrance that was always surrounding him." Without even touching him, she said, "He is gone. You can prepare for the funeral."
Life has many, many mysteries.
As man has developed more and more his insight into objective reality, he has forgotten completely the inner world -- which is far bigger, far more valuable -- which is our real home.
Dhyan Sagar, certainly your tide is turning. Don't stop it, go with it singing and dancing and rejoicing. Not for a single moment think about your past, that you were only "an ordinary sort of a person." Everybody is an ordinary sort of

a person and everybody is carrying the divine potential -- it is only a question of discovering it. And sometimes it happens without your discovering it. That's how it has happened to you.

God has knocked on your doors, although you were not waiting for him.

In India, we call God "the guest." But the word that we use for guest has a totally different significance, which the word `guest' does not have. The Hindustani word for guest is atiti. It means someone who comes suddenly, without informing his date, his time, without even informing that he is coming. Titi means date, day, time. Atiti means one who comes absolutely suddenly, without sending a telegram ahead of himself, "I am coming."

God is an atiti -- that is one of the statements in the ancient scriptures. The other statement is also very significant: that every guest, every atiti is a god. You should treat him as a god, because one never knows -- God comes in many forms. He may have come in the form of a guest, he may have come in the form of a stranger.

Just nearby, just a few hundred miles away, there was an authentic saint, Sai Baba. He is no relation of Satya Sai Baba -- Satya Sai Baba is a fraud, and he has chosen the name Satya Sai Baba to deceive people that he is the reincarnation of Sai Baba.

But Sai Baba was really a man belonging to the category of buddhas. Nobody knew whether he was Hindu or Mohammedan; one day suddenly he appeared in a village. Nobody knew what his name was; Sai Baba is not a name. Sai means saint, and baba means grandfather -- grandfatherly old man, and saintly. This was not his name,

because whenever people asked him his name he laughed. He said, "Nobody is born with a name; I was also not born with a name."

"From where do you come?" -- people wanted to know from where, which village, which state. And he always laughed and he said, "Nobody knows from where he comes -- why do you unnecessarily insist on asking questions to me which nobody else can answer? From where do you come?" The truth is, nobody knows from where one comes.

He lived for almost sixty years in that village. I remembered him because of this word atiti. One of his disciples used to live three miles away from the village on his own farm and he used to bring Sai Baba's food every day. He would prepare the food himself and bring it. Until Sai Baba had eaten the food he would remain fasting. Sometimes the whole day there was such a crowd of visitors that there was no time for Sai Baba to take food -- but the man would wait. For years he had not eaten until Sai Baba had taken the food. Finally, because he was becoming very old, and coming from three miles away, going back again, and sometimes waiting the whole day, hungry ... Sai Baba said, "Why do you insist on coming here? I can manage to come."

The man could not believe it. He said, "You never go anywhere ..."

He said, "Of course I will not come in the form I am, but I will come. Now it is up to you whether you recognize me or not. I will try in every possible way."

The next day the man took a bath, prepared delicious food -- all that he knew Sai Baba liked. A beggar came and the man said, "It is not possible. Before Sai Baba has taken, I

cannot give his food to anybody. If you want, you can come after Sai Baba has taken his food." The beggar left. A dog came, and the man took his staff and ran after the dog. It was getting late, and finally he thought, "He must have joked." So in the evening he brought the food to the mosque where Sai Baba used to live. He was very angry. He said, "You deceived me."
Sai Baba said, "You should not use such words. I had come twice -- once as a beggar, but you did not recognize me, and then as a dog, and you ran with a staff to beat me."
The ancient scriptures of this country say that God is a guest, and any guest has to be treated as a god. In fact, everybody has to be respected as divine, because that is his essential being. You are not ordinary, you are not normal -- you are divine.
Once you become available to all such experiences, more and more will be coming to you. Just don't remain confined to the world of things and objects and money and power and sensuality. Try to become more and more a man of consciousness, awareness, sincerity and truthfulness.

Cathy came home with a brand new mink coat.
"Where did you get that?" asked her husband Edward.
"I won it in a lottery," she replied.
The next night Cathy walked in with a beautiful diamond bracelet.
"Where did you get that from?" asked Edward.
"I won it in a lottery," said Cathy. Then she added, "And dear, do me a favor. I'm going to enter another lottery tonight and I'm in a hurry. Would you run the bath for me?"

Edward did as instructed, but when Cathy came to take her bath, she found only half an inch of water in the tub.
"Edward," she said, "why did you not fill the tub?"
"Well, darling," he replied, "I did not want you to get your lottery ticket wet."

This is your normal world, where people are winning lotteries every night. Your normal world is not so normal as you think; it is utterly abnormal, insane. But because all the people are insane and everybody is running after lottery tickets, it appears that this insanity is normal.
The world will be really normal when everybody has a divine experience, and a divine presence, and a divine aura, and a divine fragrance. When the world is full of all kinds of unique individuals blossoming, releasing different fragrances -- then the world will be normal.
When you will meet Gautam Buddha on every street, when you will meet Jesus in every house, wherever you will come across someone who will remind you that you are late, that you should do something: people have become lighted flames of fire with ecstasy, and you are still looking for lottery tickets! While people have become temples of God, you are running for election, or going to give an interview to the police commissioner! -- and that too of a dead city, Poona.
We have chosen this city just to create a little oasis. In America we had chosen Oregon to create an oasis. We are oasis creators! We choose deserts and dead places, cemeteries, and try to bring people who are dead -- who have been dead for a long time -- back to life.

You should not think of yourself as ordinary, because once that settles in your mind it is dangerous. It is almost a cancer of the soul.

Paddy, an Irish farmer, was on holiday in Dublin. He complained to the bellboy, "I'm not going to have this room. It is so small I can hardly turn around. It is no better than a pigsty. And I'm not going to sleep on that tiny folding bed. Don't think that because I'm from the country you can fool me!"
"Get in, Sir," said the boy. "This is the lift, not the room."

But a boy coming from the village knows nothing about the lift. The experience that you had yesterday was a lift. Just get in!

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
IS THERE A SENSE OF HUMOR BEYOND THE MIND? TO ME MEDITATION HAS A SENSE OF SERIOUSNESS IN IT, AND IN MY EXPERIENCE A SENSE OF HUMOR ARISES FROM MISUNDERSTANDINGS -- REAL OR IMAGINED -- WHICH HAVE THEIR ROOT IN THE MIND. IS IT POSSIBLE FOR LAUGHTER TO ARISE WITH NO-MIND?

Vimal, it is true that the sense of humor is part of the mind -- but that does not mean that that is the end of it. There is a sense of humor which even your body feels, there is a sense of humor that your mind feels, and there is a sense of

humor that is only felt when you are beyond the mind. They all differ in qualities.

For example, a small child whose mind has not grown at all -- you can just make him giggle by touching his belly. And he will enjoy it so immensely that in your whole life you will never enjoy like that. Now, there is nothing of the mind involved in it. You have simply touched his sensitive, humorous parts of the body.

Ordinarily, most of the humor is because of "misunderstandings -- real or imagined -- which have their roots in the mind." Most jokes create humor because of a sudden turning, unexpected. The whole science of the joke is that it takes you toward a certain height of expectation, step by step, and then suddenly there is such a turn that you had never expected. Your whole tension that was gathering explodes into laughter. It will be better to tell you a joke ...

Danny discovered that his wife was cheating with another guy, so he went to the guy's wife and told her about it.

"I know what we will do!" she said. "Let us take revenge on them." So they went to a motel and had revenge on them.

She said, "Let us have more revenge."

So they kept having revenge and more revenge. Finally Danny said, "That's enough revenge. I don't have any more hard feelings."

If the end comes in such a way that you were not expecting -- you could not have figured out that it will end in such a way -- it brings a sudden laughter. It is a release of tension.

A recent survey of men's sexual practices revealed that after intercourse, twenty percent rolled over and went to sleep; two percent had a shower; three percent went to the refrigerator for a snack; and seventy percent got up, got dressed and went home.

So it is true that most of the humor in life is out of the mind -- finding itself in a situation which is unexpected.

Your question, Vimal, is, "Is it possible for laughter to arise out of no-mind?" Yes. But that will be a totally different quality of laughter. It will be laughter about oneself.

For example, when Bodhidharma became enlightened, entered for the first time into the world of no-mind, he started laughing -- and he never stopped till he died. Many people asked him, "Why do you go on laughing?" He said, "I go on laughing because what I have been searching for was always within me. I was such an idiot; I cannot believe that for so many lives I have been searching for something which was already within me. In fact, the searcher was the sought, the seeker was the goal. There was no other goal except myself to be found.

"And when I see others are doing the same, I cannot stop laughing at the ridiculousness of the whole search, of the whole spirituality. It is yours and you are searching for it. It has never been lost and you are searching for it. There is no way to lose it and you are searching for it. Even if you want to lose it you cannot lose it, because you are it."

So there is a certain laughter, but that is not about others; it is about your own ridiculous search. The moment you go beyond the mind, you suddenly become aware: "My God, this place has been always within me and I have looked

into the far corners of the earth. I have gone to the Himalayas, I have gone to the saints; I have disciplined myself in arduous techniques; I have fasted, tortured myself. I have done everything and it is within me."

I have heard about an American seeker. He was a super-rich man, and having everything, he got fed up. The more you have, the more you become aware that it is not going to satisfy you. The poor man is in a better mental condition, because he can hope that tomorrow he will have a better house, a better job, more salary, a better car. There are millions of hopes around him which will never be fulfilled, and it is good that they will not be fulfilled. The super-rich finds himself in a very strange position: all hopes are fulfilled and his hands are empty, his being is empty; nothing has been found. Life has befooled him. Those hopes have proved to be all mirages.

So the man started looking for some wise man who can show him the path to find the real, the ultimate, the absolute truth. And he went around the world looking, getting tired. He came to this land and somebody told him, "In the plains you will not find such a wise man, you will have to go to the Himalayas. We have heard there is an old man -- nobody knows how ancient, how old. If you can find him, perhaps your search will be fulfilled."

The man was adamant, stubborn. The journey was hard, difficult, but he managed. Tattered, tired, somehow he reached and he saw the old man sitting under a tree surrounded by eternal snow all around. He was so tired he could not even walk. He had to move on all fours towards the old man, and he fell at his feet and said, "I have found you after all. They said that it was very difficult to reach --

it was more difficult than I thought. But God is graceful. So tell me how I can find peace, joy, wisdom."
The old man looked at him and said, "First things first. Have you got some American cigarettes on you?"
He could not believe it -- is this the right type of question? But to argue with the old man was not good because he might get angry or anything. He said, "Yes," so he brought out his remaining few cigarettes and the lighter. The old man took them, started smoking, and the tired man was looking -- what is happening? And he said, "What about me?"
The old man said, "Wait, let me finish the cigarette because I have been waiting for somebody to bring a cigarette. It has been years." The man said, "I am dying, tired, and you are smoking my cigarettes in front of me. And I was thinking you are an enlightened man!"
He said, "Everything is okay. I am enlightened, but enlightened does not mean that you cannot smoke a cigarette. Who told you that?"
He said, "Nobody told me, but I just figured out that cigarettes belong to the ordinary people."
He said, "You are wrong. You can see now in front of you; you are an eyewitness. You have seen an enlightened man smoking a cigarette."
He said, "I don't want to talk about it. You just tell me, because life is short and I'm so tired. You tell me what I have to do now."
He said, "Now you go back home, have a good rest and come back again. And next time, don't forget to bring a Havana cigar, because without a Havana cigar I never say the truth to anybody."

The man was shocked very much: "I have never heard ... I have read all the scriptures, listened to great sermons -- I have never heard that a Havana cigar is needed before you can say anything about finding the truth."
He said, "Every enlightened man is unique; this is my condition. It is up to you -- if you don't feel like coming, don't come, because I have sent many others who will be coming. How do you think I go on living here? You are not the only fool who has come in search of himself. Many others have come and many others will come, and I have a simple condition, bring a Havana cigar."
The man said, "Okay, I will go home and if I am still alive I will bring the Havana cigar. But promise me that you will not give another condition."
He said, "You should remember, enlightened people never promise anything, because who knows about tomorrow? I may change my mind. I may refuse your Havana cigar. You try your best, I will try my best, and then we will see what happens. But right now you get lost. I have enough cigarettes that you have brought, let me enjoy them."
The man was very much frustrated, but as he went back, by and by he started thinking, "Perhaps there is something in the message. He said, `Go home and have a good rest.' Perhaps he was speaking allegorically -- where is the home?" He had read in books that the real home is inside. And how can you find the home? Have a very relaxed, restful state of mind and you will find the home.
He said, "My God, he told it and I have not even thanked him. I will bring the Havana cigar just as a thankfulness."
I have loved that story. Whether that man came back or not I don't know; whether that old man meant what he figured

out about the home and the rest, that too is not clear. But whatever the situation, the man got the message. He went back, relaxed, rested, and tried first to enter into his inner being -- to find the home, because the walls of your house are not the home.

Your body is the wall; your mind is the wall. Behind your body and mind there is your real home ... your very source of life.

When somebody finds it, he has a good laugh: "I was unnecessarily standing on my head, distorting my body doing yoga exercises, fasting, going on holy pilgrimages, torturing myself in the mountains, in the deserts -- and all the time I was carrying my truth within myself." Whenever somebody finds it, can you think he will not laugh -- laugh at himself? Mind laughs at others.

Beyond the mind there is only one laughter, but it resounds for centuries. The place where Bodhidharma became enlightened ... I have been to that place. He became enlightened fourteen hundred years ago and people have made a temple in his memory, in the place where he laughed for the first time. And the story is that if you sit silently in the temple, you will still hear the laughter.

There is a statue of Bodhidharma. He was a very strange man. If he meets you in the night, you will never go out of your house in the night again. He had such big eyes that, if he looked into you once, that was enough for enlightenment! And his laughter must have been a great laughter because he has a very good, big belly. Even in the statue the belly has ripples.

I had not time to sit there in the temple, but I know that if you sit there in the temple in the silence of the forest,

perhaps you may hear the laughter. Perhaps the mountains, the trees, the rocks around the temple are still vibrating with that great man. I have looked into the lives of many great people, but Bodhidharma stands apart ... very strange and very unique.

It is possible that his laughter was so infectious that the trees started laughing and the mountains started laughing. Although Bodhidharma is dead, they are still laughing; they cannot stop it. If you go with the whole idea, perhaps you may really hear it -- or you may imagine it. But I have come across people who have heard it, because they have told me.

I had gone there, but I had not time enough to stay in the temple, because the right time is in the middle of the night -- when he had become enlightened. And particularly on a full-moon night in a certain month, if you stay in the temple, in the middle of the night there is every possibility that either you will hear the laughter or you will start laughing. That's what I am doing ... Just the very idea that you are such an idiot: a man who has died fourteen hundred years ago, you are sitting, waiting to hear his laughter now!

The body has its own giggling points -- "G-points." Mind always laughs at others. No-mind only laughs at one's own ridiculousness. But the sense of humor is spread over your whole being, from body, mind, and soul.

In fact, everything that you have has counterparts in the body, in the mind, in the soul. The purest will be in the soul and the crudest will be in the body. The mind is just in the middle of the two; it will be half primitive, half cultured. That's how all these three layers of your body function in harmony. And once in a while you may find something

which is happening in all the three layers simultaneously. For example, when Bodhidharma laughed, it cannot have been only a no-mind laughter. It must have got down into the mind, created ripples in the mind; it must have got down into the body, created ripples in the body.
We are an organic unity. Anything that happens anywhere has its echoes all over our being; hence my emphasis on the sense of humor. I am the first man in the whole of history who is trying to make the sense of humor a sacred quality, a spiritual quality.
All your so-called religions are too serious. To me seriousness is sickening. Laughter has a health, a beauty, a quality of grace and dance. I am in absolute favor of laughter and against sadness.
Sadness is sickness and is very close to death. Laughter is life and is very close to the universal life, to the very God that is spread all over.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #24
Chapter title: The mirror reflecting nothing
30 June 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE KNOWN FRUSTRATION ATTEMPTING TO DESCRIBE MY MYSTICAL EXPERIENCES TO

PEOPLE. IT IS LIKE TRYING TO EXPLAIN WHAT AN ORGASM IS TO SOMEONE THAT HAS NEVER KNOWN ONE. ONE CAN SAY IT IS LIKE A WAVE OF PLEASURE OR LIKE A SNEEZE, BUT THE REALITY OF THE EXPERIENCE IS MUCH MORE SATISFYING THAN THE WORDS CONVEY.
VERBALIZING SOMETHING SEEN OR FELT CAN LEAVE ONE EXHAUSTED. EVEN IF ONE CAN LEAD ANOTHER UP TO THE EXPERIENCE, IT IS THE PEROGATIVE OF THE OTHER PERSON TO BE RECEPTIVE. YOU CAN'T REALLY GIVE ANOTHER PERSON AN ORGASM; THEY HAVE TO PERMIT THEMSELVES TO EXPERIENCE IT. DEAREST OSHO, I AM SO GRATEFUL FOR THE IMMENSE BLISS I HAVE KNOWN THROUGH MEDITATION. ONE PROBLEM: HOW DOES ONE TALK ABOUT IT?

Prem Padmani, there is no problem at all. One simply does not talk about it. It is almost an impossibility. You can talk around and around, but you cannot talk directly about it. There is every possibility that you will be misunderstood. You can say what is happening to you; you can express in your actions, in your behavior, in your postures, in your gestures, what is happening to you. Because a man or a woman of meditation has a grace which does not come in any other way, has a beauty which is not physical, has a spontaneity which people have almost forgotten. They only go on repeating their past experiences, rarely are they spontaneous -- just right in the moment, like a mirror reflecting the situation and allowing the response to arise in oneself on its own.

You can live meditation -- that is the only way to convey some fragrance of it and some fragmentary indications about it. But talking about it ... the words are too small. And words are meant for the marketplace, not for the temple. The temple knows only the language of silence, and when you try to convert silence into sound, everything that was living in it disappears and what is left in your hands is a dead word. And the difficulty is multiple. First, you cannot bring your experience into words; secondly, the person who hears them hears according to his own conditioning.

A Japanese scholar had come to see me a few years ago, and I told him that all his problems needed only one solution, and that is meditation. If you try to solve each single problem separately it will be like pruning the leaves of a tree -- you go on pruning, and new leaves will go on coming up. Meditation is like uprooting a tree; the very foundation is demolished. This much he understood, but the word `meditation' created a problem. Immediately he asked, "I am ready to meditate, but tell me, on what?"

That is our whole mind's approach -- objective. Even meditation has to be on something -- a name, a form, a god, a chanting, a mantra, but something has to be there. Otherwise how are you going to meditate? On what?

The reality is, English has no word to translate exactly the Sanskrit word dhyana. English has three words: concentration, contemplation, meditation. But they are all objective. In concentration you put your whole mind energy on one subject. It is a useful technique for all scientific research. No science can grow without concentration.

Contemplation is thinking about a subject but not going astray. If you are thinking about beauty then you go on thinking about beauty, of its different aspects, heights and depths, but you confine yourself to one object. In concentration you are static; in contemplation you move but you move almost the way a train moves, on the same track; it does not go on running into fields and streets. Out of contemplation was born all philosophy. Without contemplation there would be no philosophy at all.

And meditation, in the Western world, is a special kind of concentration, or a special kind of contemplation. When you concentrate or contemplate about ordinary, worldly things it is not meditation. When you contemplate about the other world -- God, heaven and hell, the existence of the soul -- then it becomes meditation. It is a particular specialization of contemplation and concentration. But there is no word which can convey the meaning of dhyana. And it is not a new phenomenon. When Buddha spoke, he was not speaking in Sanskrit he was speaking in the living language of his people. The language was Pali, but he had to take the word dhyana, from Sanskrit; Pali had no word for it of its own. But it changed its form. Instead of dhyana, in Pali it became zana. And when Bodhidharma took the message to China, in Chinese there was no word with a parallel meaning to zana, so they took the word itself, and in Chinese it became ch'an -- but it is dhyan.

When from China it went to Japan, again there was the same problem. They figured it out, what was more suitable for them as far as pronunciation was concerned. But the word dhyan continued -- in zana, in ch'an, and in Japanese it became zen. It is a very interesting history of a word

which has never been found in any other language -- for the simple reason that nowhere else has it been developed. And unless you develop something, you cannot have a word for it. It was always exported: from India to China, from China to Japan.

In English they thought the word `meditation' will do; it was a wrong decision. The translators have been using `meditation' and now it has become established, but the meaning has to be changed. If you are not going to change the word, you will have to change the meaning.

Meditation means no object, no concentration, no contemplation, but an absolute silence ... nothing on the screen of the mind, just a tabula rasa.

In this situation -- only when you are neither thinking, nor concentrating, nor contemplating -- the energy of your awareness has no involvement with any object. And energy has an intrinsic quality. It cannot remain static, it is basically dynamic; it moves, it is movement. When it cannot find any object ... and you have to understand the meaning of the word `object': that which hinders, that which prevents. It is an objection, it is a wall. Awareness goes and is objected by the wall; it shows the wall, it shows the details of the wall. But meditation is when there is no object, the energy goes on moving.

The second fundamental about energy is that it moves in circles. All energies in existence move in circles. The earth moves in a circle around the sun, and the scientists say the sun is moving around the center of the universe, though we have not been able yet to decide where this center is. All the stars are also moving around the same center.

But everything is moving, so when there is no object your awareness starts moving in a circle and comes back upon itself. Rather than being involved in an object, it falls back to the source, as if an old man has moved again back to his childhood.

Meditation simply means awareness being aware of itself, the mirror reflecting nothing but just being itself. It is one of the most difficult subjects to talk about. It is better not to talk about it. Even if you can manage to say something it will be misunderstood. In life there are things which cannot be talked about, and meditation is one of those great experiences which can be expressed, but through different means, not words -- through your eyes ....

The eyes of a meditator have a different quality, a different depth, a certain compassion. The face of the meditator has something of the quality of a marble statue. The gestures of the meditator are so peaceful and so cool that if you can watch them, even watching them will bring coolness and silence and calmness to you.

The meditator walks differently; he has a grace in every one of his actions. He also speaks differently. He does not bother about linguistics or grammar, his whole concern is to expose his heart, as far as is possible, through his speaking or through his non-speaking. His presence has a tremendous vitality, a freshness, a youthfulness. Even at the last moment of his life ... his body may have become old, but he is young.

So rather than thinking about how to talk about it, be it, and let people feel it. The experience that you are going through is immensely beautiful, but by talking about it you may create a disturbance in your own experience. If you are not

understood, or misunderstood, you will start suspecting that perhaps you are hallucinating or perhaps you are daydreaming, because nobody seems to understand what you say.
It is better not to say until you are in a situation where even if the whole world misunderstands you, it cannot create a doubt in your being. Your experience has become so crystallized that there is no possibility of raising a question. Then you can talk -- whether people understand or not, that is their problem. But right now, in the beginning of your experience, things are very fragile, very delicate, just like the petals of a roseflower. You have to be aware of the fragility of your experience.
It is not always right to talk about things. Sometimes the right thing is to be silent, and perhaps your silence will say much more than you can say. And one thing is good about silence: it cannot be misunderstood.

The husband had arrived home unexpectedly, and was staring suspiciously at a cigar smoldering in the ashtray. "Where did that cigar come from?" he thundered at his wife, so loud that she hid under the bed covers. There was a heavy silence, then from the closet a shaky voice answered, "Cuba."

There are moments when one should remain silent.

A well-endowed woman was waiting to go in for a job interview. She was warned by the receptionist, "Listen, honey, I don't want to upset you right before your interview but the boss has a bad reputation with women. I have heard

from other girls that when he gets you alone in his office, he practically rips the dress right off your back."
"Thanks for the warning," replied the girl, "I will change into an old one."

It is not necessarily true that what you say will reach the other person. The moment you have said something it is beyond your control. Now it is in the control of the person who has heard it. The person has absolute freedom about the kind of interpretation he is going to give it. And things like meditation should not be allowed to be misinterpreted because it is dangerous. If the person gets things wrong once, he will carry the wrong impression his whole life. Just out of compassion for others, don't say things which can be misinterpreted, which are bound to be misinterpreted because the other person has no experience parallel to it. Then he will carry that misinterpretation his whole life. You have prevented him from finding the right source and the right feel for a meditative state.
I can understand why you are asking, "How to talk about it?" It is intrinsic to meditation that the moment you feel the joy and the bliss, it wants to be shared. And you know only one way of sharing, and that is talking. You will have to learn new ways of sharing.
Meditation is a new way of being, it needs a new way of sharing. Words belong to the mind; meditation is a state of no-mind. Don't make the effort to bring it into words.
One Zen master was sitting on the beach and a very curious person came and said, "I am in a hurry so I don't want a long explanation. Just say to me in short, what is this meditation that you all go on bragging about?"

The Zen master remained silent, as if he had not heard it.
The man said, "What is the matter? Are you deaf?"
He said, "No, I am not deaf, but you are not in a position to understand what meditation is. Neither do you have time, nor do you have any longing. The way you have proposed your question is so humiliating, insulting; I am not obliged to satisfy your curiosity. Meditation never happens to people who are only curious. Are you thirsty for it?"
The man said, "I have never thought about it."
So the master said, "Just seeing me, a curiosity has arisen in you. By coincidence you will be passing by my side, why not ask about meditation?"
The man felt that he had done something wrong. He said, "Forgive me, it was out of curiosity, but now I am sincerely asking. Seeing you, seeing your beauty, a small longing is arising in me too."
Still the master remained silent. He said, "Now what is the matter? I am ready to wait, I will drop the project I was on."
The Master said, "I have answered it. Silence is the answer."
The man said, "My God, if silence is the answer I can get it from the trees, from the mountains, from the rivers. What is the need to come to a master?"
The master said, "Their silence is meaningless. The silence of a master has immense meaning because it is conscious silence."
The man said, "These are difficult words, and I don't know anything about consciousness. Why can't you write in the sand with your hand a sentence that explains it to me."

The master said, "Very reluctantly, I am writing, because the moment it is written it is no more the same thing that I wanted to write." And he wrote simply `Dhyan'. The man said, "But that does not explain anything to me. I don't understand, please explain it in a little more detail."

The master wrote the same word in bigger letters, "DHYAN." The man said, "I am asking for some more detail."

The master tried a third time. He stood up and wrote a very big word, "D-H-Y-A-N" in the sand.

The man said, "Small `dhyan', big `DHYAN', or even bigger, but I am in the same situation."

The master said, "You will remain in the same situation because you want to be satisfied by simple words, and meditation is not a word. It is not even a part of the mind. If your longing is great, if your thirst is so much that you cannot live without knowing meditation, then perhaps there is some possibility.

"I can show you my whole being in different ways so that you can have a little feeling of what meditation is, how it transforms the man, but forget words, forget explanations, forget language."

It is perfectly right to feel compassion, to talk about it, but it is not the right time for you. Only after enlightenment, when meditation has reached to its ultimate flowering, is one allowed to talk about it -- because then he knows the subtle nuances of words, and the gaps between the words, and the gaps between the lines, and he can be articulate. Something can transpire, even through his words.

But before enlightenment nobody is qualified to talk about meditation. Your whole energy should be to go deeper into

meditation, so that you can know its whole territory, all the joys and all the songs and all the dances. Once you have known it from every nook and corner, once you have known its very heartbeat, perhaps. Awakened, liberated, enlightened you may be able to talk about it -- then too it is not certain that you will be understood. But one thing is certain: misunderstanding will not disturb you.

Otherwise, if everybody misunderstands you there is every possibility that you will start suspecting your own sanity. In this insane world, to be a meditator is almost to become an outsider, a stranger, coming from another planet. So it is better to keep your mouth closed. Let meditation grow and fill your whole being. Then perhaps you may be able to sing, or play music, or dance, or talk -- in whatever way you feel yourself to be articulate.

One of the great mystics of India, Chaitanya Maha Prabhu, never spoke. And it was not that he was not articulate ... just the opposite. Before his enlightenment he was the most proficient logician of his day, even the greatest scholars used to tremble before him. His arguments were like swords; they would penetrate you and demolish you completely. But when he became enlightened, he became utterly silent. His only expression after that was simply dancing with his small drum.

You were asking about meditation, you were asking about God, and this was his answer. And he was such a beautiful dancer that slowly, slowly many gathered around him. It became a big group of dancers. Meditation was not talked about, but those dancers started feeling all the joys, slowly -- which he had not told them. But his dance was so

infectious that whoever had seen him dancing and whoever had the guts to join him soon became part of his being. His disciples knew nothing about meditation, as far as mind is concerned, but they knew everything about meditation as an experience.

Mike was exhausted when he arrived home from work very late one night. In order not to disturb his wife, he decided to undress in the dark. He took off his shorts and was just about to climb into bed when his wife sat up and said in a sleepy voice, "Mike, dearest, would you go down to the all-night drugstore and get me a box of aspirin? I have a splitting headache."
"Certainly, sweetheart," said the husband, and feeling his way across the room he crawled back into his clothes and stumbled out of the house and down the street to the store.
"Hey, Bill, a box of aspirin for the misses," he said wearily to the pharmacist.
"Sure, sure," said the pharmacist, "but tell me, where did you get that great fire chief's uniform? It's a scream."

People are living in darkness. And in darkness you cannot rely on your understanding. A light is needed within you. If you can see inside of yourself, your whole being lighted, perhaps you will become able in some way to communicate your ecstasy, your experience of godliness, but not before that.
My concern is not that others will misunderstand you, my concern is that you are right now very fragile, you need all kinds of protection. You should not bother to enlighten others -- first become enlightened.

This is one of the functions of the master: to see whether the disciple is ripe enough to be sent to the masses; or his experience is so new, just like a small plant which can be destroyed very easily, even by a child. I would like you first to become as strong as a cedar of Lebanon. Then you can raise your head, even to the stars, and communicate your experiences.

You can learn much from my own life. I have been talking about things which people cannot understand, and because they cannot understand they feel, in their unconscious, humiliated. And the only way they find to respond is to condemn me, without any evidence, without any proof, without any argument. But the masses are with them, because the masses also feel the same as they are feeling. But to me it is a hilarious phenomenon, seeing the whole world in such a mess, in such a deep insanity that no intelligent communication is possible.

I was talking to the pilot of the U.S. Marshal's plane, because that plane was taking me from one jail to another jail, and the pilots and the air hostess became deeply interested in me. They started feeling that injustice was being done to me.

They said to me, "We are in the service of the government, but still we cannot see any justice. It is absolutely pointless -- a six hour journey from North Carolina to Oregon was enough and they are taking you from one city to another city, for no reason at all." They took twelve days while the journey was only of six hours. And even the pilot, who was a well-educated man, started seeing the ugly strategy, that they wanted simply to harass me. They would bring me to the airport ... At five o'clock in the morning they would

wake me up in the jail, saying, "Your plane is ready," and the plane would leave at five o'clock in the evening. And the plane was ready.

The pilot said, "This seems to be absolutely absurd. The plane is ready. I am ready, I am waiting; you are ready, you are waiting, and they are simply delaying for twelve hours, for the simple reason that you can reach the next jail in the middle of the night. And orders are given to us: `Go as slow as possible, there is no hurry.'"

But they saw me on all these twelve days handcuffed, my feet chained, on my waist another chain. And because all over there was media, to prevent me from waving my hand to the media they put another chain on my handcuffs, a small chain, and joined it with my waist chain so I could not move even my hands.

The pilot said to me, "This has never happened ... and particularly in the plane you cannot escape. Even criminals, even murderers are allowed to take their chains off, their handcuffs off, but they are not allowing you to take your handcuffs, your chains off. This is sheer revenge. But you look so calm and so quiet, almost enjoying the whole trip."

And finally they started asking me, "What is the secret of your calmness? You are not angry, you are not criticizing, although everything that is being done is illegal."

I said, "This is an opportunity. I have never before in my life had a twelve-day holiday! They are very understanding people."

Finally the air hostess said, "We have been asking, `What crime can this silent man commit?' And they all said -- the marshals, the jailors -- `He has not committed any crime.

His only crime is that he was teaching people to be silent and to be rejoicing.'"

The day they left me in Oregon they had tears in their eyes -- the pilot, the air hostess, the co-pilot. They said, "Whenever we can get a holiday from our jobs, we are going to come to your commune, because you have made us, without saying anything, aware that we are missing something. We don't know what it is, but we are missing and we want to learn. We have gathered information from others that you call it meditation; we want to learn meditation."

Every jailor had promised me that he will be coming with his whole family to the commune, just to learn meditation ... "Because we can see that we have everything, but inside we are hollow."

You can start talking only when you are absolutely clear. You will be criticized and you will not be able to support yourself with arguments. You will not be able to produce any evidence, unless you have become so capable that your whole life becomes the argument, your whole being becomes the evidence; that even without saying anything, even strangers who are not connected with you start feeling something within their being, as if a snake is uncoiling. A suppressed longing, perhaps for lives, is raising its head again.

Meditation is something that you can keep repressed for as long as you want, but you cannot kill it. The seed will remain there, and one day you will have to stop repressing it. One day that same seed that you have been repressing for lives will become your savior.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
SOMETIMES I HAVE A FEELING THAT NOW I AM RIPE FOR THE WORLD, THAT NOW I CAN GO AND DO THOSE THINGS, "WHAT A WOMAN HAS TO DO, A WOMAN HAS TO DO."
TO GO OUT INTO THE BIG, WIDE WORLD, MAKE LOTS OF MONEY, IMPRESS EVERYBODY AND GO DOWN IN HISTORY. I HAVE SPENT A LOT OF THE LAST THREE YEARS IN THE COMMUNE AND LOVED IT. BUT RECENTLY, NOW THAT I AM THE CLOSEST TO YOU THAT I HAVE EVER BEEN, ALL THESE FANTASIES OF FAME AND FORTUNE EMERGE.
WHY CAN I NOT JUST SIT DOWN, BE AT PEACE WITH THE HERE AND NOW, AND SOAK UP THE LOVE YOU SHOWER UPON ME EVERY DAY? AM I REALLY SO BLIND?

Premdipa, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but the truth is, you are still blind. There are many kinds of people who have come to me. Most of them are accidental; they had not come with a definite vision of what they were coming here for, and when they came here they got involved in meditations, they got involved with my presence, with my love. They stayed, but deep in their unconscious their old desires were still alive. So on the surface they were feeling very good, but the surface is very thin.
Any small incident can open up the Pandora's box, and all their desires they were thinking had gone are there, more forceful than ever before. That's what is happening to you.

You say, "Sometimes I have a feeling that now I am ripe for the world." Please don't deceive yourself. The day you are ripe for the world, I will tell you. You cannot have a certificate for yourself. You are not ripe for the world.
But this is how mind is cunning. The mind wants to go into the world not because you are ripe, but because all those repressed feelings want their fulfillment: "Now I can go and do things." And what are the things? "What a woman has to do, a woman has to do."
And very strange things a woman has to do. "To go out into the big, wide world, make lots of money, impress everybody, and go down in history."
The end is not very interesting -- go down in history? Or go down the drain? Going down in history means going to your graveyard. History is only a chronicle of those who are dead. Strange idea you have ... "What a woman has to do, a woman has to do." I have never thought about it. Whatever a woman has to do she can do here. Why go into the wide world?
"Make lots of money." What will you do with the money? Create a charitable trust? You cannot eat the money, and you cannot live by money alone -- and not just money to survive but lots of money. Have you ever thought about what you mean by "lots of money"? Is there a limit to it? Because "lots of money" can mean anything. And how are you going to earn lots of money? Just by doing "what a woman has to do"?
Don't be stupid. There are many stupid women outside and they are doing their job, earning lots of money, and getting ready to go down in history. A strange desire in you ... You will go to the grave, only your name may be in history. But

that too is a very difficult thing. How many women have gone into history? And how many women have lived on this planet? And the women who have gone into history are not worth imitating.

For example, Cleopatra. She went down in history because she was one of the most beautiful women, and she sold her body to any conqueror that came to conquer Egypt -- Caesar or Anthony or anybody else. Her only defense force was, she would sell her body. She must have been the greatest prostitute of the world. Do you think she blossomed, came to her individuality? She was simply a football between the generals. One general would come and she was offering her body, and another general would come and she was ready to offer her body. Certainly she remained the empress of Egypt, with lots of money, and did everything that a woman has to do.

But these kind of ugly creatures are not to be imitated. Only her physical body was beautiful, but her spirit must have been mean, utterly mean. In love, you can give everything -- your body, your mind, your soul -- and it is a great experience. But for money or for power, selling your body is the meanest kind of thing in the world.

And what will you gain by impressing everybody? Here I can tell everybody, "Be impressed by this Premdipa," and they all will be impressed by you. Everybody will come to you and will say, "Premdipa, you are really great! Cleopatra was nothing."

Outside in society, how are you going to impress? What genius have you to impress the world? Poetry, sculpture, painting, and all those fields are very competitive. Here things are very simple. You just stand up and tell people,

"A great desire to impress you all has arisen in me. Please be kind enough and be impressed" -- that's all! And everybody will be impressed. And you don't have to do anything that a woman has to do.

"All these fantasies of fame and fortune are emerging. Why can I not just sit down, be at peace with the here and now, and soak up the love you shower upon me every day? Am I really so blind?"

Your blindness consists of your repressed desires. You have not cleaned your heart. You have come here and you have put a layer around yourself, but underneath the layer are all the scorpions and all the snakes and all the spiders and all the cockroaches.

The first thing for every sannyasin is to clean all these things. And with a clean ground start growing roses; otherwise one day or other these scorpions and these snakes and these cockroaches are going to assert themselves, and they will destroy your whole beautiful garden of roses. Still, nothing is lost -- start cleaning.

A meditator is neither a man nor a woman, because meditation has nothing to do with your body; neither does it have anything to do with your mind. In meditation you are simply and purely consciousness. And consciousness is neither male nor female.

The moment you understand your consciousness, all desires for money, fame, power, impressing people and going down the drain into history, simply disappear. You have not cleaned the weeds from the ground and started growing roses. Now those weeds are hiding your roses, those weeds have grown up. You were watering the roses but the weeds

were exploiting all that watering, all that manure, all that care.

And remember the weeds, wild weeds, are far stronger than beautiful roses. They will slowly cripple your roses, destroy your roses, and the whole garden will be full of dead roses and dancing wild weeds. Every gardener understands it, that first the ground has to be cleaned, all roots have to be removed. All grass, weeds have to be removed from the very roots so they can't come back again. Only then can delicate flowers be grown.

Meditation is the most delicate flower in existence. You started growing it without bothering about all the rats and cockroaches and scorpions. They remained there and now they are raising their heads in protest. They are all political beings -- and very strong fellows.

Scientists say that there has never been any time in the history ... wherever man has been there have been cockroaches. Or vice versa -- wherever there are cockroaches you can infer that nearby there must be human beings. Cockroaches are in such a deep love with human beings; there seems to be no way to get rid of them. I have heard that even on the rocket that went to the moon, the passengers who were going to the moon suddenly found cockroaches. And every care was taken, but somehow cockroaches made their way and went with the people to the moon.

Still, it is not too late. Start cleaning your ground. And you have every capacity, capability, and you have had experiences of beautiful silences of the heart. You have been joyous, in spite of this underlying conspiracy. And this underlying conspiracy of your mind is now convincing

you that you are ripe: "Now there is no need to be worried about the world, you can go into the world." For what? A person who is ripe in meditation cannot even think of having lots of money, going down in history, and "what a woman has to do, a woman has to do." This is a strange idea. From where did you get it? Seems to be your own contribution.

Premdipa ... everybody has heard her name, now be impressed with her! You will enjoy, she will enjoy. There is no harm, just find her, bow down, and tell her, wherever you see her, "I am so much impressed. My God, why do people talk about Cleopatra when Premdipa is still here?" Why go down in history? Just go around the ashram!

It was the late night news broadcast on CBS, at the height of the hostage problem in Iran. The newscaster announced, "And here is the latest flash. There is some good news and some bad news. First the good news: Racquel Welch has offered to give herself in exchange for the hostages and the Ayatollah Khomeini has accepted. Now the bad news: Teddy Kennedy is driving her to the airport."

Avoid these Ayatollah Khomeinis and Teddy Kennedys. All your desires can be fulfilled by my people. Just ask her, "What a woman has to do, a woman has to do -- what is that?" Why not do it here? If you want to impress people, impress -- my people are compassionate enough. Even if you are not beautiful they will say you are, just a unique quality of beauty.

And as far as history is concerned, you can start writing a history of the world in which you make yourself the greatest heroine who has ever lived. Why wait for other

historians, whether they will write about you or not? And here we have many very articulate people who can write. They will start writing a history for you. It will be a great joy to have Premdipa, who is still alive, go down in history. We can make our own history books; there is no need for anybody else to do our job.
Beautiful history books, raw-silk bound, with your great pictures in it. There is no need for many copies, just a few copies, circulated to sannyasins all over the world, sent to every center, every commune: "It is a must for every meditator to read this history." We can manage these things very easily.
Outside in the world I am worried that you will be alone. And perhaps you may succeed, you may not succeed. Here success is absolutely certain and guaranteed.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #25
Chapter title: The puzzle remains but you are solved
30 June 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
THE OTHER DAY, SARITO ASKED ABOUT WRITING BEAUTIFUL WORDS ABOUT YOU THAT SHE FELT SHE HAD NO RIGHT TO SAY, AND YOU ENCOURAGED US TO EXPRESS OURSELVES IN

THE WORLD. BELOVED MASTER, I AM NOT A SPEAKER OR WRITER OF BEAUTIFUL WORDS, STILL, MANY TIMES I HAVE EXPERIENCED SHARING MYSELF WITH PEOPLE IN THE WORLD, SHARING YOU, SHARING YOUR VISION. FOR THAT MOMENT OF SHARING, I BECOME WHAT I AM EXPRESSING. FOR THAT MOMENT I RADIATE YOUR LIGHT FLOWING THROUGH ME, AS IF EACH TIME I MYSELF AM EXPERIENCING YOU NEWLY AND FRESH. BELOVED OSHO, CAN YOU PLEASE TALK ABOUT THE MAGIC OF SHARING?

Prem Komal, there is only one magic in the world, and that is the magic of sharing. All else in the name of magic is simply trickery; but sharing belongs to the ultimate truth. Sharing is possible only if you have experienced -- in absolute depth -- love, blissfulness, ecstasy, and these are not just words to you but your very heartbeat, your very breathing. Then the magic happens. There is no magician, just the magic. You don't do it, it simply overwhelms you. If there is somebody to receive, open and vulnerable, thirsty and longing, then something invisible starts flowing between the two.

You cannot see it, but you can feel that a connection has happened which is beyond the reach of the mind. Neither can anybody else see it, but if people of understanding are around you, they can see the effects of it. The person who becomes overwhelmed is immediately no longer a person but only a presence, no longer a flower but only a fragrance, no longer a dancer but only a dance. You cannot catch hold of him, but you can enjoy to the fullest. And the

person who has become connected starts melting and merging. There are no longer two persons; there are two bodies and one soul.

In fact, without our knowing there is only one soul of the whole universe. The trees and the birds and the animals, and all that is living, has a universal soul. We are simply parts of it, and our ignorance consists of our thinking of ourselves as separate. That's what is called the ego.

The idea of separation is ego. The moment that false idea disappears, your whole life becomes a continuous experience of mysteries, miracles, and magic. And without your knowing, those who are thirsty start coming towards you, those who are searching suddenly start feeling a magnetic pull, a charisma, irresistibly. They may not even like to come, but they have to come; it is beyond their capacity to prevent themselves. Once they have felt something of the beyond, then they have no power to go against the flow; then they have to be just part of the flow and allow it to take them wherever it is going.

In a gathering like this, that magic happens every day. You may not give it the name "magic" ... because that word has become very contaminated by wrong usage; otherwise it is one of the most beautiful words. There are thousands of eyes here, but suddenly one seeing; thousands of hearts, but suddenly one beating ... one harmony, and a silence as if there is nobody. This is the only magic there is.

Prem Komal, you don't have to learn it; it is not an art. It is not within your capacity to learn it. What is within your capacity is to allow existence to flow through you. You should not stand in the way, that is the only art; you should not block the radiation. You should simply stand aside and

let the universal consciousness flow through you, and reach as far as there are people who can receive it.

When we are meeting here -- and not just meeting in the ordinary sense but actually meeting, heart to heart, being to being -- this overwhelming experience goes around the earth, to all the sannyasins wherever they may be. They may not understand what is happening, why suddenly they have become silent, why suddenly they have started singing or playing on the flute, why suddenly a deep urge has arisen in them to dance. They may not be aware of what is happening. So this gathering is not only the gathering of those few who are actually present here, it is a gathering of all those who have loved me and who have received my love. Wherever they may be, dead or alive, they are part of this gathering, and they will rejoice and sing and dance, and feel grateful to existence.

A great Zen master was getting on in years. Finally, one day a few of his disciples gathered around him, and with long faces asked, "Master, your death is approaching -- you have told us that. Now we must ask, where would you like us to bury you?"

The old man looked up, and with a twinkle in his eye said, "Surprise me!"

These are the real people, the real magicians. Even death cannot make them sad. They can make fun even of death. What a beautiful man this old Zen master must have been, who could say, "Surprise me. Let me see what you do when I die. I am not leaving any instructions, I will wait and see. Do something that has never been done. Surprise me -- just don't be repetitive."

I don't know what happened later on, because I cannot think myself how to surprise. Whatever you do must have been done thousands of times. The old man has left his disciples in a state of koan -- that was his whole life's teaching.

These people are so strange that even when they are dying they cannot forget their teaching. That was his teaching: giving koans to the disciples. Koans are puzzles which cannot be solved, whatever you do; it doesn't matter. It is not a question of intelligence, it simply is not possible to solve them. The moment you realize it, that all your efforts have failed and now you cannot see anything else that is possible, a great silence descends on you. In that silence you are no more. The puzzle remains, but you are solved. And that's the whole purpose of a koan. The puzzle will always remain -- that's why the same koan goes on being used for thousands of years, because no koan can ever be solved. But it solves the person. All his problems and doubts and questions and everything disappear. In that utter failure of his mind to solve a small puzzle, the mind stops. It has tried every way; there is no way out. And the moment the mind fails, you encounter yourself ... beyond mind, beyond words.

That old man has again given them a koan. He will be gone and they will be sitting there trying to solve the puzzle. How to surprise the old man? Whatever you can think of must have been done before. Millions of people have died and thousands of masters have died. Everything must have been tried; surprise is almost impossible. That was the meaning of the twinkle in his eye -- he knows that he is putting you in trouble.

Perhaps you will not be able to surprise him, but in the very effort to find a way out, you may find a way in, you may come to know yourself. His death may become a resurrection for you. In his death you may come to know the eternal, the immortal.

This is the only magic I know of: to have a taste of the eternal and to allow people to share the taste. Those who are ready and ripe, those who are mature and of age, they will immediately start growing. And those who are not yet ripe will have to wait a little.

There is no harm in waiting a little, because time is without any beginning and without any end. It does not matter whether you become enlightened on Monday ... because there are only seven days -- you can choose any day. These seven days have been chosen because of the seven colors of the rainbow. These are the seven colors of the rays of the sun. These seven days are named after light and color. Enlightenment is the most psychedelic experience. More colorful than enlightenment there is nothing else. More full of light and more full of delight there is nothing else.

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,

FOR THE LAST FOUR DAYS I HAVE BEEN TAKING PART IN THE ZAZEN GROUP. WHEN ANGER ARISES, IT IS SO DIFFICULT FOR ME TO WATCH THIS FEELING INSTEAD OF THROWING THIS ANGER ON OTHERS. BELOVED MASTER, WOULD YOU PLEASE SPEAK ABOUT THE ART OF WATCHING?

Anand Urmila, everything that I have been saying to you consists of the art of watching -- from different dimensions, from different aspects, from different angles. My whole teaching can be reduced to a single word -- watching.
That is the only thing in you which is not part of the mind. That is the only thing in you which does not belong to you, but belongs to existence itself. For example, I can watch my hand; that means I am not the hand. Whatever you can watch you are not. This is a simple arithmetic. The watcher is bound to be separate from the object that he is watching.
You can watch your body from outside, and from inside too. You can close your eyes and you can watch your body from the inside. It will be dark, and it will not be so visible and so clear, but still you can feel many things. You can hear the heart beating. If you are really very silent you can even hear the sound of your blood running. You are not the body.
You can watch your mind. All its thoughts, howsoever fine, are available to your watching. You can see the subtlest expression of the mind. That makes one thing clear -- that you are not the mind either. It is a little more difficult, but not impossible, to watch your feelings -- what the poets call the heart; your emotions, your moods -- which are the subtlest things in your personality. A little sadness, a little joy, or perhaps nothing but an indifference ... But even indifference is a certain attitude. Watching goes on becoming more and more deep.
Beyond your moods there is nothing to watch, but only silence. In that silence a great miracle happens. The energy that has been watching turns upon itself. Hence many old religions have used as a symbol the snake holding its own

tail in its mouth. It is a circle ... the mouth and the tail. It has been used in a very ancient school in Tibet, and Madame Blavatsky brought it from there and it became a symbol for the Theosophical movement.

I have met many Theosophists. In the city where I used to live there was a Theosophical lodge; it was one of their big centers. And just before the lodge was the snake taking his tail in his mouth.

The president, who had invited me to speak in their lodge, was taking me inside the lodge. I asked him, "Do you know the meaning of this snake?"

He said, "I have once or twice been puzzled myself -- what is the meaning of this snake? And I have been asking all our Theosophist leaders -- president of the world society, secretary of the world society -- but nobody seems to know the meaning of it. And it is there on all the lodges. It seems everybody has forgotten the meaning."

I said, "If you have forgotten the meaning of this simple symbol, then you have forgotten everything about theology, theosophy, or whatever name you give to it. You have forgotten everything about religion, because this snake represents the ultimate experience of watching. When the energy of watching, just like a snake, turns back to the source, creating a circle, one knows oneself, there is nothing else to know. That's what Socrates was saying to his disciples: `Know thyself, because without knowing thyself you cannot be thyself.'"

Unconscious, you simply think you are. But you don't know who you are, what you are, why you are. Your whole life is lived in unconsciousness.

Mrs. Pomeroy's maid became so sick one afternoon that Mrs. Pomeroy said to her, "Please, let me put you in my bed until I can get our family doctor here to examine you." When the physician arrived, Mrs. Pomeroy showed him into the bedroom, then left him alone to examine the maid. "Doctor, I am not sick at all," confessed the maid, "I am faking it. That old tightwad owes me three months back salary, and I am not getting out of her bed until she pays me."
The doctor's face suddenly brightened. "Hell," he said, "she owes me for my past ten visits here." He then popped a thermometer into his mouth and said to the maid, "Move over."

But this is our whole life ... almost living in a state of sleep.

When a sudden storm blew up at sea, a young woman leaning against the ship's rail lost her balance and was thrown overboard. Immediately another figure plunged into the waves beside her, and held her up until a lifeboat rescued them.
To everyone's astonishment, the hero was the oldest man on the voyage, ninety-two years old. That night a party was given in honor of his bravery. "Speech, speech!" cried the other passengers.
The old gentleman rose slowly and looked around at the enthusiastic gathering. "There is just one thing I would like to know," he said. "Who the hell pushed me?"
This game goes on. Our life is really ridiculous, and the only way to make it sane and intelligent is the way of creating a watcher in you. Then whether you are awake or

asleep the watcher remains inside you, just like a small flame, continuously burning. It watches your sleep, it watches your dreams; it watches everything. Finally it watches your death too.

And because it watches your death, it means you are not dying. Only that which was not you is dying. The flame has become your life source, and the center simply moves on into another form, into another life. And this flame cannot be extinguished. It is immortality itself. The experience of this flame is the experience of enlightenment. With this experience, all the fears of life disappear.

What remains is pure joy, and a tremendous gratitude towards existence. I call this gratitude the only prayer ... no words, but without words a deep feeling of gratefulness: "So much has been given to me which I don't deserve, which I have not earned, of which I am not worthy. Life goes on giving to me out of its abundance, not because I need it, I deserve it, but because life has so much to give. It is overflowing."

The energy of existence is so much, uncontainable. So those who are not closed, who are open, they become filled with all kinds of flowers, and all kinds of fragrances, and all kinds of riches, and all kinds of mysteries, and all kinds of secrets.

The golden key is watching. And there is nothing much to learn in it. It is a very simple thing. You cannot imagine anything more simple which can open the doors of the whole existence for you.

Question 3

BELOVED OSHO,

LATELY I HAVE SLIPPED RIGHT BACK INTO MY ENGLISH SKIN, AND I'M SO TIRED OF IT: SAD, SERIOUS, DEPRESSED, REPRESSED, APOLOGETIC, HESITANT, WITHOUT HUMOR OR PLAYFULNESS, CONSCIENTIOUS, AND BORING. IT IS REALLY PATHETIC.
WHEN MY ENERGY TAKES OFF I AM A TOTALLY DIFFERENT PERSON, SO I KNOW THIS ISN'T THE REAL ME. BUT SOMETHING WILL TRIGGER, AND I AM BACK IN THE OLD SKIN AGAIN. PLEASE HELP ME TO CAST IT OFF.

Deva Vachana, you are in one of the most difficult skins. But I will take you out. And you also have become aware of slipping out of it; but just out of the old habit you again get into it. So now it is not as difficult as it usually is.
You are describing very rightly that English conditioning. It is one of the most serious and sad conditionings in the world.
You say, "Lately I have slipped right back into my English skin." Because you have been out, that's why you can recognize what this skin is. Those who are already in have no way of knowing. They cannot compare, they have never been out of the bag.
" ... and I am so tired of it." Everybody who has that conditioning is tired of it. But one of the fundamentals of conditioning is that whether you are tired or bored, you have lived with it so long that leaving it aside makes you feel that you are standing naked, nude. Your conditioning has become your companion; without it you are suddenly lonely.

You want to get out of it because you can feel that the sadness is unnecessary, the seriousness is unnecessary. Life is not serious, life is very playful. And those who understand life a little bit immediately jump out of their conditionings and join with the celebration of the eternal, ongoing dance of existence.

You say, "Sad, serious, depressed, repressed, apologetic, hesitant, without humor or playfulness, conscientious, and boring." All great qualities! These are the qualities which used to make people saints. Think twice before dropping this skin. You can become a great English saint!

But if you want to drop it, you will be just a healthy human being. And to me a healthy human being who is sane, loving, full of a sense of humor, joyous, full of laughter, is far more valuable than any saint with all the qualities you have described. But you are in a kind of limbo.

You say, "It is really pathetic. When my energy takes off I am a totally different person, so I know this is not the real me. But something will trigger, and I am back in the old skin again." Just learn a simple thing: what triggers, that makes you go back into all these great qualities. It must be happening often, so you can watch -- where is the switch that suddenly makes you English? Put it off and you are out of the skin.

And once you know the switch ... Perhaps it is jealousy, perhaps it is egoism -- because these qualities make one very egoistic. One feels superior to others. The people who are laughing, enjoying, these qualities condemn them -- they are childish, foolish. These qualities proclaim themselves to be spiritual. So if you have somewhere a

desire to be called spiritual, saintly, special, then there will be the trigger.

To be out of this English sickness is very simple. Just go against all these qualities. When you feel sad, jog, jump, laugh. When you feel repressed, express. And don't be bothered that people may think you are mad; that it is not the time, it is not the right place where you are expressing. It is their problem. You remember that you have not to allow depression to set in. The moment you feel that something is becoming depressed, repressed, immediately express yourself in a song, in a dance, in a laughter. You will have to do something so that these qualities are counter-balanced.

And here it is possible. Back in England it will be very difficult, because that is the only country where everybody is a saint. The climate of the country is very saintly -- so sad, so grumpy. And just visualizing ... because they have not allowed me even to enter the country, perhaps out of fear that I will condemn everything that I see. It is better not to let me know their real situation, that everybody is walking with an umbrella. What kind of people are these? And with an umbrella can you laugh? With an umbrella a serious and sad face fits perfectly well. Here it is possible, Vachana. I have heard ....

An English tourist was visiting a Wild West town in America for the first time. He had heard about an old Indian who was famous for his incredible memory. He spied the old Indian in front of the general store and decided to put him to the test.

"Okay Mr. Indian, what did you have for breakfast on October 4, 1920?"
The poker-faced old Indian answered, "Eggs."
The English man scoffed, "Hell, everyone eats eggs for breakfast. You are a fraud."
Eight years later, the English man once again was visiting the same Wild West town and saw the old Indian lounging in front of the same wild west store. The tourist walked up to him and said, good-naturedly, "How."
The Indian answered, "Scrambled."

Here it is possible. Laughter is in the air here. In fact, I cannot conceive how one can be sad and serious in this temple, which is a temple of a dancing god, of a laughing god; which is a temple rebelling against all temples of the past which were all serious, sad. This is a temple of love. You have just to be alert and careful that the old habit does not catch hold of you. Just for a few days it will come again and again, but don't let it take possession of you. Run, stand on your head, do anything crazy, but don't be English, because that country is simply a big madhouse.
You will have to make just a little effort. Be playful. And here everything is allowed. If you are standing by the side and just laughing, nobody is going to ask you why you are laughing. If somebody is interested, he may stand by your side and start laughing himself. What is the point of asking you? Laughter is such a healthy exercise. Somebody is laughing -- that's perfectly good exercise, join him. Somebody is being playful -- if you have time, join him. Make every effort which goes against these habits. Never hesitate for anything.

There is no question of being apologetic; you are not committing any sin, you are not interfering with anybody's life or freedom. You don't have to be continually saying, "I am sorry."

I have heard about a man who had come from a faraway village to a big city, just to see the city -- he had never seen it before. There are millions of people in India who have never visited a big city, who have never seen a railway train, who are still at least ten centuries behind the rest of the world.

But he found it very strange. There was such a crowd on the streets that people were pushing him, people were walking on his toes, and everybody was saying, "I am sorry." He could not understand: "What kind of game is this? First push somebody and then say, `I am sorry.' Walk over his feet and then say, `I am sorry.'" He thought, "Perhaps in this big city ... I don't know the game." But watching a little more, he thought, "I have to participate in it."

So he really started hitting people and saying, "I am sorry." People looked at him: "What is the matter? What kind of lunatic has come here?" Because he was simply hitting on their head and saying, "I am sorry."

Then somebody took hold of him and said, "What is the matter?"

He said, "I am just joining in the game. Now that I have come to the city, I have to learn everything. Everybody was making a fool of me. Soon I realized that this won't do. And I am a villager; when I do something, I really do it." "These weak fellows, they just hit a little bit and say, `I am sorry.' I give them such a hit, they will never forget it for

their whole life. And I am enjoying the game. Now I don't want to go back to the village, this game is so great. And you need not worry, just you have to say, `I am sorry,' and you can do anything."

In this place you don't have to be continuously on the defense, because nobody is complaining against you, nobody is in any way trespassing on your territory. You are here as if you are alone. It is the easiest place where you can drop your English skin and conditioning. And you can learn ways of being joyous, cheerful, playful.

We are not creating here a commune of dead people. We are creating a commune of people who are living moment to moment, with totality, with intensity, squeezing the juice of life to the very last drop. And once you have learnt, all these conditionings which go against life cannot come back. You have to be so totally in tune with life that anything that goes against life will not be able to get hold of you.

Life is the greatest power. Once life gets hold of you, then no habit is big enough. And these are just sick habits; they are not even healthy. They are created by a society which has been thinking itself to be the greatest land of the world, the most powerful land of the world, the biggest empire in the world. And there was a time when it was a great empire. It was said that the sun never sets in the British empire; somewhere or the other the sun is always rising -- because the empire was the biggest all around the world. These qualities are the qualities of the imperialist -- because the people who rule, they cannot be playful, they have to be serious. The people who rule, they have to be hard -- not only hard on others, but hard on themselves.

They had to be some kind of ascetics, serious people. They are carrying the whole burden of the earth. They used to call it "white man's burden." And naturally, if you are carrying the whole world's burden on your shoulders, you cannot laugh, you cannot rejoice, you have to be serious. And the ridiculous thing is that they have taken on the whole responsibility themselves. The people they have taken responsibility for want freedom, they want their responsibility in their own hands. Because the moment responsibility goes into others' hands, your freedom is also gone. The responsibility and the freedom remain together. The white man's burden was because he was making slaves around the world -- almost half of the world. And because they had taken their freedom, they had to take their responsibility too. That created all these great qualities -- ugly, psychologically sick.

But there was a purpose once. Now that purpose also is gone. Now Britain is no longer even a big power. But they cannot forget those old days, those great days when they were the most powerful people around the world. And they cannot drop those qualities because those qualities make them remember the days of glory and power.

But for you, Vachana, for the new generation in England or anywhere else, there is no need to be bothered about the past and its glory and its golden days. In fact, those days were the most ugly and barbarous for England. The very idea that you are ruling over other human beings is inhuman. And perhaps they were doing so much inhumanity to other human beings that it reflected back on their own joy. They started feeling guilty deep down that they are doing something wrong; hence the continuous

apologetic mood. They could not mix with people because everybody was lower than them.

India has known them for three hundred years. They lived separately; they were not living in Indian cities, they had their own separate camps in every big city where Indians were not allowed even to enter. They had their own societies -- small societies, small clubs, where Indians were not allowed. Indians were not accepted as human beings. The English had to keep a very serious face continuously because they could not be friendly with the people they were surrounded with. They had to keep all the people continuously afraid of them because their number was small.

If Indians were not a race of very patient people, whose tradition has been of accepting everything silently, who have never revolted against anybody and who have never attacked anybody ... Even when they had a great empire of their own, they never went beyond their boundary even to conquer small countries, which would have been so simple. It was totally a different kind of culture. But because of this different culture, a small group of Britishers could manage to control a country of millions. But they absolutely never mixed, just to make it clear that they are superior beings, higher beings. How can they mix with ordinary human beings?

But this kind of attitude naturally has a consequence on the person. He has to suffer. Carrying any kind of inhuman idea ultimately is going to backfire. And that's what is happening. Now everything has backfired. England has fallen into a very dark state, and there seems to be no possibility that it will be able to come out of it.

But here nobody is a foreigner. Nobody is English, nobody is Indian, nobody is German, nobody is Chinese. My whole approach is that I am against all discriminations of race, nation, color. I believe in one world, one humanity, and I would like my people to be also aware that this whole world is ours. Nobody is superior and nobody is inferior. And then life becomes a very playful, a very blissful affair.

An English woman, traveling on safari in darkest Africa, was very excited until she discovered that part of the journey was to be made through cannibal country. Knowing that the safari cook was a member of one of the cannibal tribes, she decided to consult him. He proved to be a pleasant, civilized man.
"You need not have any fear of my people," he assured her. "It would never enter their minds to harm anyone on safari. However," he continued, as he eyed the woman's short, plump figure, "if you happen to meet with an accident and be killed, you won't go to waste."

Do you get it?
I have to tell you something else.

Jealously eyeing her next door neighbor's new mink coat, the young wife asked how she had been able to afford such an expensive item.
"You probably won't believe this," replied the neighbor, "but I saved up all the money myself by charging my husband five dollars every time we made love." The young wife was determined to get a mink coat of her own, so that

night when her husband advanced on her she pushed him away and demanded five dollars before going any further. The aroused husband fumbled through his trouser pockets but could only come up with four dollars and fifty cents. "Well, for that amount you can only sample my affection," she bargained.
After several minutes of extensive sampling, the wife was very excited and knew she would be unable to resist her husband much longer. In a final last-ditched attempt to maintain her bargaining position, she whispered in his ear, "Say, if it is all the same to you, dear, why don't I lend you the fifty cents until tomorrow?"

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn

Chapter #26

Chapter title: Memory is not understanding
1 July 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
IS IT ENOUGH TO GO TO YOUR DISCOURSES WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING THE WORDS? MY JAPANESE GIRLFRIEND DOES NOT SPEAK ANY ENGLISH BUT ENJOYED YOUR LECTURES VERY MUCH.
SHE WROTE TO ME THAT SHE WILL NOT LEARN ENGLISH BECAUSE IT IS TOO DANGEROUS FOR

HER TO UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU SAY. CAN THE NON-VERBAL COMMUNICATION BETWEEN MASTER AND DISCIPLE REALLY BE THE ULTIMATE, OR SHOULD I DEVELOP ALL THE ABILITIES THAT EXISTENCE GAVE ME AND LEARN ENGLISH?

Anand Alok, the real communion between the master and the disciple is certainly not through words. On the contrary, words are hindrances. Your Japanese girlfriend is absolutely right. If she can enjoy just being in my presence, there is no need to learn the language.

She is also right that it is dangerous to understand me through words -- dangerous for two reasons. The more basic reason is that she will start connecting with me through the mind, and that is no connection. That is just a false and pseudo supplement, substitute for the authentic connection that is heart to heart. And secondly, it is true that what I am saying is dangerous, because it may disturb her conditionings, it may disturb her prejudices, it may disturb her completely. But tell her to remember that a heart-to-heart communion is far more dangerous than any communion between minds, because your mind can have safety measures, defenses.

The heart is open; there are no safety measures, no defenses. Your mind may interpret me according to your prejudices -- then it need not be disturbed -- but your heart will simply take me in without any interpretation on its own part. She has chosen the more dangerous path, but the more sincere, more authentic and the most shortcut.

So don't disturb her and force her to learn the language. Language has to be forgotten. You have to forget, you have to unlearn all that you know. In the space of unlearning your innocence starts growing. I speak just to help you to understand my silent gaps. But what I am really doing is in the silences -- not through the words, but between the words. Words are just toys that I am giving to your mind to play with. Silence is really the sword that penetrates directly into your heart; it brings transformation.

Mind is very reluctant to change, very stubborn in changing. It has so much investment in its past that it is almost blind to the future possibilities. The heart has no past, it has only the present and an opening into the future. It longs for the unknown, for the mysterious. It is not satisfied with the mundane, it is not satisfied with money or power, or prestige. Its longing is for something beyond the ordinary, beyond ambitions, because only beyond ambitions is the land of the lotus paradise.

Your Japanese girlfriend has a deeper understanding than you have. In fact, it is a strange coincidence that you are Chinese.

The whole philosophy of meditation first reached China from India, but China already had its own ideas. Confucius was a very mundane philosopher, and he was the dominant figure in China, the most respected person -- because he was the most moralistic, puritan. He created all kinds of disciplines for the development of the personality. And meditation is a demolishing of the personality.

There was a great clash between meditation and Confucian philosophy, which was predominant in China. It was a long struggle. There was a small stream of Tao -- Lao Tzu,

Chuang Tzu, Lieh Tzu -- but it was a very small stream. It had no national impact because the people who were impressed by Confucius remained in their heads, and Tao was the philosophy of the heart.

So when Buddhist monks reached China from India, there was immediately a deep communion between them and the small Taoist stream. Just looking into each other's eyes they understood, language was not a barrier.

But with Confucius there was a continuous argument for centuries. And it is a strange fact that Confucius has won, finally, because the communism that now prevails over China is an extension of Confucius. Mao is a Confucian, and they have destroyed all the Taoist monasteries; their scriptures; they have forced the Taoist meditators to go to the fields and work there.

China has gone against Lao Tzu, who was its greatest son. It has gone with Confucius, who is just as ordinary as Manu in India -- just a social thinker, creating ways for having a better culture, better civilization, without thinking at all about consciousness. The West has many philosophers of the same quality.

Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu are rare flowers, exotic ... but they were the people who understood Bodhidharma without a single word being said to them. They were the people who simply accepted Gautam Buddha and his immense contribution of meditation. But China has slipped out of the Taoist world of non-verbal, non-linguistic silence.

But in Japan things were different. When the philosophy of meditation reached Japan, it already had a religion, Shinto -- very primitive, without any great philosophy or any great arguments. People were only formally related to it; their

hearts were not dancing with it. It was out of date, there was a vacuum. They needed something to fill the vacuum, and then came the philosophy of meditation. And by now it was even richer than it was when it had reached China, because Gautam Buddha's approach to life was tremendously enhanced and enriched by the Taoist approach.

They melted into each other, they made each other brighter, lovelier, deeper, higher. In fact it was a miracle. Meditation has never reached to such heights as when Gautam Buddha and Lao Tzu's philosophies met in an eternal communion. What reached Japan was Gautam Buddha and Lao Tzu both together. China had made Gautam Buddha's approach more refined, had given it new dimensions, made it more pure. Japan was fortunate that it was in a state of vacuum. It simply absorbed this new philosophy without any resistance. Hence dhyan, or meditation, came to the highest flowering in Japan.

The flowering of Zen has left even the original master, Gautam Buddha, far behind. It has also left Lao Tzu far behind. It went on improving because there was no resistance, no argument against it, nobody to fight with it. Everybody was immediately in an agreeable receptivity. Zen became such a flowering that nothing like it has happened anywhere in the world.

Anand Alok you have been with me for many years, but your foundation is Confucian. And on top of it, you are interested in communism too. Both these together are preventing you from growing. Springs come and go but your meditation has not reached to the peak, although you love me, and slowly, slowly you have started loving

meditation too. But you have barriers within you: Confucius and Karl Marx and Mao Tse-Tung. And these are big boulders, preventing the whole passage, not allowing your consciousness to reach to its ultimate heights.
Your girlfriend is in a far more blessed state -- please don't disturb her. Let her enjoy a silent communion. It is the ultimate as far as communion is concerned.
She is fortunate that she does not understand the English language; hence her mind cannot interfere. She can understand, but not what I am saying. She can feel me, but not the meaning of my words. I am to her just a presence which makes her silent, which helps her to be more conscious, and she is absolutely right not to learn the language, because she is growing. Why bother about what I am saying? If you can understand me, what I am, there is no point in understanding what I am saying.
If you can also forget Confucius and Karl Marx and Mao Tse-Tung, it will be a great step towards Gautam Buddha, towards Lao Tzu, towards me -- and in the final analysis, towards yourself.

"You must help me, doctor," said Hymie to his psychiatrist. "I can't remember anything for more than a few minutes. It is driving me crazy."
The psychiatrist asked gently, "How long have you had the problem?"
Hymie paused, then said thoughtfully, "What problem?"

Mind is nothing but memory, and memory is not understanding. This has to become as clear as possible to

you. Memory is a totally separate mechanism; even a very stupid person can have a very good memory. Intelligence is a totally different phenomenon. More often, the intelligent people don't have good memories. Their whole energy is involved in intelligence. The mechanism of memory does not get enough nourishment. But a person who has no intelligence, all his energies go into his memory systems, and there have been such strange cases of memory, almost unbelievable, but the people were simply idiots.

It happened in the time of the emperor Akbar, in India, and it happened again in the times of a British governor-general, Curzon. The Curzon case is very famous, and perhaps there has never been such a complicated examination of a villager's memory, who had no intelligence. And Curzon is close to us, and every detail has been written about it.

He heard that in Rajasthan there was a villager whose memory was phenomenal, almost inconceivable. Curzon became so intrigued that finally he invited the villager to his court. The villager only understood his local language, Rajasthani; it is a dialect of Hindi. He had no other education, he had no knowledge of any other language, and Curzon, with his political cunningness, made such an arrangement that it was almost certain that the man would fail.

The arrangement was this: He called the man into his court, where he had to encounter thirty people, and these thirty people all spoke different languages. Each person -- this was the process, the procedure -- each person was going to say one sentence in his language.

The man will go to the first person and he will say the first word of a sentence, and then there will be a big gong struck just to get the mind of the villager disturbed. Then he will move to the second person, who will say the first word of his sentence. In this way he will go on moving -- one round. On the second round, the first person will give the second word of his sentence. And each time a word is given a very loud gong is struck.

And he went on and on; he had almost to take twelve rounds and then he was asked to repeat each sentence. He knew none of the languages, and the way the sentences were given to him was a very strange and cunning device: One word each time, then twenty-nine words of other languages; then he will get the second word of the first language. Again twenty-nine words of other languages, then he will get the third word. The man, to the amazement of all, repeated all thirty sentences with absolute accuracy, without knowing the meaning.

Curzon himself has written in his autobiography, "I saw it with my own eyes, I had made this whole arrangement, still, sometimes I start suspecting whether it really happened. Is it possible to have such a memory? And the man was just a village idiot."

The whole village thought that he was good for nothing, he could never do anything intelligently. But his memory was perhaps the most evolved computer that nature has ever produced in anybody's mind. And you will find hundreds of the same kind of stories about great intelligent people whose memory is either almost negligible or nil.

The first man who found the law of averages was a great mathematician, Diodorus. He had gone for a picnic with his

wife and his half dozen children. The wife said, "Take care of the children," because they were crossing a small mountain stream and the current was very strong. The wife said, "Hold each child and take him to the other side."
He said, "Don't be worried." Instead of doing the simple thing, the great mathematician did his mathematics. He measured every child, his height, and in the sand of the bank of that stream, he calculated their average height. Then he went and in a few places measured the depth of the stream; he again calculated the average depth of the stream. The average height of the children was greater than the average depth, so he said, "There is no problem."
The wife was suspicious -- as every wife is always suspicious -- about the intelligence of her husband. She said, "I don't believe in your mathematics and all this nonsense. I am interested in the life of my children."
He said, "Don't be worried, my calculations are absolutely right." He went ahead, and the wife shouted because two children started going down. She was holding them somehow, and the current was strong. But you will not believe it, Diodorus said, "What is happening? There must be some mistake in my calculation. So you wait, hold the children, I am going to the bank to see my calculations in the sand."
She said, "Drop all that nonsense -- these children will be gone! You can do your calculations later on." Because she was screaming, he had to take the children to the other side. Leaving them on the other side, he came back to look at the calculation. Still he could not see a simple fact, that average is the most fictitious thing.

Some child was taller, some child was very small; the stream somewhere was very deep and somewhere it was very shallow -- and you bring out the average. There is nobody who is average. But he was so much involved in his mathematics that even his common sense was missing. This has been the story of many great thinkers, philosophers, scientists. Their intelligence was great, they have contributed great ideas to the world, but their memory system and their common sense were very small.
Anand Alok has the mind of an intellectual. He wants to understand every word, analyze it, argue for and against, and come to a conclusion. But this is not the way of the meditator.
Anand Alok, your girlfriend is perfectly right, don't disturb her. If she is enjoying my presence, my silence, and just the sound of my words, not the meaning, and if she is feeling a certain growth of consciousness in her, then everything is going as it should be. No interference is needed. On the contrary, you should start forgetting and unlearning Confucius, Karl Marx, Mao Tse-Tung, who are all intellectuals. None of them is a meditator.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
FOR TWELVE YEARS, AS A SANNYASIN, I HAVE REPEATEDLY RISKED LIVING ABOVE THE INCOME I COULD MAKE, AND SO FAR HAVE NOT ONLY SURVIVED, BUT AT TIMES BEEN IMMEASURABLY BLESSED. BUT SINCE MY RE-ENTRY INTO CHINESE SOCIETY AND BECOMING FORTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD, I'VE BECOME MORE

SENSIBLE AND WORRY ABOUT HEALTH INSURANCE AND CREATING A FINANCIAL BASE FOR MYSELF.
WHAT DOES IT MEAN FOR A SANNYASIN TO LIVE IN SOCIETY WITHOUT FALLING INTO THE MENTAL TRAPS OF STABILITY, AND MISSING THE GROWTH IN TRUST, POSSIBLE IN A STATE OF INSECURITY?

Anand Alok, the first thing to be understood by a sannyasin is that life is insecurity. There is no insurance against death. And the more you make life safer and secure, the more it becomes dry and a desert.
Insecurity means you have to remain awake, alert to all the dangers. And life is always passing on a razor's edge. The idea of being secure and safe is very dangerous, because then you don't need to be alert and conscious. In fact, to avoid alertness and consciousness you want security and safety.
Live moment to moment with all the insecurity there is. The trees are living, the birds are living, the animals are living; they don't know anything about insurance, they don't know anything about safety. They are not concerned -- that's why every morning they can sing.
You cannot sing every morning. Perhaps you have never sung in any morning. Your nights will be filled with nightmares of insecurity, unsafety, dangers lurking all around. In the morning you wake up, not joyously; you wake up to again face the insecurities of the day -- the problems, the anxieties.

But listen to the birds. And I don't think they have lost anything. Just see the deer and their beauty and their agility, see the trees -- who can be cut down any moment. But they are not concerned with that, their concern is the moment, not the next moment; this moment is all joy, all peace. Everything is green and everything is juicy.

I can understand that you have grown in age. And as one grows in age ... in other words, he is saying that death is coming closer. But there is no way to prevent it. And if you cannot prevent death -- and nobody has ever been able to prevent death -- then it is better not to be bothered by it. What has to happen will happen, but why destroy your present moment for something which has not happened yet? Let it first happen, then you can worry about it. First let death happen, then in your grave you have eternity to worry about security, safety -- you will not have anything else.

For twenty-four hours a day you can toss and turn in your grave, it is absolutely private and secure -- you cannot even get out of it. Nobody can get into it. Only the people who are in graves are absolutely safe; nothing can happen to them.

The more alive you are, the more you will love insecurity, and your insecurity will make your intelligence sharper, your alertness keener, your consciousness a continuous growth.

Have you not watched that great scientists never come from rich people's families? Neither do great poets or great mystics. The rich families have not contributed much to the development of consciousness or human growth. What is the reason? Because a boy who is born with a golden spoon

in his mouth need not be bothered about security and safety, everything is secure and safe. Naturally, it dulls his mind. He has no challenge, he is surrounded continuously with servants, with facilities, with luxuries. He has no time even to think of consciousness, alertness, meditation.

I have heard ... In front of a hotel in California a Rolls Royce limousine stopped, and the woman sitting inside told the guard, "Ask for four bearers to come, my child has to be carried to the room."

The guard could not believe it, but he felt great pity for the poor child -- perhaps he cannot walk. But he was looking perfectly healthy. Too fat certainly, but something must be wrong; otherwise, this was the first time that somebody had to be carried, and he was not more than ten years old. So four bearers were called. They carried the boy, and they were also puzzled. They asked the boy, "Can't you walk? Is there some difficulty?"

He said, "There is no difficulty, there is no question, I can walk. But I need not -- I can afford to be carried. Only poor people walk. When I can afford to be carried to my room, why should I behave like a poor man?"

They told the mother, "This is not good." She said, "It is not your business to be worried. Each time the boy has to go anywhere, carry him to the car. When he comes back, carry him to the room. He is my boy, my only boy, and I have to give him all the luxury, all the comfort possible. And don't be worried, we can afford it; whatever your charges are, they will be paid."

Now, can this boy ever think of becoming meditative, conscious, alert? Can even the idea of searching for truth arise in him? No, he will remain just a vegetable.

You have seen, just a few years ago there were hippies all around the world. They were all below the age of thirty. And a strange phenomenon was happening, nobody has been observing it ... after thirty, where do those hippies disappear? After thirty they start becoming worried about safety and security. Half the life is gone, they enjoyed it to the fullest, but now old age will come and death will come. They forget all about the philosophy of the hippies -- they suddenly become square!

And I have information from my friends that those hippies who were not taking a bath, who were not shaving, who were not brushing their teeth, are now behaving perfectly normally -- taking a bath, shaving their beard, brushing their teeth. They are working, and working efficiently, in offices, in factories, but they all have disappeared.

As one becomes older the shadow of the death starts falling on you; that's what is creating the fear. But as far as a sannyasin is concerned, there is no death.

If you are feeling afraid of death and the dangers ahead, that only means you are not going deeper into your meditation, that meditation has been to you just a fashion. Now it is time, that you should sincerely and authentically enter into meditation, because that is the only space which can free you from all fears of death, old age, sickness.

It makes you aware that you are not the body and you are not the mind, and you are not only this life, you are eternal life. Death has happened many times and you are still alive, and death will happen many times and you will be still alive.

Meditation's ultimate conclusion is, live the moment to its totality, intensively, joyously, because there is nothing to

be feared -- because even death is a fiction. There is no need for any security, for any safety. Live moment to moment, trusting the whole existence as the birds are trusting it, as the trees are trusting it. Don't separate yourself from existence, become part of it and existence will take care of you. It is already taking care of you.

A traveling salesman, completing a trip earlier than anticipated, sent his wife a telegram: "Returning home Friday."
Arriving home, he found his wife in bed with another man. Being a person of nonviolence, he complained to his father-in-law, who said, "I'm sure there must be an explanation." The next day the father-in-law was all smiles. "There was an explanation: she did not get your telegram."

These are the ways of the mind: If you look deeply, mind is simply stupid -- every mind. And the mind goes on creating all kinds of worries, concerns. My message to you is that you are not the mind. You don't need any explanation, you need an experience, and that experience is missing; hence the problem has arisen.

An airplane passenger being served drinks by the stewardess exclaimed, "Hey, here is something new -- an ice cube with a hole in it!"
"What is new about that?" answered the man sitting alongside him, "I married one."

Don't take much notice of what mind says and thinks, laugh at it.

The pope was making water in the men's room when he noticed that somebody had written on the wall, "My mother made me a homosexual."
So he took out a pencil and wrote underneath it, "If I buy her the material, will she make me one too?"

Avoid your mind games. Get beyond the mind, where only silence prevails ... no insecurity, no question of safety. In that silence everything is secure. You are part of this existence.
Your worry is something like a leaf on a tree being worried about security. The tree is taking all the care, providing all the juice to the leaf, bringing water against gravitation -- high up, perhaps a hundred feet or two hundred feet -- but the leaf is not worried. The leaf is unaware that she is only a part of a vast tree.
You are part of a vast existence. Don't think of yourself as separate and immediately all your problems disappear. In other words, your ego is the only problem.
"I am" -- that is the only problem.
"I am not, the existence is," is the only solution.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #27
Chapter title: You are sufficient unto yourself
1 July 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
IN THE LAST TWO YEARS, WHILE IN DEEP MEDITATION I HAVE BEEN HEARING A SOUND. IT'S A SORT OF OCEAN SOUND, LIKE DISTANT OCEAN WAVES. I CALL THIS NOISE MY TONE AND ENJOY IT AS A SIGN OF THE BEGINNING OF SILENCE. BUT THE OTHER NIGHT I HEARD YOU SAY THAT WE CAN HEAR OUR BLOOD CIRCULATING. IS THIS WHAT I AM HEARING? CAN YOU GIVE ME ANY INSIGHTS OTHER THAN JUST WATCHING, WHICH IS WHAT I HAVE BEEN DOING WHEN I HEAR THIS SOUND?

Bodhinavar, it is not the sound of your blood circulating. The sound of your blood circulating can be heard only in an absolutely soundproof room; there is no other way to hear it.
The sound that you are hearing is far more significant. It is the sound which the ancients in the East have called the sound of the universe, the sound of existence itself. They have named it omkar. It is the sound of Om, and if you listen carefully you will find exactly the word Om repeated again and again in the sound. Om is not part of any alphabet -- it is the only word in the world which does not belong to any alphabet -- neither does it mean anything. It simply resembles the sound of existence. When you are utterly silent you can hear it.
The ancient seers and modern physics are very close on this point. Modern physics thinks that existence consists of

electricity and sound is also only a certain wave of electricity. The mystics in ancient times thought just the other way around. They thought that sound is the basic constituent of existence and electricity is a certain wave of sound.

Hence, in the East there has been a certain music which can create fire. You can keep unlit lamps around the musician and once he plays a particular raga, some particular music, a moment comes when all the unlit lamps suddenly flare up. Fire can be created by sound; hence the mystics thought that electricity, fire or anything is nothing but different variations of sound waves.

Now, both agree in a way. One emphasizes electricity, another emphasizes sound, but deep down there is no difference -- except that the mystic's idea of sound being the foundation of existence is a more poetic conception, because then music becomes of tremendous importance, singing becomes of tremendous importance, dancing becomes sacred.

To accept electricity as the foundation is a very prosaic idea, not very poetic. You cannot conceive of music, song, dance, or rejoicing being made of electricity . So whatever the case may be, I still prefer the mystic's, the poet's approach to reality. He may not be so arithmetical, he may not be so scientific, but he is more poetic, more musical, more artistic, more creative. And to me, poetry is a higher value than science, music is a higher value than mathematics, because to me ecstasy is the source and the ultimate goal of life.

So, what you are hearing is what has been heard down the ages by all those who have come to a certain state of

silence. It is the sound of existence, it is the song of existence itself. And you are asking, should you do something else except watching? No, to do anything will be a disturbance to watching. You simply watch -- watch more joyously, watch more lovingly. Don't watch in a dry way, watch full of juice, watch the way a poet looks at the sunrise or the painter looks at the flower or the lover looks at the beloved. Don't watch the way the wife looks at the husband.

The woman made herself comfortable on the couch and her psychiatrist proceeded, "All right, Mrs. Finkelstein, what has been the most exciting thing in your life these past weeks?"
"Well," she exclaimed, "I have been serving my husband rabbit food for dinner every night."
"And what does your husband say about that?" asked the psychiatrist.
"Ah, nothing much," she said, "but you should see the way he looks at me from across the table with those little pink eyes."

Don't watch that way. Every woman turns the husband into a rabbit "with those little pink eyes." Eyes have to be more joyful, more radiant, more beautiful.
So what you are doing is perfectly right, Bodhinavar, just put more juice into it, more beauty, a quality of song, and the sound will start becoming more and more clear -- so clear that you will be throbbing with the whole sound. Each fiber of your body, each cell of your mind will be in a dance.

This is the true way of knowing the ultimate mantra. Repeating, "Om, Om ..." is simply foolish. It is not a question of your repetition; you should be absolutely silent and possessed by existence and then existence repeats in you, in every fiber of your being, the sound of Om. And it is so refreshing, it is so blissful that there is no comparison, in any human experience, which goes beyond the ecstasy of this dance of existence within you. You can call it the ultimate in ecstasy.
It is a good beginning, just go on and on. Slowly, slowly you will not be hearing the sound, you will become the sound. That is the end of the journey, you have come home.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
TAKING CARE OF A BUSINESS -- CONTINUITY, COMMITMENT, RESPONSIBILITY ... UNNECESSARY VALUES, WHICH ARE QUITE CONTRARY TO BEING IN THE MOMENT, FREEDOM AND SPONTANEITY, WHICH THE HEART LONGS FOR. PLEASE SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY IN WHICH THESE TWO SPACES CAN LIVE PEACEFULLY TOGETHER, IF THERE IS ANY.

Anand Nada, if you want to ride on two horses together, it is going to be a difficult job. You will have to understand one thing: if you have a longing for freedom, spontaneity and being in the moment, you will have to be not businesslike. You can continue the business but you will have to transform your business attitude, approach. You

cannot compromise both, you cannot synthesize both. You have to sacrifice one in the favor of the another.

I remember my grandfather. My father and my uncles did not want the old man in the shop. They would tell him, "You just rest, or you can go for a walk." But there were customers who would ask for him, and they would say, "We will come back when he comes." The problem was that he was not a businessman.

He would simply say, "This commodity costs ten rupees to us and I am not asking for more than ten percent profit. That means it will cost eleven rupees to you. Are you hesitant even to give me ten percent profit? Then how are we going to survive and live?" And people would immediately make the deal with him.

But this was a loss in the eyes of my father, my uncles, because they would have started the price at twenty rupees -- and then the haggling ... And if the customer manages somehow to bring them down to fifteen rupees he feels happy that he has got it for five rupees less. But in fact they have taken four rupees more. So naturally they were pushing my grandfather, "Go away, go to the river, have a good bath. Go to the park, rest. You are old, you need not be here."

But he would say, "There are customers who know me and who know you. They know one thing about me, that I am not a businessman. And you are business people. And I have told my customers that if I am not around, wait, soon I will be back from wherever they have sent me. I have been telling those customers, `Remember one thing: whether the watermelon falls on the knife or the knife falls on the watermelon, it is always the watermelon that is cut into

pieces, not the knife. So beware of the business people.'" He had his own customers, who would not agree even to talk, even to say what they had come for; they would sit. They would say, "Let the old man come."

Business also can be done with a sincerity, with an authenticity, with a truthfulness; it does not necessarily require you to be cunning, to be exploiting, to be cheating. So don't ask for any synthesis between "taking care of a business -- continuity, commitment and responsibility," and "being in the moment, freedom and spontaneity, which the hearts longs for."

Listen to the heart, because it is finally the heart that is going to decide the caliber of your being, the very growth of your consciousness, and finally the transcendence that leads you and your awareness beyond death. Anything else is simply mundane. What is your commitment? A man of understanding avoids stupid commitments. What is your continuity? -- because your father and your forefathers had been doing the business, so you have also to do it, the same way as they have been doing it. Are you here just to repeat the past?

Don't you have the courage to introduce the new and to drop the past and the old and the rotten, to bring a fresh breeze into your life and into the lives of those who are concerned with you in some way? What is your continuity? There is no question ... In fact you have to be discontinuous every moment, not only with the past of others -- your fathers and forefathers -- you have to discontinue even with your own past every moment. The moment that is gone, is gone. You don't have any obligation to continue and carry a corpse of a dead moment.

And commitment is always out of unconsciousness. For example, you love a woman and you want her to get married to you, but she wants a commitment. And you are so unconscious; you commit yourself so easily about the future, which is not in your hands. How can you say anything about tomorrow? Tomorrow is not your property. You may be here, you may not be here. And who knows about tomorrow? The love that has suddenly taken possession of you may disappear.

But almost every man commits himself to his woman, that "I will love you my whole life." And the woman commits herself also, that "I will love you not only in this life, but I will pray to God that in each life I will always find you as my husband."

But nobody is aware that not even a single moment of the future is in your hands. All commitments are going to create troubles. Tomorrow your love may disappear, just the way it has suddenly appeared. It was a happening, it was not your act, it was not your doing. Tomorrow, when the love disappears and you find your heart completely dry, what are you going to do?

The only way that is left by the society for you is to become a pretender, to be a hypocrite. What is no longer there, go on pretending, go on at least saying, "I love you." You know that your words are meaningless and the woman knows that your words are meaningless, because your words don't sound sincere. And you cannot deceive a woman as far as love is concerned; she has a tremendous sensibility. In fact, when there is love there is no need to repeat it. You know and she knows. The question of

repeating it arises only when the heart is no longer radiating it, so you are substituting it with words.

But words are very poor. Your actions will show something, your face will show something, your eyes will show something, and your words will be trying to prove just the opposite. But the problem has arisen because you were not conscious enough to say to the woman, "How can I commit myself? I am a fragile human being, I am not absolutely conscious. Most of my being is deep in darkness, about which I don't know. What desires will arise tomorrow, I am not aware of, nor are you aware of. So please don't commit anything to me and I will not commit anything to you. We will love each other as long as love remains authentic and true, and the moment we feel that the time has come to pretend, we will not pretend -- that is ugly, inhuman. We will simply accept that the love that used to be there is no longer there, and it is time for us to part.

"We will remember all those beautiful days and moments that we passed together. It will remain always a fresh memory. And I don't want to destroy it by pretending; neither do I want you to become a hypocrite."

As far as my people are concerned, never make any commitment. Make it clear that commitments are bound to lead to a difficult situation. Soon you will find that you cannot fulfill it.

And responsibility ... You have been burdened with the idea of responsibility, that you are responsible to your parents, you are responsible to your wife or your husband, you are responsible to your children, you are responsible to the neighbors, you are responsible to the society, you are

responsible to the nation. It seems you are here only to be responsible for everybody -- except yourself. It is a strange situation.

A woman was teaching her child, "The most fundamental thing of our religion is to serve others." The little boy said, "I understand it, just one thing I cannot understand: what will others do?"

The mother said, "Of course, they will serve others." The little boy said, "This is strange. If everybody is serving everybody else, why should I not serve myself, you serve yourself? Why create this complexity and make it a burden -- that I should serve others and wait for them to serve me?"

In his innocence the child is saying a truth which all the religions have forgotten. In fact, the very meaning of responsibility has changed in the hands of religions, of politicians, of so-called do-gooders, teachers, parents. They have changed the very meaning of responsibility. They have made it equivalent to duty: it is your duty. And I want you to know that duty is a four-letter dirty word.

You should never do anything because of duty. Either you do something because of love or you do not do it. Make it a point that your life has to be a life of love, and if out of love you respond, that I call responsibility. Break the word into two: response-ability, don't make it one. Joining these two words has created so much confusion in the world. It is not responsibility, it is response-ability. And love is able to respond. There is no other force in the world which is so able to respond. If you love, you are bound to respond; there is no burden. Duty is a burden.

Again I remember my grandfather. He was a simple villager, uneducated, but had the same quality of innocence that a child has. He used to love somebody to massage his feet before he went to sleep, and everybody tried to escape. At that moment when he was preparing his bed, everybody was as far away as possible, not to be caught; but I used to reach to him at that time.

He said, "It is strange that whenever I am making my bed, everybody simply disappears. Just a moment before everybody was here, and once I have gone to sleep -- I may even be awake, just with closed eyes -- they all come back."

I said, "Nobody wants to massage your feet. As far as I am concerned, it is not my duty. They think it is their duty, that once they are caught it is their duty to massage. It is not my duty. If I don't want to massage, I will say so." And I had made it clear to him that "I will massage to the point I feel; it is not going to be your decision."

And I made a symbolic language, a code language with him. When I started feeling that now it was time, I would say, "Comma."

He would say, "Wait, this is too early."

I said, "I have given you the warning -- soon the semicolon and then the full-stop. And once I have said full-stop it is finished." It was out of my love that I massaged, it was not my duty.

The people who thought it was their duty all disappeared. And he understood it, and he said, "You have made it clear to me. It was never clear to me before that there is such a great difference between duty and love."

There was one Hindu saint in Africa. He had come to India for a pilgrimage to the Himalayas, particularly the Hindu holy temples of Badrinath and Kedernath. They are the most difficult places to reach -- and at that time they were very difficult. Many people simply never came back -- small pathways and just by the side ten-thousand-feet-deep valleys, eternal snow. Just a little slip of the feet and you are gone. Now things are better, but at the time I am talking about, it was very difficult. The Hindu sannyasin was tired, carrying very little luggage -- because to carry much luggage at those heights becomes more and more difficult; as the air becomes thinner, breathing becomes difficult. Just ahead of him he saw a girl not more than ten years old carrying a little boy, very fat, on her shoulders. She was perspiring, breathing heavily, and when the sannyasin passed by her he said, "My daughter, you must be tired. You are carrying so much weight."

The girl became angry and she said, "You are carrying weight. This is not weight, this is my younger brother."

I was reading the autobiography of the man and he remembers that instance, that he was shocked. It was true, there was a difference. On the weighing scale of course there will be no difference; whether you put your younger brother or you put a suitcase it does not matter, the weighing scale will show the weight. But as far as the heart is concerned, the heart is not a weighing scale. The girl was right: "You are carrying weight, I am not. This is my younger brother and I love him."

Love can cancel gravity, love can cancel burden. Out of love any response is beautiful. Without love, responsibility is ugly and simply shows that you have a mind of a slave.

So as far as I am concerned, if you are really longing for freedom, spontaneity, and being in the moment, there is no question of creating a synthesis. You will have to change your whole approach towards business: your business becomes your meditation, your sincerity, your truth; it stops being an exploitation. Your continuity simply disappears; you bring a newness into existence. Commitment is absolutely absurd. You cannot commit yourself because time is not in your hands; neither life is in your hands, nor is love in your hands. On what grounds are you committing yourself?

Your state is almost like those two men I have often talked about. Both were opium addicts. On a full-moon night both were lying under a tree and enjoying the full moon, and one of them said, "The moon is looking so beautiful, I would like to purchase it." The second one said, "Forget all about purchasing it, because I am not going to sell it. Just forget it, never mention it again!"

Neither possesses the moon, but in their unconsciousness one thinks he possesses the moon and the other thinks he is ready to purchase. The other says, "Don't get angry. If you don't want to sell, it is okay. But I am ready to pay any price, you just offer. And it is not right, we are old friends." But the second one said, "Forget all about it. Friendship or no friendship, I am not going to sell it at any price!" And they are very serious about it.

That is the situation of your commitments.

A man is telling a woman, "I will love you forever," and just the next day he falls in love with another woman. He is a victim of biological, blind forces. It is not that when he was saying, "I will love you forever," he was lying; it is not

so, he was absolutely true. The man who was ready to purchase the moon was not lying, he was sincerely interested in purchasing the moon. And the man who was not willing to sell it was not lying either. He was absolutely sincere that he did not want to sell it at any price.

When the man said, "I will love you forever," he was absolutely truthful; but he was unconscious that tomorrow is not within his control. He can only speak about this moment: "I love you now. As for tomorrow, we will see what happens. Neither am I in a bondage, nor are you in a bondage. If tomorrow again we feel that we are in love with each other, it will be a great surprise."

Why close your life with commitments? Why not keep it open for surprises. Why not keep it open for adventures. Why become closed in a grave? Then you suffer, because you start thinking, "I have promised, I have committed. Now whether I want to fulfill the promise or the commitment does not matter. My whole integrity is at stake. I will pretend but I cannot accept that I was a fool when I committed."

There is no question, Anand Nada, of making a synthesis of the untruthful and the truthful, the authentic and the false. You will have to drop the false and you will have to listen to your heart and go with it, whatever the cost -- it is always cheap. Whatever you have to lose, lose; but if you have been listening to the heart, you will be the winner in the end, victory is yours. But if you want to deceive others and deceive yourself, then it is a different matter.

Paddy was reading in a science magazine that cigarette smoking had been known to cause cancer in rats and mice.

This moved him greatly, so that night when he went to bed he locked his cigarettes in a cupboard where the rats and mice could not get at them.

What a great understanding and synthesis!
You are only capable of making such a synthesis as this.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
I AM LOVING MY ALONENESS. I AM FEELING FULFILLED, NOURISHED, FRESH WITH NEW ENERGY AND ECSTATIC. HOWEVER, THERE ARE DAYS WHEN I FEEL LONELY. THEN I GET SAD, UNMEDITATIVE AND EVEN GRUMPY. OSHO, CAN YOU TALK ABOUT HOW TO GO THROUGH THE TRANSITION PERIOD FROM LONELINESS TO ALONENESS?

Nirvano, aloneness is the Everest of meditation, the highest sunlit peak. Once you start enjoying aloneness, there is no end to where your joy stops growing. It goes on growing, it goes on spreading; it seems as if the whole universe is full of joy and full of fragrance. Aloneness is the greatest achievement in life but certainly there is a painful period of transition.
Man ordinarily lives in loneliness. To avoid loneliness, he creates all kinds of relationships, friendships, organizations, political parties, religions and what not. But the basic thing is that he is very much afraid of being lonely. Loneliness is a black hole, a darkness, a frightening negative state almost

like death ... as if you are being swallowed by death itself. To avoid it, you run out and fall into anybody, just to hold somebody's hand, to feel that you are not lonely.

I have seen people when they are walking in the night on a lonely street, they start singing songs. Nobody has ever heard that they are singers! And what suddenly transpires that they become singers? -- and loudly. They are simply trying to forget that they are lonely. They are trying to drown themselves in their own voice.

Nothing hurts more than loneliness.

But the trouble is, any relationship that arises out of the fear of being lonely is not going to be a blissful experience, because the other is also joining you out of fear. You both call it love. You are both deceiving yourself and the other. It is simply fear and fear can never be the source of love. Only those love who are absolutely fearless; only those love who are able to be alone, joyously, whose need for the other has disappeared, who are sufficient unto themselves.

The common psychology of man is of loneliness. He does everything to avoid it. But whatever you do, it is always there, just like your shadow. You may not look at it, but you know it is there. And once in a while you cannot resist the temptation either: you will look and you will find it always there. You cannot escape from your shadow. In the same way you cannot escape from your loneliness just by creating friendships, relationships, marriages, organizations -- religious, political, social. They give you a little relief, but they don't transform anything.

The day you decide that all these efforts are failures, that your loneliness has remained untouched by all your efforts, that is a great moment of understanding. Then only one

thing remains: to see whether loneliness is such a thing that you should be afraid of, or if it is just your nature. Then rather than running out and away, you close your eyes and go in. Suddenly the night is over, and a new dawn ... The loneliness transforms into aloneness.

Aloneness is your nature. You were born alone, you will die alone. And you are living alone without understanding it, without being fully aware of it. You misunderstand aloneness as loneliness; it is simply a misunderstanding. You are sufficient unto yourself.

The transition period is a little painful and difficult because of old habits but it won't be long. And the way to make it short, bearable, is to enjoy your aloneness more and more. Make it a point that when you are enjoying your aloneness, you are not miserly. Then sing and dance, then paint. Do whatsoever you always wanted to do, but you were so much involved in relationships that there was no time left. Be creative, and the more creative you are, the more rejoicing, the more dancing, the more songful your aloneness becomes. Those periods of sadness, of grumpiness -- old habits -- will start falling like dead leaves falling from the trees. They also cling for a little while, but they have to fall.

You just have to make your aloneness more and more strong. So you don't have to do anything with your sadness or your grumpiness, or your fear that the old habit may come back again. You have not to think about that at all. You have to pour your whole energy into the joy of being alone. You have only a certain amount of energy -- either you can dance or you can be sad. If you dance half-heartedly, then you are saving energy for sadness. That's

why I insist: live every moment totally and so intensely that no energy is left to be invested in sadness, in misery, in anger; there is simply no energy left.

So the whole effort has to be very positive. Feed and nourish your aloneness with all that you have, pour your love, and you will be surprised that those gaps of sadness and grumpiness are not coming any more because you don't have any energy for them and you are no longer in a welcoming mood for them.

And if by chance you find some clouds of sadness coming, just watch. Don't get identified with them. Remember only one thing: everything passes. So these clouds will also pass. Many times before they have been there and they have passed, so there is no question that this time they are not going to pass away. So why unnecessarily get disturbed? You just let them pass. You remain absolutely unidentified and watchful.

If these two things are remembered, your aloneness gets your total energy so that no energy is left for anything else. But if in the beginning you don't understand what is total and you are holding something back, then some moments will come. For that, use a watchfulness, unidentified with the moment, as if it has nothing to do with you, as if it is somebody else's sadness, somebody else's grumpiness -- none of my business. Keep a distance; don't let them come closer and become one with you.

That's what I mean when I say, don't identify. Don't say, "I am sad," simply say, "A cloud of sadness is passing in front of me." Don't say, "I am angry," simply say, "A cloud of anger is just at the corner going by." And it will not leave even a trace on you, it will not even touch you. And once

you have become aware that by not identifying you become free of everything, you have a secret key in your hands for freedom from any kind of emotion, any mood, any thought. This will remind you that you have not been putting your total energy into your aloneness, something is left. So next time, when you are again feeling alone and the clouds have gone and the sky is clear, put in more energy. You never know how much you have. You will know only when you put it into action, when you make the potential actual -- only then will you know. When the seed comes to blossom, only then will you know what was hiding in that seed. So many flowers -- such a small seed -- so much green foliage, such a beauty. But you know only when things become actual.
Much of your life remains unlived; it never becomes actual. That's why very few people are able to blossom. They live at the minimum -- and I teach you to live at the optimum.

A woman was pregnant and went to see her genetic specialist in order to find out what kind of baby she was going to have. "For one thing," said the doctor, "you are going to have twins."
"Ah, great," said the woman, "my husband always wanted twins." The doctor continued, "And they are both going to be boys."
"Ah, that's really great," said the woman. "My husband will put them both on the baseball team."
"And what is more," continued the doctor, "one of them will be a musician of the stature of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the woman. "My husband hates music, especially Mozart." Feeling very depressed she went home and decided to break the news to her husband very slowly. She cooked him a beautiful candle-lit dinner, and after the first course she said softly, "Darling, I went to the genetic specialist today and he told me that we are expecting twins."
"That's great," said the husband. "What else did he tell you?"
"He said that they would both be boys," she said. "Oh, marvelous," he said. "One day they can play on the baseball team."
They carried on with the meal but after a while the husband said, "Dear, there is something else that you have not told me. What else did the doctor say?"
"Well, darling," she answered, "I can't hide it from you. The doctor said that one of them would be a musician with the talent of Mozart."
"Oh, no!" screamed the husband, "How could you do this to me? You know I hate Mozart." He then picked up a knife and in a mad fury he chased his wife around the room. Unable to get hold of her, he picked up a candle stick from the table and hurled it at her; it struck her on the belly. They both froze as a small voice from inside her stomach sang, "One for the money, two for the show, you got my brother, now go man go."

Just enjoy everything. When you are alone, laugh. Tell a beautiful joke to yourself, sing. But remember that you have to nourish your aloneness so much that it becomes the most beautiful experience of your life; that no sadness can

overtake you; that no past can ever possess you again; that no old habit can get you again into patterns that you know perfectly well are simply misery and suffering.

Two things: one, a totality in aloneness. And if in the beginning sometimes you have not been total and a cloud comes, remain unidentified, far away. Slowly, slowly no sadness comes, no suffering comes, no feeling of loneliness comes.

And that does not mean that you cannot relate with people. In fact, only a person who lives in a beautiful aloneness is capable of relating, because it is not his need. He is not a beggar, he is not asking you for anything -- not even your company. He is a giver. Out of his abundance of joy and peace and silence and bliss he shares. Then love has a totally different aroma to it, then it is a sharing. And if both persons know the beauty of aloneness, then love reaches to its highest point, which has very rarely been possible. Then it touches the very stars of the sky.

You cannot even dream of the beauty of it and the benediction of it -- because both are overflowing with joy, both are overflowing with laughter, both are ready to give and nobody is asking for anything. Both are ready to give freedom, both are ready to give unconditionally. This love becomes one of the most beautiful meditations, in which two persons melt and merge and become one.

Aloneness does not mean you cannot relate. It simply means you will have to relate in a totally new way, which will not create suffering and misery, which will not create conflict, which will not be an effort -- directly or indirectly -- to dominate the other, to enslave the other. Because it is

not out of fear, it is pure life. Out of fear is only death; out of fearlessness grows everything that is beautiful.
Just a joke for Nirvano. In her aloneness she can think about it.

A priest, a backpacker and Ronald Reagan were flying in a plane. Suddenly the pilot ran in and said, "The plane is about to crash. There are only three parachutes and I am taking one." And he jumped out.
Ronald Reagan grabbed the next parachute and said, "I am the smartest man in America and America needs me." Then he jumped too.
The priest turned to the backpacker and said, "I am an old man. You take this last parachute and jump." The backpacker laughed and said, "Don't worry Father, the smartest man in America just grabbed my backpack and jumped."

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #28
Chapter title: A thirst, a prayer without words
2 July 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
AS MEDITATION IS DEEPENING, I FEEL TENSION AND FRUSTRATION AT NOT BEING OKAY WITH

MYSELF, MELTING MORE AND MORE. NOW AS YOU PUSH US ON, ANOTHER KIND OF TENSION WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO BE SATISFIED, EXCEPT MOMENTARILY. I HAVE HEARD YOU CALL THIS DIVINE DISCONTENT. I REMEMBER ONCE A FRIEND SAID, "IF YOU THINK THIS IS IT, YOU CAN BE SURE IT ISN'T." THIS PUSHES ME ON TO ENQUIRE MORE DEEPLY.
BELOVED, LAUGHTER HELPS TO MOVE BEYOND TENSION, AND WITH DIVINE DISCONTENT I JUST NEED TO REMEMBER TO LAUGH AT MYSELF. DO YOU HAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING TO REMIND ME?

Satyadharma, it is one of the traps every meditator is prone to fall into. The name of the trap is seriousness. You are taking things too seriously. The moment you become serious about anything, it creates tension. And tension is a great disturbance as far as meditation is concerned, peace is concerned, silence is concerned.
Anything that is known as spiritual becomes more impossible, the more tense you become. And remember the vicious circle: the more tense you are, the less you will be experiencing the joys and the depths and the heights of meditation. The less joyous, the more tense you will be; the more tense, joys will disappear completely.
Millions of people have tried meditation and dropped out of it because they took it very seriously. Religion has been thought to be a very serious affair -- it is not. One has to understand -- at least those who are with me -- that religion is a playfulness, a laughter. Take it easy; then things

blossom without any tension. You are not taking it easy, you are making it difficult.
You say, "As meditation is deepening, I feel tension and frustration at not being okay with myself, melting more and more."
It is not you who is feeling frustrated and who is feeling tense. Your innermost being knows nothing of tension and nothing of frustration. It is your mind who is coming in. The absolute criterion to know whether it is mind or not is the desire for more and more. That is the way mind functions in every field of life. If you are earning money, the mind goes on saying more and more. If you are after power, mind goes on saying more and more. If you are doing meditation, mind goes on saying more and more. That "more and more" is the very basic quality of the mind. And mind is always serious. It disturbs everything that comes from the beyond.
If meditation is deepening, you should feel more joyous. But we think we deserve more, we are worthy of more; we are doing a great obligation to nature because for a few minutes we are sitting in meditation.
Don't make it serious.
One emperor of Japan went to see Rinzai, a Zen master who lived in the mountains with the wild animals, with the trees. The emperor had taken a great risk in going there. And he had taken with him a very beautiful robe studded with diamonds and precious stones. He had made it specially as a present for the master.
The master accepted it, because it would be an insult to the emperor not to accept his present. But when the emperor was returning he told him, "Please, if you don't mind, take

this precious robe with you. Here in the wild if I use this robe all the animals will laugh at me, the trees will laugh at me. The birds will make a laughingstock of me. This will be the talk in the mountains, in the forest, the only talk: Look at that old Zen master. Now he is doing such a foolish thing!

"It is not going to impress anybody here in nature, because nobody is so stupid to be impressed by anything false. Here only the real and authentic is accepted. You take it back to the capital. You can use it, and there are enough idiots who will be impressed by it."

Life is hilarious. The moment you become serious you become closed to life. And one should always remember to be grateful, and one should not ask for more. Asking for more is a complaint. In other words, you are saying, "I am doing so much, and the blissfulness equivalent to my effort and my worthiness is not descending on me."

Don't have a complaint against existence. You don't have any right. Whatever is being given to you, be thankful for it; your thankfulness, your gratitude will bring more. And the more comes to you, be more grateful, be more humble, knowing that you don't deserve it at all. It is just because of the compassion of nature that it goes on pouring all kinds of riches into your being.

So the first thing is, drop this tension and frustration. It will destroy your meditation that is going deeper. You will be thrown back into your mind where tensions dwell, frustrations dwell, complaints, and everything that is ugly.

Secondly, you have misunderstood me. When I have used the words `divine discontentment', you have understood it

in the same way as you are discontented with your wife or your husband, with your house, with your earning, with your boss or with your servants, with your children, with your parents. In short, with everybody.

When I have added to `discontent' the word `divine', it changes its very quality. Divine discontentment is not your ordinary discontentment with things. Divine discontentment is simply a thirst, a prayer, without any words. It is not a complaint such as "give me more." It is simply a prayerfulness saying, "I am in your hands. Make me more worthy so that I can receive more blessings from you."

See the difference. You are not asking directly for more blessings, you are asking, "Just make me more worthy. I am so unworthy, so undeserving that I feel embarrassed when flowers shower over me. I don't think I have earned them. Before you shower flowers on me, please make me worthy of them."

Divine discontentment has a totally different flavor. It is not ordinary discontentment; it is asking, it is praying to existence, "You are giving me so much. I am grateful on the one hand, and on the other hand I feel that I am not worthy of it. You should make me worthy also. My discontentment is about my worth, not about your gift."

When it is about the gift, it is an ordinary discontentment. When it is about your worth, then it takes a totally new dimension. It becomes divine.

You say, "I remember once a friend said, `If you think this is it, you can be sure it is not.'" Do you know if your friend has got it? You should have asked him, "What about you? Do you have it? If you say you have it, you don't have it. If

you say you don't have it, you don't have any right to say such a statement."

You simply accepted a statement which can be made only by an enlightened man -- not by any ordinary friend. He must have read it in some book. If you meet him again, ask, "Have you got it?" and listen to his answer. In every way he is going to be wrong. If he says yes, he has not got it. If he says no, then you can say, "If you have not got it, how do you know? On what authority can you make this statement, that if you think this is it, you can be sure it is not."

Look at it from the other side: if you are sure it is not, do you think you have got it? The people who have got it don't say that they have got it. They don't say they have not got it either; they simply smile at the mystery of the experience, that it cannot be expressed as yes or as no. It is beyond the duality of yes and no, beyond the positive and the negative. So if you use the positive you are wrong, and if you use the negative you are wrong still. Only silence is something which is beyond both -- or a smile, or a laughter, which does not say yes, which does not say no, but expresses absolutely that you have got it. Your radiant face, your eyes, your grace -- let them say that you have got it. Don't use words.

There are limits beyond which any word is meaningless. And don't listen to the advice of friends who are simply knowledgeable, because I cannot think you have found a friend who is enlightened. He is simply repeating verbatim from a Zen master whose statement this is, and you accepted it.

Never accept anybody's knowledge. It is going to disturb your own progress. "This pushes me on," you say, "to enquire more deeply. Laughter helps to move beyond tension, and with divine discontent I just need to remember to laugh at myself." You know what you need: "just to remember to laugh at myself." Then why don't you do it? You know the answer.

But the friend has disturbed you. Always remember, advice is the only thing in the world that is given freely by everybody and is not accepted by anybody. The whole day people are giving advice, knowing perfectly well that nobody is going to accept it and also knowing that they don't follow their own advice either. But a few people get caught into it, and then they make an unnecessary mess. Avoid advice. You are right on the path; you are meditating. Just remember one thing, that whatever is coming to you is more than you deserve. And remember to laugh.

Existence loves laughter. You may have observed, or not, that man is the only animal in the whole of existence who is capable of laughing. Laughter is the only distinguishing mark that you are not a buffalo, you are not a donkey; you are a human being. Laughter defines your humanity and your evolution. And the greatest laugh is at your own ridiculous things.

For example, it is ridiculous to be frustrated and tense because more meditation is not happening. It is laughable to accept the advice of a man who knows nothing. And then that advice becomes a problem to you, creates new problems in you.

Unable to manage his rebellious girlfriend, Walter asked his dad how he has dealt with similar problems.
"Well son," replied the father, "every time your mother began to act up, I would take down her pants and spank her."
"I tried that," said Walter, "but by the time I get my girl's pants down, I'm not angry any more."

Nobody's advice is going to help you. You have to work out your way yourself. And learn to laugh at yourself. Learning to laugh at others is very easy; it is easy because it is ego fulfilling. But laughing at yourself is a great achievement. It means you are becoming humble; you don't take your ego seriously.

Half way across the Atlantic ocean, the captain of the aircraft addressed the passengers, "I regret to say, ladies and gentleman, that one of our engines has failed. This puts us in no danger, since the aircraft can function perfectly well on the remaining three engines. But it does mean that our arrival in New York will be delayed by an hour."
A few minutes later, a further announcement was made. "I regret to say, ladies and gentleman," he explained calmly, "that another of our engines has failed. There is still no danger as this aircraft can function perfectly well on the remaining two engines, but it does mean that our arrival in New York will be delayed by two hours."
Half an hour later, the passengers heard their captain yet again, "I regret to say, ladies and gentlemen, that yet another of our engines has failed. There is still no danger whatsoever, as this aircraft can function perfectly well on

one engine alone. But it does mean that our arrival in New York will be delayed by three hours."
"I hope," said the Polack pope, who was aboard the aircraft, to another passenger, "that the fourth engine does not pack up as well or we will be up here forever."

Just laugh! There is so much to laugh at in the world that the people who become serious are really doing something very great. With great effort and with great tension they are creating seriousness; otherwise nothing is serious. If meditation is deepening slowly, what is the hurry? Enjoy it, relish it as long as you have got it. And the more you relish it, the more you rejoice in it, the more you will become capable of receiving.
This has to be remembered: don't misunderstand me, because I have to use the words which are being used by everybody. But I try to give them a different color. That's why I call it divine discontentment. You should have emphasized what is the meaning of divine. But you forgot the word `divine', you simply emphasized your old habit of discontentment.
So when you are interpreting anything said by me, be careful -- where is the emphasis? Why should I add divine, why not just say discontentment? I want to change the quality of discontentment, I want to give it a new dimension. You forgot that; that's why you are feeling tension that things are not going as well as they should. Things are always going as well as they should.
The whole existence is at ease except your little minds, which go on creating problems for you. Just put these little minds aside: "It is not your world, it is not your territory.

Meditation has nothing to do with you. You just go out and play, and whenever I need you, I will call you in."
But you have to be aware that you are not the mind. And if the mind is feeling tense and frustrated, it is simply destroying the possibility of meditation -- because mind is afraid of meditation. Meditation is going to be the death of the mind. The day your meditation starts functioning fully, mind will not be needed at all. So before it happens, mind tries in every possible way to create disturbances. It is just a question of its survival.
But if you want to be yourself and not a slave of a mind which was created by others ... just like the friend who advised you, and you never asked him; you simply swallowed the advice without any question. Mind is created by everybody around you from the very beginning of your childhood. By the time you come out of the university, almost one third of your life has gone into conditioning you. And society uses such subtle means of conditioning that it is becoming more and more difficult to get people out of the conditioning.
Solzhenitsyn, one of the dissident Nobel Prize winners from the Soviet Union, who is now in America, has just said that what is being done in America is not different from what is being done in the Soviet Union. The only difference is that America is using more sophisticated means and Russia is using more primitive means: torturing people, harassing people, keeping them always in fear. These are their ways of conditioning minds, so the people cannot think anything other than what the government wants them to think.

He says that in America this kind of thing is not needed. America is using education. For example, in America, the books of Charles Darwin are prohibited. No university in America can teach the theory of evolution, because it goes against the BIBLE and the theory of creation. Now, this is a very sophisticated way of bringing religion into education. And nobody will detect it because religion is not mentioned at all. But why are you prohibiting Charles Darwin? All his books have been removed from every library in America, from every course in the colleges, in the universities -- because if the world was created then there is no question of evolution.

Man was created as man -- that's what the BIBLE says -- not that we evolved slowly from fish up to man. God created the fish, God created the monkey, God created the man, God created everything. The whole world was created completely. There is no question of evolution. To sustain the BIBLE'S idea of creation, Charles Darwin is prohibited even from being read.

Just a few days ago, the American Supreme Court decided that when somebody goes bankrupt, the bare essentials should not be auctioned. For example, his bed, his chair, his kitchen things, his clothes; the bare essentials should not be auctioned. Now they have added a television also to the essentials. And it seems to be essential because the average time each American spends looking at the television has gone from five hours to seven and a half hours per day. Certainly it is essential. Almost one third of the day is devoted to television. And what is the television doing? It is propagating the same ideas, the same advertisements, the same philosophies, the same attitudes that the government

allows. Watching television eight hours a day continuously for years is a conditioning. Those ideas become imprints on your mind -- every day ...

Solzhenitsyn is right that what is being done by television in America is being done by very primitive means in the Soviet Union. It is possible that there may be a revolution in the Soviet Union some day -- there is a limit of tolerance -- but in America there will not be any revolution. You can't revolt against such a sophisticated way of conditioning your mind.

Adolf Hitler has said that there is no truth and there is no lie. The truth is the often repeated lie. Go on repeating it and it becomes true. And he proved it by his own experiments. Absolute lies that anybody can see ... and he convinced one of the most intellectual races in the world that they are truths: for example, that the fall of Germany in the first world war was because of the Jews. There is no question of giving any reasoning, you just repeat the sentence continuously on every radio, in every newspaper, in every magazine.

In his great rallies he was continuously repeating it: "If we can get rid of the Jews then Germany will rule over the whole world. These Jews are the problem; they are sabotaging everything in such a subtle way that Germany can never come to the top. And they are sabotaging because they think they are the chosen people of God; they should rule the world. And of course they cannot allow anybody else to rule the world."

And he convinced the whole of Germany that Jews have to be completely eradicated. He killed six million Jews. No single man has ever killed so many people -- and with

consent of the whole nation. He proved it absolutely that a lie repeated continuously becomes an imprint on the mind. Then people start thinking according to that imprint.

A meditator has to remember not to be imprinted upon by friends, by teachers, by parents, by priests. He has to be very alert because everybody is so keen to make an imprint upon your mind -- because everybody is so keen to make a slave of you.

An unconditioned mind is a rebel. It functions out of its own understanding, not according to conditioning. It functions according to its own light, not by what has been said to it.

So don't be gullible. Somebody says something and you immediately catch hold of it, it becomes part of your mind. And mind is a great antique collector. Anything rotten and the mind immediately collects it. It is a kind of cemetery where every dead idea, dead philosophy, dead religion, anything dead is immediately collected. That is the whole of your mind: a collection of things for which there is no use now. Life goes on changing and you are depending on things which may have been significant, useful at some time, at some point in history, but today they are simply out of date.

All minds are out of date. Let me repeat it again: every mind is out of date. Only meditation is fresh, young, alive, in the moment.

To move on the path of meditation is to move on the path of life ... life's joys, life's songs, life's laughter. And take everything easy.

Easy is right.

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE SOURCE OF CONSCIOUSNESS?

Prem Komal, consciousness is the source of all. Consciousness is the stuff existence is made of. But there is no source of consciousness itself. Consciousness is another name of God -- a better name, more scientific, less mythological.

You never ask, what is the source of God? You know that that question is going to lead into an infinite regress. God is the source of existence, but you never ask what is the source of God. Those who have asked are thought to be atheists, and they are condemned: "You are asking an absurd question." They are not asking an absurd question. They are simply making your God himself an absurdity.

The religions have been saying that existence cannot be without a creator; nothing can be without a creator -- that has been the argument of all the religions for centuries. But then the question naturally arises to any intelligent mind that if everything needs a creator, then God must also need a creator. But then there is no end. God number one is created by God number two. God number two is created by God number three ... Where are you going to stop? There is no terminus. The train goes on and on. And finally you will become so tired.

People like Gautam Buddha, who had a greater clarity than anybody else ever had, say that bringing God in is in itself absurd. Existence has always been here. Nobody has created it, and nobody can destroy it. But that does not

mean that Gautam Buddha is an atheist. It simply means he has a more scientific and less mythological approach.
He says existence consists of consciousness. Existence itself is made of consciousness. And consciousness has always been here, is here, will be here. It can be asleep, it can be awake, but it is consciousness all the same.
When it is asleep you work blindly, unconsciously. When it becomes awake you are enlightened. But there is no source of consciousness, Prem Komal.
Consciousness itself is the very foundation of the whole existence. Nothing is deeper than that. You cannot go beyond consciousness.

An English couple wanted to have twins but also wanted them to be very polite and gentlemanly. So they went to see the genetic specialist who reprogrammed two of the husband's sperms and implanted them into the egg in the mother's womb.
Very satisfied the English couple went home. After nine months, the woman was ready to give birth but nothing happened. After ten months there was still nothing. Then after a year she was still pregnant. This went on year after year.
After fifty years her husband died, and still she had not given birth. After seventy years the old lady felt that she might die soon, and so she went to the hospital and asked them to remove the babies surgically.
The woman was put on the operating table and the surgeon opened up her stomach. To the great surprise of all present, inside her stomach were two old English gentlemen, saying one to the other, "After you, I insist."

"No, no. After you, I insist."

Just remember one thing: don't wait for such intellectual questions to be decided. They are never decided. But if you want to experience what is the source of all, go deeper into meditation, and you will find that there is nothing deeper than meditation. You will find that everything comes out of consciousness. Even matter is condensed consciousness, in deep sleep -- perhaps in a coma.
There are degrees of consciousness. Man is the only being whose unconsciousness has allowed a little bit of consciousness to arise and to be awake. Now this little piece, this little layer of consciousness is enough, if you use it rightly, to bring unconsciousness more and more into a state of consciousness.
Right now it is one tenth of your whole consciousness. The day it becomes all consciousness and no unconsciousness in you, a pure awareness from abc to xyz, from the beginning to the end -- you will find all questions have disappeared, because you are in a state of knowing without questioning. You are consciousness itself and you know that it is the source of everything; it does not need any source for itself.

While questioning a suspect, the police detective flipped through the man's folder.
"I see here," he said, "that you have a string of previous arrests. Here is one for armed robbery, one for breaking and entering, and another for sexual assault."
"Yes sir," replied the suspect modestly. "It took me a little while to find out what I do best."

Even the criminal, even the worst criminal has a little consciousness. But he does not allow his consciousness to grow. On the contrary, he allows his unconsciousness to use his consciousness. The unconscious remains the master and consciousness is being used as a servant.
The day you became an initiate, the day you entered into sannyas, you took a quantum leap: "From now on consciousness will be the master and unconsciousness will be the servant. I will not allow unconsciousness to infiltrate into my consciousness. Howsoever small my consciousness is, I have to work only consciously so that slowly, slowly it becomes stronger, more crystallized, and capable of making unconscious parts of me also join hands with it."
Your unconscious will join hands with your consciousness only when consciousness is the master. Who joins hands with servants? With a master the unconsciousness will certainly join hands, knowing that now it is reduced to a servant. And nobody wants to be a servant.

A firebrand women's lib activist was invited to speak at a teamsters' convention. Addressing the all male audience, she declared that women were the foundation of the American republic.
"That may be so," rumbled a voice from the back of the room, "but remember who laid the foundation!"

People use their consciousness once in a while, but it is not the active part of their being twenty-four hours a day.
A sannyasin has to be conscious twenty-four hours a day. At least he has to make the effort. Slowly, slowly

consciousness goes on seeping into the unconscious layers of your being. And it is not just a philosophy or an imaginary idea, because thousands of people have become totally conscious. Those who have become totally conscious have been our highest flowering. In them is the argument for our evolution.
These people who have become fully conscious have all agreed on the point that consciousness is the stuff the universe is made of -- different forms, different stages, but it is consciousness.
Asking a question, "What is the source of consciousness?" is simply an intellectual question. It is not existential. If you want to ask the question existentially, become fully conscious -- and you will never ask it. The question will disappear. The question will look absurd.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #29
Chapter title: A real encounter with existence
2 July 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I FIND MYSELF IN CONFLICT BETWEEN A PART OF MYSELF THAT TRIES TO BE CLEAR AND INTELLIGENT WITH OTHERS AND A PART THAT IS EMOTIONAL, UNPREDICTABLE, VERY UNCLEAR

AND SOMEHOW UNCONSCIOUS, BUT PERHAPS MORE REAL. I TELL MYSELF JUST TO BE AUTHENTIC AND THEN I GET REALLY CONFUSED. MEDITATION TAKES AWAY THE IMMEDIATE TENSION BUT I HAVE FOUND NO WAY TO GET TO THE ROOT OF THE PROBLEM. AM I JUST NOT WANTING TO SEE SOMETHING VERY OBVIOUS?

Prem Taranga, the problem you are encountering is almost everybody's problem, because man is not born fully developed just as other animals are born. A dog is fully developed; nothing else will be added in his whole life to his basic individuality. A lion is born as a lion, will live as a lion, and will die as a lion.

Only man is born as a possibility. He can be many things, all his doors are open; he is not a finished being. He has a potential, but the potential is always vague. From one point of view, it looks very confusing that the highest animal in the world is born unfinished. But looked at from a better and higher standpoint, it is a prerogative of human beings to be born only as a seed and then to evolve with total freedom into whatever their innermost longing is.

That certainly creates many problems. He is not fully aware what is going to be his destiny. He is not able to predict his own future. It is always moving into the unknown, always hoping for the best, but without any certainty. Hence a continuous trembling inside, a fear -- are you going to make it or not? Are you going to attain your destiny, or will death take over before? Are you moving in the right direction?

You cannot be certain about anything. This causes one of the greatest difficulties: people start imitating others, because that seems to be easier. Everybody is going in a certain direction, the crowd is moving on a superhighway. It is better to be with the crowd -- at least you are not alone. And somewhere in the mind there is the feeling that so many people, millions of people cannot be wrong. But this is the strangest thing about life, that the crowd is always wrong, because each individual has an individual destiny. There is no destiny for the crowd as such. So whenever you are moving with a crowd you are committing suicide.

The moment you become a Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan, you have destroyed yourself utterly. Now there is no hope for you; you have lost track of your individual, original destiny. At the most you can now be a beautiful carbon copy, but never the original. And without being the original there is no satisfaction, no contentment, no joy, no fulfillment, no feeling that life has been meaningful, that life has been a celebration. On the contrary, there is a feeling of despair, anguish, boredom, meaninglessness and a feeling of continuous suffocation. But it happens to millions of people because their mind has a simple arithmetic: it is better to follow where everybody is going than to be alone and find your own pathway. But only those few people ever achieve who drop out of the crowd and who trust their own intelligence and who trust in life, in nature, in existence, and who with deep trust start moving alone in the search of their destiny.

The more you trust in your intelligence, the more your intelligence blossoms. In the crowd there is no need for any intelligence; in fact, in the crowd intelligence is dangerous.

The crowd does not want intelligent people at all. It wants believers, it wants faithful people, it wants loyal people -- loyal to the crowd, to the nation, to the race, to the church, but never loyal to themselves. All these loyalties are nothing but beautiful names of slaveries. And a slave cannot attain to his destiny, that much is absolutely certain. If you want to be free, you will have to start your first step in freedom. The last step can be of freedom only if the first step has been taken in freedom. If the first step was taken as a slave, your last step cannot be anything other than slavery -- absolutely confirmed.

You say, "I find myself in conflict." What is the conflict? The conflict is between ideals, between moralities, between ideologies: to be or not to be, this way or that way. The conflict means you are trying to choose, and until you drop choosing you will remain in conflict.
I teach you choiceless awareness.
Stop choosing and conflict disappears.
Be spontaneous, don't decide about the future. Then there is no frustration, no failure, no feeling that you have missed. All these feelings are born because you are deciding about something which is not in your hands. The future is not in your hands.
The old saying is, man proposes and God disposes. There is no God to dispose. In the very act of proposing you have disposed yourself; the very act of proposing means you are trying to make the unknown certain, you are trying to make the living flow of life a frozen pond.
If you live choicelessly and if you live spontaneously, moment to moment, responding to every situation that

arises in front of you, your growth will be in leaps and bounds, and you will never for a single moment feel frustration. Each moment will bring greater joy and greater fulfillment. Instead of feeling despair you will feel a great gratitude: "Existence is so compassionate that it goes on giving to me each moment new opportunities to grow, new opportunities to flower, new spaces to discover, new mysteries to experience."

But if, out of your fear, you start disciplining yourself for a particular ideal in the future, you are going to be a failure. And on each step you will see that things are not happening according to your visualized concept, visualized future. Naturally frustration sets in, conflict becomes even bigger and bigger. On every step you think whether to take it or to take some other step. And as every step goes on failing, you become settled in sadness, in gloom, in a state which is not healthy, which is spiritually sick.

You say, "I find myself in conflict between a part of myself that tries to be clear and intelligent with others and a part that is emotional, unpredictable, very unclear and somehow unconscious, but perhaps more real." Listen to the real. However unpredictable, however dangerous, but listen to the real. It may not be rational, it may be emotional, but still, listen to the real, because only the real can lead you to a more authentic life, to more real spaces, and ultimately to truth.

But if you listen to the clear ... and what is clear? The path that is clear is borrowed: because everybody is saying it, so it is clear; because everybody is supporting it, so it is clear. And you are using the word `intelligent' wrongly; it is not intelligent. The feeling that something is clear is rational

but not intelligent. And these are two different things. It is logical but not intelligent.

Intelligence is always a search of the unknown, and the search of the unknown is always vague, it is never clear. The seeker is always moving in a chaos. But those who have known have agreed on the point that it is only out of chaos that stars are born. The unclear, the vague, something that seems to be there and yet not clear enough, hidden in a kind of morning mist, is an indication of a dawn approaching. Don't go against it. It is an indication of a sun that is going to rise soon. It is also an indication of the mysterious; the mysterious can never be clear. And life is nothing if it is not mysterious.

The intelligent person is one who listens to the real, who listens to the unclear, who listens to the vague, who listens to the mysterious and who is courageous enough to go deep into the mystery of existence. Those who follow the clear, the rational, the mathematical, remain mundane. They remain with the crowd, they remain ordinary, and they always remain retarded because they have never given their intelligence a chance of adventure. They have never risked, and without risk intelligence goes to sleep. It is only in risk that intelligence awakens.

When your house is on fire, suddenly you find a great release of energy and intelligence in you. You may have been tired just a moment before, so utterly tired that you wanted to go to sleep and not to do a single thing. But if the house is on fire, immediately all tiredness disappears; immediately you find yourself more full of energy than you have ever found yourself before. Suddenly you are no longer old, you have become young.

Sometimes instances have happened ... of one I have been an eyewitness. A woman had been for almost ten years paralyzed. She could not move from her bed, she was a burden to everybody. But one day the house caught on fire. Everybody ran out of the house, and everybody forgot about the woman -- obviously, when it is a question of survival you first think of yourself. But when everybody was out, then they suddenly started thinking, what will happen to the poor woman? She was somebody's wife, she was somebody's mother, and she was somebody's someone ... they were all related. But nobody was ready to go in. The whole crowd, the whole neighborhood was there and they were all in for a great surprise, because they saw the woman coming running out of the house. Nobody could believe it: she had not moved from the bed for ten years, and doctors had declared that she will remain paralyzed her whole life, she is not going to be cured. But everybody saw that she was running, and as she came out and people said, "What are you doing? You have been paralyzed for ten years," she said, "My God, I simply forgot!" And she fell down, again paralyzed.

I said, "At least now drop this whole idea of paralysis. You have proved that you are not paralyzed. It was just an idea in your mind that gripped you, and gripped you so greatly. And for ten years continuously it has become more and more emphasized every day. The imprint has gone deep into your unconscious, but the fire ... and you suddenly forgot the whole idea. Now there is no need to fall down again, get up." And listening to me and seeing that what I was saying was true, hesitantly ... but she got up.

I said, "Now never mention paralysis again. It is good that the house is burnt -- at least you are saved, you are cured. Now I will see your doctors. They don't understand a thing about what they are talking about. You have proved all those doctors completely wrong."

Intelligence needs opportunities, risks, adventures, dangers -- then it becomes sharpened. Intelligence goes with the unpredictable because that is risky; intelligence goes with the unclear because there is some work to do to make it clear. Intelligence is almost attracted, as if towards a magnet, to every mysterious situation because there is something to be discovered.

So your conflict is simply between fear and courage. Reduced to the basic realities, choose courage. Never act out of fear and your growth is certain. Act out of fear and you have committed suicide.

You are saying, "I tell myself just to be authentic." It is not a question of telling yourself to be authentic -- be authentic! When you are telling yourself to be authentic it is certain that you are not being authentic; otherwise, what is the need of saying it?

There is a small community who are part of the Christians -- a mystic school -- called Quakers. They have been harassed, persecuted for a very small thing: they are not willing to take an oath in the court. And their reason is perfectly clear; I am absolutely in agreement with them. Their argument is, "If we take the oath that `I will speak only the truth and nothing else,' it means that without the oath there is a possibility that I may be speaking an untruth. By implication I am accepting that without the oath I am not trustworthy, I may be lying. But it is our religion," they

say, "to be true; hence we cannot take the oath. We always speak the truth. The oath is for those who don't always speak the truth, not for us."

They have been jailed, they have been fined, but not a single Quaker has ever taken an oath in any court. And I have great sympathy for them. On many grounds they are very beautiful people. They are the only people in the whole world whose prayer does not consist of words, whose prayer is only silence. They are the only people in whose communions no scripture is read.

They sit silently in darkness and if somebody -- there is nobody as a preacher, they are all just sitting -- suddenly feels a spontaneous urge to say something, he stands up and he says it. It is not a question of whether he is a preacher or not. It is not a question of whether he is a man of wisdom or knowledge. No, the only valuable thing is his spontaneity.

If he feels that he has some message coming from the beyond, not from his mind ... and it is very clear when something comes from beyond your mind; you can see the difference. It is absolutely new and fresh, you had never known it before. Mind is a gramophone record; it goes on repeating the same thing -- what it knows. And most often it gets stuck. Then there is great difficulty.

When I was a student it happened once .... I used to go all over the country to university competitions for eloquence, or debates. In Varanasi, in the Sanskrit university there was an all-India competition. Because the scholars of the Sanskrit university did not know any English, and all the other competitors were perfectly educated in English, the debaters from the Sanskrit university must have carried a

certain inferiority complex -- although the debate was in Hindi so that everybody could participate, whether they knew English or not, whether they knew Sanskrit or not. At least everybody knew Hindi.

After I had spoken it was the turn of a student from the Sanskrit university, and because of that inferiority complex he must have crammed a quotation from Bertrand Russell. So four or five lines in Hindi he spoke perfectly well, and then he quoted Bertrand Russell in English and got stuck in the middle of the sentence. I was just by his side, so just to help him I said, "Start again." I thought that perhaps ... sometimes if you start again, maybe you won't get stuck again. I had not told him to start the whole speech again, but he had crammed the whole thing as one piece.

He could not start from the quotation of Bertrand Russell, so he started again from "Brothers and sisters ...." The whole convocation hall of the university was full and people started laughing and clapping. And he again went through all those sentences, came to the quotation -- and people were clapping, "Go on, go on!" -- and he got there and the needle got stuck again. He looked at me. I said, "Start again."

The situation was very embarrassing -- what to do? because he could not go ahead. That was the only way, to go into reverse and start again. Rather than standing there and looking like a fool, he started again, "Brothers and sisters ...." It was such a hilarious scene that even the judges started laughing, and he came exactly to the same point and got stuck.

It was a great blessing that by that time his time was finished; otherwise he would have had to start again,

because there was no other way. When he came back and sat by my side, I said, "You did great."

He said, "What great? You are the person who put me in the trouble. If you had not said to start again, I would never have imagined the very idea of starting again. But I was in such a bad situation that I had to accept your idea, knowing perfectly well that this was foolish. But standing without saying anything in the middle of a sentence, it is better to start again. Who knows? -- you may pass through, the needle may move on."

Mind is a gramophone record. So when you feel something coming from the beyond you can immediately recognize it, because you have never heard it before, you have never learned about it, you have never read about it; it is just absolutely from the unknown. Only then does a Quaker stand up and allow the unknown to be shared. And many times it happens that their meeting will end up without anybody speaking, because nobody can speak from outside the mind -- that is the ugliest sin according to the Quakers, because your mind speaks only what is borrowed.

Put the mind aside ... but that is risky, because one does not know where one is going and what one is going to say. But this spontaneity makes your intelligence such a joy, such a sharp sword that it cuts all that is rubbish and brings you fresh experiences, introduces you to new mysteries. There is no need of any conflict.

Taranga, you are creating your trouble yourself. You are saying, "I tell myself just to be authentic and then I get really confused." You are bound to get really confused. "Meditation takes away the immediate tension but I have found no way to get to the root of the problem." You will

never get to the root of the problem, because the problem is very superficial, it has no roots.

In India we have a creeper which goes from one tree to another tree; it has no roots anywhere. It is a parasite. It simply digs into the tree and sucks the juice of the tree and goes on moving and spreading. Sometimes you will find it spreading on hundreds of trees, just a single creeper. But if you try to find its roots, you will never find them anywhere -- there are none. It exists as a parasite, without any roots. Your many problems are just like that.

Its name is very beautiful; its name is amarbel: a creeper of immortality. It has no roots, so you cannot kill it. You can take it away from the trees and throw it anywhere, and it will again somehow get attached to something and will start growing again. It is a very dangerous creeper because it kills the trees. It does not allow them to blossom, it takes all their juice. It does not allow them to come to fruition. But it itself has no roots.

You are creating more confusion and more trouble for yourself if you want to find out the root of the problem. You say, "Meditation takes away the immediate tension." Then your meditation is not real meditation. At the most it may be a little relaxation; that's why it takes away your immediate tension. If it is meditation it takes away your tension forever. That is the very definition of meditation: not only the tension is taken away, it takes away your very mind which is the root cause of all the tensions. Not only one tension, but all possibilities of ever being tense -- meditation simply takes all that away and gives you an open and clear sky for your intelligence to grow ... as much space as you want.

So learn rightly how to meditate. Relaxation is good, but it is only a beginning; it just prepares the ground for meditation. But meditation is a totally different affair. You have to become aware of your mind stuff. Whatever goes on in your mind you have to become a watcher, and the watcher has to be so deep-rooted that slowly, slowly your mind disappears and only the watcher remains. Then all possibilities of tension, anxiety, anguish, disappear and you will not find even the conflict.
Meditation will give you a clear-cut insight to be authentic, to be spontaneous, and to live dangerously, because there is no other way of living. Those who want to live without any danger should dig their graves and get into them. Those are the safest places in the world.

"Now, now, just relax, Mr. Goldberg," said Hymie Goldberg's psychiatrist. "I have helped a great many others with problems far more serious than yours. Now, let us see. You said that in moments of great emotional stress you believe that you are a dog, a fox terrier. Is that so?"
"Yes, sir," mumbled Hymie, "a small fox terrier with black and brown spots to be precise. Ah, please help me doc, I just can't continue living in this madness."
The doctor pointed to the couch and said calmly, "Don't worry, Hymie, the first thing to do is to lie down on the couch and we will see if we can get to the root of your problem."
"Oh no doctor, I can't do that," said Hymie seriously, "I am not allowed up on the furniture."

That is his problem, that he thinks that he is a dog and nobody allows him on the furniture. How can you get to the root of this man's problem? This is not a problem which can be solved. This is sheer madness, which cannot be solved, which can only be dissolved -- and these are two different things. This man has not to be just advised that this is stupid, this is mad. All this advice has been already given to him by many people. Those things don't help; on the contrary, they continuously emphasize the fact.

What he needs .... He is living in an illusion; he has created a hallucination around himself. He has hypnotized himself in some way that he is a dog. You have to cut through his autohypnosis. You have not to take him to a psychoanalyst, you have to take him to a hypnotist who will take him into a deep hypnotic sleep and who will give another suggestion, canceling the old suggestion that he is a dog: "You are not a dog. It was only an illusion and it is no longer there, it is finished."

This has to be repeated for a few sessions continuously, so that it goes deep into his unconscious to the same point where the autohypnotic suggestion of being a dog has reached. Once the anti-suggestion reaches to the same point, the problem will dissolve. It will not be solved, it will simply disappear, it will evaporate. Hymie Goldberg will simply laugh and say, "What kind of nightmare had I fallen into?"

Every one of you has many, many auto-suggestions. You have hypnotized yourself, and society has supported it if those suggestions are useful for the society. For example, just today I was informed that in America a certain group of scientists are emphasizing a certain hypothesis against

the evolution hypothesis of Charles Darwin. They are all fanatic Christians and they are saying that the theory of evolution is against the HOLY BIBLE, because the HOLY BIBLE says that God created the world in seven days in its completion. There is no question of evolution.

And the most surprising thing is that many of the states in America have made it mandatory, compulsory that in colleges, in universities, in schools the theory of creation should be taught, not the theory of evolution. And when these so-called scientists were asked, "What is the evidence? because everything goes against the hypothesis preached in the BIBLE" their argument was so hilarious .... But all the American politicians are ready to accept it. Already governments of different states are passing laws. Books of the evolution theory of Charles Darwin are banned; they have been removed from libraries, they have been removed from university courses, and now in their place an absolutely absurd theory has to be taught, as mandatory. You cannot make it optional, you cannot even say that it is not scientific. And the reasons that they have given are just laughable.

Their first reason is that this theory is right because God himself has written in the BIBLE. Now, somebody should ask these idiots, "Do you have any proof that God has written the BIBLE except that the BIBLE says it itself?" So God writes himself that "I am writing the book." I can write in the book, anybody else can write in the book -- that "I am the God who is writing the book" -- and then I can write any nonsense, and that has to be accepted; it is not just hypothetical.

The Hindus believe that the VEDAS are written by God. And on many points they are absolutely against the BIBLE. The Mohammedans believe that the KORAN is a direct message from God, and on many points it is absolutely against the BIBLE. Moses has encountered God directly -- he is the only man in the whole of history who had a direct conversation, face to face -- and his statements are different from the Christians'.

There are thousands of pieces of evidence that this earth is four million years old, and our sun is nearabout sixty million years old, and this universe is at least a few billion years old. And science has come to these conclusions on very solid grounds. According to the BIBLE the whole universe is only six thousand years old.

And these scientists are trying to enforce on educational systems that it should be taught that God created the world four thousand and four years before Jesus Christ, completed it in seven days. And all the evidence that goes against it is not even to be discussed; it is banned. In one of the most advanced countries of the world, such a stupidity ... and naturally the students will repeat whatever is being taught to them. That will become their hypnosis. And from childhood until university -- almost one third of life -- continuous repetition. You can create any kind of hallucination.

Most of the things that you believe and you see and you experience are because of your hallucinations. For example, in China for thousands of years it was thought that a woman is beautiful if her feet are very small. So small that she cannot even walk -- because her body needs a certain length of foot, as a support, to stand. Rich

families, royal families who could afford it, made it a torture to the women. Girls, when they were born, were given steel shoes and they could not take them off, even in sleep. So their whole body grew up and their feet remained so small that they could walk only with two servants supporting them. That was thought to be real richness, real beauty. Such a nonsensical idea ... but it prevailed for thousands of years.
Everywhere you will find such nonsensical ideas in people's minds. They are not problems, they are social hypnosis, and unless your social hypnosis is taken away .... And the only way is to negate that hypnosis by another hypnosis. You have to be deprogrammed. Every human being has to be deprogrammed so that his state of mind is absolutely clean, and from there you should start developing. Then you may come to the state of a Gautam Buddha or a Jesus Christ; then you may come to your ultimate destiny: utterly fulfilled and absolutely satisfied, and grateful to existence that it gave you such a great opportunity.

A Sunday school teacher had just finished explaining about heaven. "Now," she said, "hands up, all those children who want to go to heaven."
All the children raised their hands except for little Hymie in the front row. "Don't you want to go to heaven, Hymie?" asked the teacher.
"I can't," said Hymie tearfully, "my mother told me to come straight home."

Question 2

BELOVED OSHO,
MOST OF MY QUESTIONS ARE NEVER COMPLETED IN MY MIND. THEY SURFACE LIKE THE BUBBLES OF A LAVA POOL, THEN SINK BACK INTO THE MUD. THE ONLY QUESTIONS THAT ARE UNDENIABLY AUTHENTIC, LIKE THIRSTS THAT NEED QUENCHING, ARE THOSE TO DO WITH THE MYSTERY OF YOUR PRESENCE. SHOULD I BE PUTTING MORE ENERGY INTO CRYSTALLIZING MY INCOMPLETE QUESTIONS, OR SHOULD I JUST BE ALLOWING MYSELF TO GO MORE AND MORE DEEPLY INTO THE SILENCE OF THIS MYSTERY?

Puja Melissa, if it is possible for you to go more and more deeply into the silence of this mystery, of this life, of this existence, then there is no need to be worried about questions. All questions are superficial, and all answers too, because the reality can neither be questioned nor can it have any explanation or any answer. It simply is. Questions and answers are games you can play with.
I allow you to question because if I don't allow you to question, they will go on and on inside you, whirling and driving you mad. I allow you to question so that they can come out. My answers are not answers to your questions, my answers are simply a death to your questions. I destroy your questions, I don't answer them, because if I answer them you will only become more knowledgeable. You will now have instead of questions, answers, but you will remain in the same mind which had questions -- now it has answers.

At least questions were good because you were humble, knowing that you are ignorant. Answers are more dangerous; they will destroy your humbleness and they will give you a feeling that "I know." That will be a great nourishment to your ego.
I cannot give any nourishment to your ego, so my answers are totally different to those you will find anywhere else in the world. Everywhere those answers are imparting knowledge to you so that your question can be dissolved. I am not imparting knowledge, I am not interested in giving you information. I am interested in bringing to you a transformation, and that is a totally different dimension.
I have to destroy mercilessly your questions, so if it is happening on its own that you cannot complete your questions, you are blessed. Don't complete them. Let them die incomplete; they have to die anyway, so why complete them? Why waste energy? And if you feel that you are capable of going into silence and you can enter into the mystery without any questions, nothing can be better than that.

The old white-haired spinster was rocking on her front porch with her tomcat at her feet. Suddenly a fairy appeared and offered her three wishes. "Ah, go on," the old lady said disbelievingly. "If you grant wishes, let us see you turn this rocking chair into a pot of gold."
The fairy waved her wand and the spinster found herself in the center of a pot of gold. Her face lit up. "And I get two more wishes?" she asked. "Anything your heart desires," said the fairy.

"Then make me into a beautiful young girl," she ordered.
Another wave of the wand and her wish was granted.
"Now," said the old lady, "make my tomcat into a handsome young man."
The good fairy waved her wand and disappeared as the third wish came true, and the man of her dreams stood where the tomcat had been sleeping. The young man approached the once old lady and took her in his arms, and murmured gently, "Now, aren't you sorry you sent me to the vet?"

Bringing your questions to me is dangerous. You will be sorry for it, because my whole work is to destroy your questions, to demolish your mind and to clean you completely from all past and all inheritance from the past. I want you to be as fresh as Adam and Eve, as if there has been nobody before you, so that you can start completely fresh. Then each moment is such an adventure and such a deep penetration into mystery. And you don't know fear because you have never experienced fear. You are not conditioned because you have never been with anybody. Meditation is my method to demolish your past, and your mind is nothing but your past. Meditation is my method to give you a new birth, a new beginning, a revolution in your being, so that you can find reality as an experience for your thirsting soul, not answers for your questions.
Questions and answers are just intellectual. You need a real encounter with existence. Only that can help you to blossom, to be liberated, to be enlightened. Silence is perfectly the right path. If your heart has heard and felt something of silence and is entering into the mystery of

existence, then forget all about your questions and forget all about answers. Just be silent. And as you become more and more silent, the mystery will go on opening its doors to you. Door upon door, peak upon peak ... there is no end. Life is such an eternal miracle, and it opens its doors only to the magic of silence. Whoever has understood silence has known the science, the magic, the art, the knack of entering into reality as if it is your own home. In fact it is. Questions and answers will keep you outside the temple and will never allow you to enter the temple. Leave questions and answers where people leave their shoes, and enter into the silence of the temple. Silence is the way. That will bring you a new dawn, a new explosion of light, an overwhelming dance -- a dance in which the stars and the trees and the ocean will be your partners. The whole existence will be your music.
I don't teach anything about God, I teach simply about experiencing the dance of this mysterious life ... and you will know about God. God is not a person, but only the fragrance when you have come to your ultimate actualization. When you have attained to your destiny, you will know a quality that can only be called godliness. You will not meet a God confronting you, you will see God radiating from your heart, from your very being, as rays of light and love and compassion and beauty.

A dentist and his assistant were busy pulling a man's tooth when a sharp cry from outside caused them to look up. They rushed to the window just in time to see a good friend of theirs go hurtling past.

A couple of moments later someone burst into the office shouting, "Hey, did you hear about Johnny Jones? He just jumped off the roof and fell sixty stories. He is lying down there on Madison Avenue right now and he looks pretty bad."
"That's funny," said the dentist. "We saw him go by just a minute ago and he looked fine."

Life is so mysterious. If you are open you will find everywhere so much to laugh at. It is simply hilarious. So enjoy this life, its hilariousness, its mystery, and be just like an innocent child without any questions, without any answers. Don't be bothered about knowledge and I promise you, wisdom will be yours.
Those who are knowledgeable are preventing wisdom from entering into their beings. Knowledge is not a door, it is a wall; it is a China Wall -- very thick. It does not allow anything so fragile as wisdom. It does not allow anything like light, fragrance, joy, music, anything that can make your life meaningful, significant ... and you can declare to existence that it has been a great blessing to be here on the planet. "There is no way to pay it back. All that we can do is to show our gratitude, our thankfulness." That thankfulness is the only right prayer. It has no words in it, just a feeling of gratitude.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #30

Chapter title: The path goes round and round
3 July 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
LATELY, SITTING IN YOUR PRESENCE I AM AWARE THAT I DON'T FEEL THE LOVE I USED TO FEEL IN THE PAST. RATHER, I AM AWARE MORE OF YOUR SILENCE AND MY FALLING INTO THIS SILENCE, THIS STILLNESS, BEAUTY, QUIET AND GRACE. OSHO, CAN YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LOVE AND SILENCE, AND WHY I FEEL SADDENED BY THIS HAPPENING?

Prem Ratna, the path of a seeker is not straight. It takes many turns, unexpected ... suddenly, out of nowhere. But you will come back to the same experience again and again, on a higher level of course. It is just like going up a mountain: the path goes round and round.
You come to the same spots but on a higher level. You will come to feel love at least seven times, and you will lose it the same number of times, but each time it will be a different quality of love. And the same is true about other experiences -- silence, blissfulness, innocence, ecstasy. Unless you become enlightened you will not be able to gather them all; they will be scattered along the whole path. But it is happening for the first time, hence the question. The love that you used to feel was the lowest rung of the ladder. It was beautiful, but still, it was not the purest that comes at the last rung. Now you have moved on and you

are feeling silence, stillness, beauty, quiet and grace. But because you have lost love you are feeling sad. There is no reason to feel sad; on the contrary, there is every reason to feel joyous. You have moved on the path.

Soon the turn will come again, that you will find love enveloping you. But it will be a different experience. Although the name remains the same, it has a depth which was not there before. Before it was a superficial layer, now it has depth and height. Before it was horizontal, now it will be vertical. It will be lost also, and again you will feel a great silence and stillness and serenity, and you will see the difference from the first experience of silence.

The first experience of silence is only an absence of noise. The second experience will start turning from the negative to the positive. It will not be just absence of noise, it will be a positive existence in itself, not related to noise at all. And then silence is a tremendous transformation.

Just to not feel the noise is one thing. We call it silence -- it is not silence -- but when silence descends on you as a positive force, it fills you. It is not emptiness, it is overflowing.

And so will be the other qualities: stillness, beauty, quiet and grace. And this is going to happen seven times, so there is no need to be sad; you will lose on one level and you will go on moving. You will find the same experiences on a higher level, more crystal clear, more penetrating to the heart, more transforming, more positive. And each time it happens you will be rising higher.

After the seventh, nothing will be lost. Then you can gather all the experiences of seven layers into one organic unity. That unity happens on its own. That's what I call

enlightenment. Now there is nowhere to go, you have reached the highest point and from that point you can see all those lower stages.

Remember a basic law: the higher can see the lower and can understand it; the lower cannot see the higher and cannot understand it. So what is happening is perfectly right. Just don't disturb yourself by sadness that can drag you back.

Rather than moving onward, you can go backward and you can find the love again. But then you will not be evolving in consciousness, you will be stuck, and stuck at the lowest rung of the ladder. It is natural to feel sad because you don't know what is going to happen ahead. You only know that something is lost. You don't know that it is lost only to appear again when you come to the same point, having gone right round the hill -- but at a higher place.

You will see the same beauty and the same scenic experience, but you will be at a higher evolved consciousness. And with you everything goes on deepening, becoming more clear, becoming more than just an experience. It goes on becoming your very being.

The day silence, love, blissfulness, ecstasy, all become not experiences but your very being -- you breathe them in and out; your heart beats with them, dances with them; your being is filled with them, it is no more something that is coming from outside ... on the contrary, it is something that is overflowing from your innermost source -- then only will you understand that there was no need for any sadness at any moment.

Just to help you to drop the sadness:

Mona was applying for a job at the whorehouse.
"So," said the madam, "just how expert are you?"
"I don't like to brag," said Mona, "but I can make love standing on my head."
"Great," said the madam, "you are the one I want. There is a yogi waiting downstairs."

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
I AM VERY AFRAID TO WRITE TO YOU, BUT I NEED TO TELL YOU: THANK YOU FOR TELLING ME THE TRUTH ABOUT MYSELF.

Dhyan Om, there is no need to be afraid. I am happy that you have understood the truth. You have been living unnecessarily in misery.
In all relationships nobody is responsible for misery. Just the very nature of a relationship is that it turns sour at a certain point. It is neither you nor the other who is responsible for creating the misery, but both are suffering immensely. And the nature of the mind is such that it goes on clinging and hoping, even hoping against hope that perhaps tomorrow things will be better, that it is only a passing phase. You go on somehow consoling yourself. You go on thinking that the other will understand, but it is not the fault of the other. The other is also waiting for you to understand. And it is not your fault either. So there is nothing to understand, you have simply to see and recognize that a relationship as such is bound to end up in a boring, miserable suffering.

The moment it starts happening, if you are alert you will separate ... not condemning or complaining against the other, because nobody is really doing anything. It is the relationship's very nature that it cannot remain the same as it was before the honeymoon ended. It cannot be the same after the honeymoon; the whole world has changed. And as days pass, things that you were dreaming start becoming clear to you -- that they were only dreams, they don't have any reality. Both feel frustrated, and both try to throw the responsibility on the other, so that instead of love, fighting becomes their only relationship.

But the problem is that the man or the woman goes on clinging even though everything is going towards hell. The reason for clinging is the fear of loneliness. It is better to be miserable but with somebody, than to be lonely -- because when you are lonely you have to face yourself. And unless you are prepared for a deep meditation, and to see your inner being and transform your loneliness into aloneness, you are going to cling even though it is miserable. And that's what you were doing, that's what many are doing.

In fact you proved a pioneer. You created the understanding in many others. After you, many suffering couples have separated. They all owe gratitude towards you. You were the first to take the risk and move out of the relationship. And it is good that you are not angry at me. That's what ordinarily happens if a man has no intelligence.

I am not going to console you. If I see that things are becoming bitter, I want you to separate. Separate peacefully, separate with respect towards each other; separate in such a way that you don't become enemies, that at least you remain friends. Separate without hate.

Remember the person you have loved at least deserves not to be hated.

But if you go on clinging too long, all love is forgotten, all beautiful moments are forgotten. All that you can remember is misery and misery and misery -- every day misery. Then love turns into hate, then everything is poisoned. Then you cannot separate even with grace, and after separation you cannot even think of friendship.

And because I made it clear to you, naturally a man who is not intelligent will start thinking in angry terms against me -- that I brought the idea of separation. But you will find that you are happier than you were in the relationship.

Latifa has again been heard, after many many months, laughing. Yes, this is Latifa! She had forgotten to laugh completely. And now remember never to get into the same trap again. You can have friendships, you can have casual relationships, but never go beyond casualness. Don't make them permanent. Don't try to cement your relationship -- that will kill you both. Remain free.

One of the wisest steps is to never live with the woman you love. Live separately, so you are free to be alone, she is free to be alone. Never make promises and commitments, never demand that only you should be loved. On the contrary, if your woman or your man on the weekends takes a little joy in somebody else, it is perfectly good for a change. And after the change, back to the working days, it feels better. One is rested, and one's mind is no more wandering, and one knows that this woman or that, this man or that, they are all the same. When the light is turned off, then all differences disappear!

So just enjoy your aloneness. That does not mean that you have to remain without creating any friends, but make it clear always ... At least my people should remember it. The old world has suffered so much because these simple things were not understood, and they made it almost compulsory that you have to be together once you have decided to be with someone. This goes against man's frailty, man's weakness.
Man is not made of steel. What is love today, tomorrow may not be. If tomorrow somebody else catches your eye, what can you do about it? The old man used to repress it, but when you repress something it turns into anger against the woman whom you are now tied to like a prisoner. The woman hates the husband because she is tied.
Just a few days ago one sannyasin was saying, "I have given him enough rope." What do you think your husband is -- a dog? You are giving enough rope, but the rope is in your hands. The moment you see the dog has seen some other girlfriend, you pull the rope back: "You son of a bitch, come back!" This is not love, this is pure politics. It is a lust for power, domination.

Two bishops were discussing the decline in morals in the modern world. "I did not sleep with my wife before I was married," said one clergyman self-righteously. "Did you?" "I don't know," said the other. "What was her maiden name?"

And these are the people who are enforcing morality, who are teaching you to be committed, to be loyal, who are

teaching you to remain attached with one person. Nobody is concerned whether it creates a hell for you and the other.
There is an ancient parable: A man's father died, so the whole neighborhood came to console him. Many old people said to him, "Don't be worried, if your father is dead we are here. Your father was our friend and we are just like your father; you will not miss him. You can always come for any advice or for any help. We are available to you, you are just like our son."
Then his mother died, and all the women of the neighborhood said the same thing: "Don't be worried, we are just like mothers to you. You can come to us the way you used to go to your mother for any help or any problem. We will always remain available. She was such a good soul and we all loved her." Then his wife died, and he waited and waited and waited and no woman turned up. He was very angry. He came out of his house and shouted, "What has happened? When my father died all the old idiots came to be my father. When my mother died, all the stupid old women came saying that they want to be my mother. Now what has happened? My wife has died, and nobody is coming to tell me, `Don't be worried, she was a great soul, and we are just like your wife. You can come to us.' Nobody is coming!" And the neighborhood remained silent.
The relationship between man and woman as husband and wife has been put in a special category, different from every other relationship. This is not the right approach, not an enlightened approach. If the people had been really understanding, women would have gone to him and said the same thing, that "Don't be worried, if one woman has

died, we are all here. Whenever you need or whenever you feel alone, just ask for help and we will be available." In a really human society, all jealousy will disappear, all domination will disappear. People will be helping each other in their loneliness, and helping them to become capable of being alone. It is human.

So if your woman once in a while goes with somebody else, there is nothing to be worried about. If your man goes with somebody else ... everybody needs holidays. But your saints, your priests, because they don't have any holidays ... a saint has to be a saint for seven days continuously; there is no Sunday. He cannot take leave of his saintlihood even for a single moment. Because he cannot enjoy any holiday, he takes revenge on society. He will not allow you either to have holidays.

They decide your morality, they decide how you should live, and they are the worst people to decide it, the most inexperienced people to decide it. They don't know relationship, they don't know the intricacies of relationship; they don't know the fragility of love. They don't know that the human mind gets bored with the same thing every day, and just a little holiday will be a tremendous help to keep people together.

It is said that Mulla Nasruddin was made an advisor to a king, and because of his beautiful stories the king became very much addicted to him. He wouldn't let him go anywhere. They used to eat at the same table -- that was the first time that the king had allowed anybody else to sit at the same table while eating. The first day Mulla was sitting there and the king said, "The cook has made stuffed bindhis." Once in a while it is really delicious, but only

once in a while. And the king appreciated them. Seeing that the king was appreciating, Mulla said, "Perhaps you don't know that bindhis are not only vegetables, they are medicine. They prolong your life, they make you more powerful, they give you longer youth. It is written in the ancient books of medicine."

The cook heard all this praise so he started making stuffed bindhis every day. The second day the king tolerated it; the third day he was feeling angry that this idiot, Mulla, had corrupted the mind of the cook: "It seems now my whole life I have to eat bindhis!"

On the fourth day it was too much, and he threw the plate on the ground shouting at the cook, "I will shoot you if ever I see a bindhi in this house again."

Mulla said, "I was going to say the same thing before you did. This cook needs to be shot immediately. Bindhis are very dangerous."

The king said, "Mulla, have you forgotten what you said before?" He said, "I am your servant, I am not a servant of bindhis. You were appreciating so I appreciated; I am just here to serve you. Now if you want me to, I can shoot the cook."

The cook said, "This is strange. You corrupted my mind." But human mind has to be understood. It gets bored with the same thing every day. Whether it is a wife or a husband, or a certain food, or a certain film ... how long can you see a film? Once is great. Twice it is dull, because you already know what is going to happen. Thrice and you will start thinking of committing suicide: if this is the film that you have to see for your whole life, it is better to be finished with it.

My own approach is that boredom is coming into relationships because we have made relationships very tight and very controlled. This should be more free, and newer pastures should be available to both the persons. And they will come together again and again, with great love, because whoever gives you freedom creates love in you. Whoever destroys your freedom destroys your love too.

"Baby, I am going to kiss you to death tonight," said the big, macho man.
"Yeah, sure," teased the young secretary.
"Baby, you will be lucky if you can walk tomorrow," he bragged.
"Sure, sure, we will see," scoffed the girl.
When the chips were down though, and the big man could not quite come up with the goods, the girl pulled out a feather from a pillow and began to stroke him lightly on the forehead.
The big, macho guy eyed her curiously and asked her, "Hey, what's the big idea?"
"Well, comparatively speaking," she scolded, "I am beating your brains out."

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
THE OTHER DAY I HEARD YOU SAY THAT WHEN WE TAKE SANNYAS WE MAKE YOU OUT A BLANK CHECK OF OUR LIVES. I CAN IMAGINE THAT THIS STATEMENT WOULD ROCK THE VERY FLOORBOARDS OF THE CONSERVATIVE ELEMENT THE WORLD OVER. BUT AS FAR AS ONE OF MY

BEST FRIENDS IS CONCERNED, AFTER HEARING THAT, HE JUMPED AND TOOK SANNYAS THE NEXT DAY. IS THIS THE WEALTH OF COURAGE LEADING TOWARDS THE NEW MAN?

Satyadharma, it is true that when you take initiation into sannyas you give me a blank check for your life. And it is also true that this will rock the very foundations, floorboards of the conservative element the world over. I want it to happen. I want to destroy all those foundations and floorboards of the conservative mind that have kept humanity under slavery for centuries. They are the worst criminals and the greatest enemies of man. And this is also true, that your friend is a courageous fellow, a man who loves adventure, a man who accepts a challenge when it comes and is not too cowardly to escape and hide himself. But there is one thing that I have not told, and I would like you never to tell anybody -- at least the orthodox and conservative elements in the world -- that I have never used anybody's blank check.

Certainly initiation means you have taken a step into a dangerous life. You have accepted me as your friend in the darkness and you have given your hand with great trust. But I have never used any blank check and I have never used or even interfered in anybody's life. It is just on your part -- I am absolutely out of it. It is your initiation and it is your initiative to offer your life to be transformed. But the whole action and its responsibility is yours. You can take your blank check back any moment, because it will remain blank. But unless you take a step with such courage, you are not going to grow.

Growth certainly needs one thing, and that is courage. That is the most fundamental religious quality, the only qualification that I require from my people. Everything else is ordinary and can follow, but courage is the most fundamental thing, the first thing. Yes, Satyadharma, this is the courage which will bring the New Man into existence. The past, the old man, the outgoing man was very much of a coward. He remained a sheep, while he had the potentiality of being a lion. He remained a sheep because it is very cozy to be surrounded by a big crowd; one feels secure and safe. And one feels that "Everybody cannot go wrong, and I am going with everybody." This is one of the greatest mysteries of life, that crowds always go wrong. They cannot go right. Have you ever heard of any crowd becoming enlightened? It is always the individual who attains to the highest peak of consciousness. The crowd remains at the lowest possible state of consciousness -- just a very small, thin layer of consciousness. And the bigger the crowd, the thinner becomes the layer of consciousness. Courage means to stand alone and to take a path without anybody to be your companion, without any guide, without any map ... just finding out your way in the thick forests of life. This very effort makes you alert. This very fact creates consciousness in you, because you are surrounded with all kinds of dangers -- the wild animals, the darkness of the night, and the untrodden path. Nobody knows where you are going. In such circumstances an explosion happens in you which becomes the rebirth, or the beginning of a new dawn, or the beginning of a new man.

But Satyadharma, you have to learn something from your friend. You have taken sannyas almost for granted. It is not

a danger to you; perhaps it has become a shelter to you. Mind's cunningness has no limits. It can make a dangerous situation also a shelter, a security -- at least it can hallucinate. Otherwise the very act of becoming a sannyasin will be a great transformation in your being.

"My beautiful sexy lady," whispered the suave playboy, "you are the only girl for me. I dig you, I'm crazy about you, I'm nuts about you. I can't make it through the night."
"Hey, wait a minute," protested the shy girl. "I don't want to get serious."
"Hell, baby," said the guy, "who's serious?"

If you become a sannyasin because others are becoming, because some of your friends have become sannyasins -- to you it is just a curiosity, not an authentic longing for search -- then it will not help you in any way. It will be simply an exercise in utter futility.
Sannyas cannot be accidental; it should be intentional. You should be ready to go into any transformation, any change. And the curious man is not ready for that -- only a seeker, only one who is ready to risk his life. That risking of life is the beginning of a new consciousness within you. It is the awakening of your soul.

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO,
SINCE "I" AND "DOING" SEEM TO BE RATHER A PROBLEM, IS THERE ANYTHING "I" CAN DO TOWARDS "NO I" AND "NO DOING"?

Anand Nada, an old Zen master, who was known and feared for his ferocious behavior and his unpredictable answers, was once visited by one of his disciples. He knocked cautiously at the master's door and asked, "Master, are you there?"
After a moment the disciple heard a wild voice roaring back, "No!"
The disciple answered, "Oh, what luck that I did not come."

You are unnecessarily getting into puzzles. You are asking, "Since `I', and `doing' seem to be rather a problem, is there anything `I' can do to move towards `no I' and `no doing'?" Nothing is needed but a good laughter.

The teenage couple were having an argument on the phone. Finally the boy exploded and said, "I am tired of this fooling around. I am coming over to your house tonight and I am going to throw you down on the sofa and pull off your pants."
"Oh no you're not," shouted the girl.
"And I am going to screw you so hard," the boy continued, "that you won't be able to walk straight."
"Oh no you're not," shouted the girl.
"And what is more," the boy cried, "I am not even going to wear a condom."
"Oh yes you are," shouted the girl.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn

Chapter #31

Chapter title: Unholy gossip -- not holy gospels
3 July 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
IS IT BECAUSE OF WOMEN BEING REPRESSED SO LONG THAT THERE ARE NOT MANY WOMEN COMEDIENNES OR JOKES THAT DON'T HAVE A MALE CHAUVINISTIC RING TO THEM? DO WOMEN NOT HAVE SUCH A GREAT SENSE OF HUMOR AS MEN? I AM ASKING THIS QUESTION VERY SERIOUSLY, BUT WOULD SETTLE FOR A JOKE AS AN ANSWER.

Maneesha, the sense of humor comes into existence at the last stage of evolution. No animal other than man has a sense of humor. The sense of humor can be called the criterion whether evolution has become conscious or not. Up to man, evolution is an unconscious process. With man something absolutely new opens its wings: evolution is no longer dependent on the blind forces of nature, man has to take it into his own hands.
Your question is immensely significant, because man has not allowed woman the same status, the same position, the same freedom as he has allowed himself. The woman has lived down the ages as a prisoner. In the name of religion, in the name of morality, in the name of chastity -- all great names but hiding a simple and ugly fact: slavery, spiritual slavery.

Education was not allowed, social movement was not allowed. In different countries, in different ways, the woman has been reduced to a subhuman status. Because she is not educated, she has to be dependent on man financially. She cannot compete with man in the marketplace or anywhere else. She is debarred from any possible evolution of consciousness in any dimension. For example, there have not been any great painters or poets or musicians or sculptors from the world of women. Not that woman is incapable or intrinsically has no potential, but potential alone is not enough. It needs opportunity to become actual and man has removed all opportunities for woman's growth. That's why there is no sense of humor in women. They cannot in fact enjoy laughter. Their very situation is sad. They are living in chains, invisible, they are living in prisons. But they have lived in those prisons for so long that everybody has forgotten that they are prisons. They are in every way handicapped, prevented from everything creative -- even prevented from being spiritual beings.

It is a very sad story that half of humanity has been prevented from every creative dimension. And this half of humanity has far bigger a heart than man, has more capacity for sensitivity than man, can create in many dimensions in a far superior way than any man, but she has just not been given any opportunity. On the contrary, all kinds of preventive measures have been taken so that she remains enslaved. It is so ugly, so condemnable that because of this very few women could become enlightened. And they have more potential for it than man, for the simple reason that nature endows them in a few dimensions

with greater energy and greater power -- because they have to be mothers. Nature depends on them for reproduction, for life to continue. Man's hand in life's perpetuation is negligible. On the contrary, man has been the cause of bringing destruction and death to millions of people around the globe. As far back as you can go, you will always find man fighting. His whole effort, his whole intelligence and genius has been devoted singularly in creating more powerful weapons to destroy.

Woman is the source of life; man seems to be in the service of death. And of course the source of life has more creative possibilities than man can ever have. It is not a coincidence that even those few men who have been great musicians or dancers or poets or painters, in some way became as graceful as women.

Friedrich Nietzsche had a great insight when he said, "I cannot accept Gautam Buddha because he has a feminine quality." Friedrich Nietzsche is deep down a male chauvinist. In Gautam Buddha's whole life and whole philosophy, he finds only one thing that is significant to him, and that is the feminine grace of the man. And because of that he condemns Gautam Buddha.

His condemnation is not based on any argument against the philosophy of Gautam Buddha. His condemnation is that his philosophy must be wrong because it creates a feminine grace, it makes people incapable of violence. Gautam Buddha's meditation techniques will destroy war, and without war there will be no great men. It is war that creates great leaders. A strange argument in favor of war. A very strange idea against peace, against silence, against grace, against enlightenment itself.

But as far as I am concerned, to me it shows that the woman has more potential to become enlightened. She is far closer to enlightenment because she already has the grace, she already has a loving heart. She has been corrupted badly, poisoned badly, but still, in spite of all that has been done to her, she is capable of coming out of the dark night.

The woman has had nothing to laugh about, she has had only things to weep and cry for. She knows perfectly well how to cry; she is expert in tears. Laughter has been a faraway goal. What has the woman to laugh about? Her whole life is so badly damaged: her potential has been so much crushed, her individuality has been kept in such a bondage, her wings have been cut, her roots destroyed. No other class has suffered so much through the hands of man as woman. And she has given birth to man, and she has raised man, and she has loved man, and she has been a companion to him in the darkest nights. She has been a solace in the most depressive moments, she has been an ointment for all his wounds. Still, man has paid her only with slavery and more slavery.

It seems there is some psychological fear. Man seems to have sensed it at the very beginning that woman has some more superior powers, some more vitality, and if she is allowed total freedom to grow she will go far ahead of man. It is better to keep her wings cut so that she cannot fly in the open sky; to keep her weak; to teach her, condition her that she has to depend on man.

The Hindu scriptures say, when you are a small girl you should depend on your father; when you are a young woman you should depend on your husband; and when you

are an old woman you should depend on your children. But you should always depend, you should never be independent. The ugliest words of abuse have been used in all the so-called holy scriptures.
The ultimate result is that the woman has become very bitter. Her whole being has become a cry for revolt. She is not at peace to laugh at things; she is in utter misery and despair, and unless she becomes liberated she will not have a sense of humor. Once she becomes liberated, she will leave man far behind in all creative dimensions and she will be really joyous and playful. Naturally, she is not serious, she is not concerned with serious things. Man by nature seems to be serious. If you talk about nonserious things, he thinks you are being childish.
The woman never talks about God or about heaven or about hell. She is not interested in the holy gospels, she is interested in all the unholy gossips! She is interested in a very nearby life. She is pragmatic, practical, realistic; she is not a stargazer.

I am reminded about a great astrologer. The story is from ancient Greece, from the times of Socrates. The astrologer was looking at the stars in the night, and he was going to look at the stars at a place out of the city, in the open ... to see better -- he had only primitive instruments. And because he was looking towards the sky and not looking at the earth, he fell into a well, and he shouted. An old woman living by the side, on her farm, came to rescue him, and when he was out of the well he said to the old woman, "You may not know me, but I am the greatest astrologer in the whole land. I am the astrologer not only of the king of

Greece but of the kings of many other countries. Even very rich people stand in line to see me, but for you I will do a favor -- you have saved my life. You can come any day you want and I will read your birth chart, look into your future, into your past, and I will not charge you anything."

The old woman laughed and she said, "Forget all about it, I am not going to come, because if you cannot see that a well is ahead of you, what more future ...? First learn to see what is ahead of you, then start telling others what is in their unknown future. Don't befool me. You can befool the kings. Even if you pay me, I am not going to come. I have seen your reality."

Man has always been interested in faraway things. The woman is never interested in faraway things, her interest is very real. And if she is allowed freedom -- and she will have to be allowed because it is time .... This kind of slavery cannot be tolerated any more; neither by women, nor by any man who has any compassion, any intelligence, any love. This situation has to be totally changed.

Then she will sing songs that her past is absolutely missing. She will dance, and she will dance better than any Nijinsky; she will paint better than any Picasso. And her songs and her paintings and her music and her dances will be closer to life, more sane, more healthy. Once she is completely liberated she will be able to produce more Buddhas, more Bodhidharmas, more Jesuses than man has been able to. And one thing can be said with absolute certainty, that she will not crucify a Jesus, she will not poison a Socrates, she will not murder a Mansoor; that is simply inconceivable about woman.

Man is destructive, woman is creative. Her laughter will also be of a different quality, of a far superior quality ... more innocent and more childlike.

But Maneesha, it has not been up to now possible simply because the woman has not been accepted as a human being. And she has been forced to remain in the shadows, never coming out into the light. But I would like my people, whether they are men or women, to feel sad about the past and to do everything to break away from the past and its ugly inheritance. I teach complete discontinuity. The woman should be given her rights to grow in her own uniqueness, and that will enhance the whole society. It will enhance man too because man begins his life in the woman's womb. For nine months he is one, totally one with the woman. And scientists say that in nine months the child grows more than he will grow in the coming seventy years of his life. Those nine months are condensed growth, almost unimaginable -- because the child has to pass through all the stages that man has passed through in the whole evolution. Almost millions of years have to be passed in nine months' time: from the fish to the man. The first stage of the child in the mother's womb is that of a fish. And then he passes through all the stages of other animals. He has lived inside the woman, and you will be surprised ... Sigmund Freud and his school of psychologists have contributed many great insights. One of them is that man's whole search for paradise, or a heaven, or the kingdom of God, or nirvana is nothing but the search for the mother's womb.

Those beautiful nine months without any responsibility ... not even the responsibility to breathe -- the mother was

breathing for you -- not even the responsibility to bother about your food. No question of past, no question of future, just the present moment and everything is available. Before the child asks, everything is available to the child. Sigmund Freud feels that those nine months have remained in the unconscious and they are creating the urge to find those golden moments again. Certainly you cannot enter the mother's womb again. But he has a great idea and great insight.

You can enter into the womb of the whole existence. Nirvana and the kingdom of God are nothing other than entering into the womb of existence itself where no responsibility, no burden, no fear, no death ... but only a pure, eternal dance of blissfulness.

The moment the woman is totally free, not only will she make life more peaceful, more full of laughter, she will also make man calm down, be less tense. And you all know it -- in ordinary experience it happens. If two persons are fighting and a woman comes in, they calm down, they become just gentlemen immediately because a lady has come in. They cannot use the dirty language that they were using before, they cannot behave barbarously the way they were behaving before.

Just now in America, in a few federal jails, they are experimenting by mixing women prisoners and men prisoners together; up to now the jails were separate. After just a few months' experience, strange conclusions have come to light. The most important is that the male prisoners have become less dangerous. A certain calmness and quietness ... just because of the presence of the women amongst them. And the jail psychologists are simply

surprised. The very ferocious criminals, murderers, rapists, even they have started behaving in a better way. They have started shaving twice a day!

In their jails they are running out of Eau de Cologne because the men are asking continuously for Eau de Cologne; they don't want that the women should notice that they are smelling badly. They are asking for combs and mirrors -- new demands that they had never bothered about before. They are taking regular baths and asking for fresh clothes every day. Their habits have changed; otherwise they were constantly fighting and quarreling amongst themselves. But the presence of women has changed the whole atmosphere.

Although they are not allowed to make love ... The prisoners are complaining only of one thing. They have not raped any woman, which was expected: whether you allow it or not. They have been raping outside the jail -- that's why they have been put in jail! And you provide women; it is taking a risk. But no woman has been raped in the jail. On the contrary, their complaint is that, since women have come into the jail, they are being constantly watched, and that has become a tension in their minds.

The jail authorities are constantly watching from every window, from every door, from every keyhole. They are watching that no harm is being done to the women, and the prisoners have complained, "This is insulting, this is humiliating us. Nobody is behaving badly with the women, but being constantly watched is against human dignity. We may be criminals but still we are human beings, and we don't want that the whole night somebody is watching. We cannot even sleep without being watched." Otherwise they

are very happy and they have welcomed the women. And the women have also been in for a great surprise -- nobody has harmed them and the atmosphere has suddenly lost its heat, anger, and a certain calmness has settled.
If all over the world the woman is allowed freedom to grow to her potential, there will be many, many women enlightened; many, many women mystics, poets, painters. And they will enhance not only the woman's part of the world -- because the world is one -- they will enhance the whole world. They will give man also new dimensions because their ways of seeing things are different. Man looks at things in one way; the woman looks from a different perspective. Life will become richer.
It is for the betterment of both man and woman that the woman should be given every freedom and equal opportunity for her individuality. Then there will be a sense of humor. And the woman can laugh more gracefully than man, she has every potential for it -- but it is repressed, condemned, criticized. She has lived a life of such misery that you cannot hope that she will show some sense of humor. But the day is not far away ... then the whole earth will be full of laughter. Instead of talks about war, instead of politicians giving speeches all around the world, instead of the sermons of stupid priests who know nothing, it will be far better that every man and every woman is able to see the hilarious side of life and to enjoy it.
Two jokes for you, Maneesha:

On his way home from work one day, the husband was suddenly filled with inspiration and bought his wife a bunch of flowers. Wanting to surprise her he knocked on

the front door and waited around the corner. When his wife opened the door, he jumped out in front of her and with a big smile handed her the flowers. The smile froze on his face as she burst into angry tears. "My God, what is the matter, honey?" he asked.
"I have had a terrible day," she cried. "This morning I broke the teapot, the baby has been crying all day long and now, to top it all off, you come home drunk!"

Because this must have been the first time that he has brought flowers, out of great inspiration. The poor woman cannot laugh. On the contrary, the man's smile becomes frozen. He cannot believe that this is the reception his great inspiration gets.

A man went to visit an old married couple he had not seen for some time. The old housewife greeted him at the door and the man asked, "Hello Mabel, and how is Jack?"
"Ah, did not you hear?" said Mabel. "He died a little while ago."
"I am very sorry to hear that, Mabel," said the man. "Tell me, how did it happen?"
"Well," said Mabel, "he had gone into the garden to pick some vegetables for our dinner when he just collapsed and died."
"Good Lord," said the man, "that's simply terrible. What on earth did you do?"
"What could I do? I opened a tin of beef."

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,

IN THE LAST FEW DAYS I HEARD YOU SPEAK ABOUT WATCHING THE CLOUDS OF MOODS PASSING BY. THE OTHER DAY I HEARD YOU SAYING: BE TOTAL, GO TOTALLY INTO IT. I LIKE TO WATCH THE CLOUDS OF ANGER, SADNESS, JEALOUSY, ETC. PASSING BY, BUT NOT MOODS LIKE HAPPINESS AND JOY. I LIKE TO BECOME IDENTIFIED WITH THESE MOODS AND GO TOTALLY INTO THEM AND EXPRESS THEM. SHOULD I WATCH EVERY MOOD OR SHOULD I GO TOTALLY INTO EVERY MOOD? I CANNOT BRING THESE THINGS TOGETHER. WOULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT?

Anutosh Samat, no one can bring these two things together. You will have to choose one. My suggestion is, watch everything with equal distance, with equal aloofness. Sadness, anger, jealousy, happiness, joy, love -- remain aloof from all and just be total in your watching.

Your watchfulness should be total. You be identified with your watching because that is your nature, that's what you are. There is no question of disidentifying with it; even if you try you cannot succeed. Your intrinsic nature is simply that of a witness. A single quality of awareness makes your whole being. So watch everything as if it is a cloud passing by.

I can see your difficulty: you would like to be identified with love, you would like to be identified with happiness and you would like not to be identified with sadness, you would not like to be identified with misery. But this kind of choice is not allowed by existence.

If you really want to get beyond the mind and all its experiences -- sadness and joy, anger and peace, hate and love; if you want to get beyond all these dualities, you have to watch them equally, you cannot choose. If you choose, you will not be able to watch those which you don't want to choose. So the first thing is, just be a watcher.

It will be a little difficult in the beginning to watch those things which are so sweet, so beautiful because watching makes you distant from every experience that is passing by like a cloud. You cannot cling. Up to now that's what you have been doing: clinging to that which you think is good and trying to get away from that which you think is ugly and miserable. But you have created only a mess of yourself. You have not been successful.

The best way is to be totally a watcher, but if you find it difficult there is an alternative. But that is harder than this, it is more difficult than this one -- to get identified with every cloud that moves. If there is misery, then become absolutely miserable, then don't hold anything back, just go with it to the very end. If you are angry, then be angry and do whatever stupidity it suggests to you to do. If some crazy cloud passes by, be crazy. But then don't miss anything. Whatever comes to you, be totally with it in that moment, and when it is gone it is gone.

This also will liberate you, but it is a more difficult path. If you want something really dangerous to play with, you can get identified with everything. Then don't make any differentiation, that this is good to get identified with and this is bad to get identified with. Then there is no question; without any discrimination, get identified, and within a week you will be finished with it. Just one week will be

enough, because so many things are passing by; you will be so tired, so exhausted. If you survive, we will meet again. If you don't survive, good bye.

But this is a dangerous path. I have never heard of anybody surviving. And you know perfectly well what kind of things come to your mind. Sometimes you feel like barking, then get into it, bark like a dog. And whatever the world thinks, let them think. You have chosen your path, you will get free ... perhaps totally free. Enlightenment and freedom from the body will come together! But it is a bit dangerous. People may try to prevent you, because nobody knows what kind of things come to your mind. Your own people -- your friends, your family, your wife, your husband -- may try to prevent you. There are many people all over the world whose families have forced them into insane asylums, because that was the only way to protect them. And this happens everywhere.

Just now the world has come to know that England's royal family has been keeping two persons, belonging to the royal family, locked in a basement for forty years in Buckingham Palace. And this was not released, this was not allowed to be known, because even to accept that royal people can go mad is humiliating. Royal blood?

For forty years they have been hiding the facts about where these people had disappeared to, and just now it has leaked out. Then they had to accept that they have been keeping them in a basement because they were behaving in an insane way, and they did not want the world to know that members of the royal family of England are behaving insanely.

But this goes on happening. In my village, the richest family had one person locked inside in their house his whole life. Everybody knew that something had happened to the person because he suddenly disappeared. But it was sixty years before, so by and by, people had forgotten. I came to know just by chance, because one of the sons of the man who was kept in chains was my student. Because he was from my own village, he used to come to see me often, and one day I just asked him, "I have never seen your father."

He became very sad and he said, "I cannot lie to you, but what is happening to my father is such a heavy weight on my heart. Because my family is the richest family of the village, they don't want anybody to know what they are doing with my father. They beat him; he has been encaged almost like a wild animal. He cries, shouts, screams, but nobody listens, nobody goes near. Just from the top, food is dropped to him. Everything that he needs is dropped from the top. Nobody wants even to face him."

But I said, "What has he done?"

He said, "Nothing special, he was just crazy. He used to do things which are not normal." For example, he might go naked into the market. Now, there was no harm ... he had not done any harm to anybody, he had just been walking naked in the marketplace, but that was enough for the family to force him. And they made him more and more insane. This was not going to help, this was not a cure, not a treatment.

So if you get identified with all your ideas, then you should think before you start the practice: what people will think about it and how they will behave with you -- although it is

possible to get free of all those emotions if you get identified with all of them, without any choice.
Either be choicelessly identified or be choicelessly unidentified. The real thing is choicelessness. But the first way, you will be on safer ground. Be a choiceless watcher. Don't choose something good and don't throw away something bad. Nothing is good, nothing is bad; only witnessing is good and non-witnessing is bad.

"Doctor," said the housewife, "I have come to see you about my husband. We have been married for over twenty-five years. He has been a good husband, happy, contented and very devoted to me, but since he came to see you about his headaches he has been a different man. Now he never comes home at night, he never takes me out anymore, he never buys me anything nor gives me any money. Hell, he never even looks at me. Your treatment seems to have changed his entire personality."
"Treatment?" said the doctor. "All I did was give him a prescription for a pair of glasses."

Because he was not able to see exactly ... now for the first time he has seen the woman. So just a pair of glasses can make a dramatic change -- the whole personality, his whole behavior. Otherwise he used to be a very loyal husband. And this will not be such a small thing, just a pair of glasses. If you start getting identified with everything, you will be in difficulty from every corner. It is better to choose the safer way; all awakened people have chosen that way. It is without exception the sanest path towards enlightenment.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
THE OTHER MORNING WHEN YOU TALKED ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP I HEARD MYSELF LAUGHING AND SUDDENLY I GOT SO SAD. I REALIZED THAT EVEN THOUGH WE ARE SEPARATED AND I'M MUCH HAPPIER, PART OF ME IS STILL HOLDING ON AND CLINGING. I AM STILL DREAMING OF OM, THINKING OF HIM AND STILL, VERY DEEP DOWN HOPING. I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY THAT WOMEN ARE MORE CLINGING THAN MEN. AS FAR AS OM AND I ARE CONCERNED, IT IS TRUE. IT FEELS AS IF HE HAS LEFT IT FAR BEHIND AND I STILL HAVE IT IN MY MIND, IN MY HEART AND EVEN IN MY BODY. BELOVED OSHO, WHERE CAN I GO FROM HERE?

Latifa, it is part of our unconscious state. You were unhappy together with Om, now you are unhappy without him. You have to watch your mind. It will never leave you at peace; whatever you do it will create misery, because mind is a duality. You are able to see that you are happy, yet another part of your mind still longs to be with Om. And when you were with Om, the part that is happy now was very unhappy.
Mind will always be divided about everything in life. Half of the mind is for it and half of the mind is against it, so you are always in a tense state. You have to understand one thing: a few days being alone is not going to harm anybody. It will give you space to see things clearly; it will give space to Om to see things clearly.

And if you choose to be miserable, either Om may be available or there are even greater Oms. What do you think, only Om is a coconut? I have seen bigger coconuts around here. A coconut is not a rare thing, it is a very normal and a common variety. So whenever you are in difficulty ... but I would like you, for a few days, just to let the world be at peace. You be alone, let Om be alone. The world will remain always grateful, and perhaps you will start enjoying your aloneness. But give it a little chance. You have been with Om long enough and you have suffered every moment of it. Now again the desire for suffering ... one gets addicted. These are just drugs.

Now sitting alone in your room, with nobody to fight ... Otherwise I have heard that people are fighting the whole night, up to three o'clock in the morning. That makes life a thrill. At three o'clock they go to sleep, hoping that "Tomorrow we will see again. Just a little rest and then we will start again." Now you must be feeling alone. No need to be worried, you can talk alone. Just close your doors and talk with your pillow. Write on the pillow "Dhyan Om," make a little picture ... or you must have a photograph of Om, so put the photograph on that pillow and go on hammering whatever you want to say, or beat him, and he cannot do anything. Such a good situation!

And you are asking, "From here, where can I go?" There is nobody and nowhere, and there is no need to go. Some nut will come into your trap by itself. You just wait, keep your doors open ... some nut will enter. Most probably it will be Om himself, because he is feeling the same -- missing Latifa. And both were torturing each other; it was such a perfect couple that even I am feeling sorry that a perfect

couple has been separated. You should think of me, too. It is so rare to find such a perfect couple. Nobody was tired of suffering, nobody was tired of misery, both were ready every day, and it was an ongoing story. Just a little interval is not bad.

For a few days enjoy aloneness, and if you really find it beautiful, joyous, then there is no need to get into any relationship, any trap. You can have friends -- even Om is not a bad guy. Once in a while you can meet with Om also. And because it will be only once in a while, there will not be conflict, there will not be fight; it will be a sweet experience. But don't hang around with each other longer. The moment you see that the climate is changing, find any excuse and get rid of Om.

And there are other people also. Why torture only Om? Give the same experience to a few other people, because everybody needs such experiences for their spiritual growth. You are just after Om; you want to make him enlightened anyway, whether he wants it or not. You can make, in the interval, a few other people enlightened. Om will be always there; he is also in the same situation. Let him torture a few other people, and then you can meet again with all your new experiences. Then you can torture with new methods, new techniques.

Right now, you have tortured each other with the same techniques, the same methods. First, learn a few more. Each person will give you some new technique, because everybody knows his own way, his own style of torturing others. It is a great opportunity -- don't miss it -- for you both.

You have created such a great trigger that many great couples are breaking away. Seeing that even Latifa and Om can separate -- who were living in constant hell, but they were so much glued ... You have become an example. Your name will be remembered in history! There are many couples separating, here and there, just seeing that "Even Latifa and Om can separate, so what is the problem? We can also separate. Why go on suffering?" You have made the door open and created a great example, just don't destroy your prestige.

Beloved Latifa, you are not to go anywhere, just remain in your room alone. And let poor Om also have a little rest. When I see that it is too much for you to be happy, to be relaxed, to be restful, I can always send a message to Om, who is always ready to fall into the same ditch again. He will come with great joy to join you and create the same hell again. Then don't tell me, "From here, where can we go?" There is no need to go anywhere, just remain where you are.

But give a little time for you, for Om and for others who have followed your example. If you start being together again, all those who have followed your example will think, "My God, should we start joining together again?" They are for the first time feeling free and joyous. It is not only your question, now it is a question of many, many people. On your shoulders is a great responsibility. So be a little strong and allow a little rest to yourself; you have tortured yourself and Om enough.

I know, it is an ancient religious way of torturing to attain to the kingdom of God, but nobody has attained. By torture, you can only descend into hell. And you have tasted hell so

long that just a small holiday won't do any harm. Just now, for two days, I have started hearing your laughter again -- for years I had forgotten how Latifa laughs. And many more are laughing and enjoying, so don't betray your followers.

"Why don't you settle the case out of court?" said the judge to the husband and wife.
"That's what we were doing, your honor," said the wife, "until the police came."

You have done enough to each other.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #32
Chapter title: A little bit off the track
4 July 1987 am in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I SEEM TO HAVE BECOME VERY MUDDLEHEADED AND SCATTER-BRAINED LATELY. BUT UNFORTUNATELY THERE HAS BEEN NO CORRESPONDING UPSURGE OF INTELLIGENCE. IS THIS JUST A TEMPORARY LAPSE OR DO I HAVE A LEAK SOMEWHERE?

Anando, you are a rare intelligence but it often happens that the people who are intelligent don't have a good memory. And people who are intelligent, if they are not a little eccentric, are very flat and boring. You are not flat and boring. You are a born cuckoo. And you can hear from the very morning ... the cuckoo is going sane. I have been listening for almost half an hour.

A man who has intelligence is bound to be thought by many to be a little bit off the track. And in fact he is. Certainly he is not one of the crowd. To the crowd he is an outsider, a stranger. He dreams dreams which are not common, he hopes against hope, which looks absurd to commonsense people. He perceives faraway things, imagines utopias. He is the very salt of the earth.

And particularly being a woman you are even more rare, because man has not allowed women to be intelligent. Man has always kept them in an inferior position. Even the greatest men who are known to be compassionate have completely forgotten their compassion as far as woman is concerned. Perhaps there was a certain fear going against their whole manhood or perhaps they are not even aware what man has been doing to woman.

Even a man like Jesus treats women as if they are not human beings. For twenty years continuously Gautam Buddha did not allow any woman to be initiated into sannyas, because he was worried about the future of his religion. To be frank, the worry was not about religion, the worry was about the monks who had repressed sexual energy. To bring the woman in was dangerous. Perhaps Buddha could have managed while he was alive, but how

long he could be alive? After him things would take their natural course.

Mahavira was afraid ... He is thought to be one of the most courageous men that have walked on the earth; hence the name Mahavira. It is not the name given by his parents, it is an appreciation by the people; his name was Vardhamana. Mahavira means the courageous one. But even this courageous one was not courageous enough to declare that a woman is as capable of becoming enlightened as a man.

To me, these things hurt deeply. I appreciate these people -- Jesus, Buddha, Mahavira -- but I cannot totally appreciate them. Something is missing, and that something is about women. Mahavira was absolutely adamant that no woman can enter into enlightenment through the body of a woman. And these are the statements of a man who is saying every day that "You are not the body, you are not the mind, you are pure consciousness." And he is unable to see the contradiction: If consciousness is not the body, then it does not matter whether consciousness is in the body of a woman or in the body of a man. Consciousness itself is neither male nor female.

And this is true of all religions. They have committed a crime for which they are going to pay, and pay highly. They have destroyed half of humanity and its intelligence and its possibility of growth.

Anando is an intelligent woman. Somehow she has escaped from the trap, and all intelligent people are so individualistic that the crowd thinks that something is wrong with them, particularly about a woman.

In the first place, she is not expected to be intelligent; in the second place, she is not allowed to be a cuckoo, and

Anando is both! And I love cuckoos, because cuckoos will reach enlightenment before anybody else. And a man or woman who does not have something eccentric in them is not interesting. They are too flat, too boring. A small eccentricity makes people more juicy.

So Anando, there is no need to be worried. There is no leak, and it is not just a temporary lapse either -- you are a permanent cuckoo. But this is not going to hinder anything. It is going to help your growth immensely.

This communion is of outsiders. This is not a gathering of commonsense people. All commonsense people are against me. To be with me you need some uncommon sense, only then you can understand me.

Memory one day has to go completely. If it is disappearing, it is a good sign. To be clean of memory means to be clean of past, and to be clean of past is to be absolutely open and available to the future. Memory is not of the future, memory is of the past; it is always a graveyard. And the future belongs to life, to intelligence, to silence, to meditativeness. It does not belong to memory.

Once a man becomes enlightened he does not function out of memory, he functions spontaneously. And even on the path toward enlightenment, slowly slowly spontaneity goes on replacing memory. Memory is the way of the unintelligent man. One who cannot respond to reality immediately, needs a memory system so that he can remember old answers, old situations -- what he has done before. But then his response is no longer a response, it becomes a reaction. And all reactions fall short of the situation that is ahead of you, because the situation is continuously changing and the answers in your memory

don't change. They are just dead commodities, they remain the same.

That's why, as a person grows old, he finds himself getting out of touch with the new generation that is growing. The fault is not of the new generation, the fault is of the old man who has nothing but memory, and memory belongs to the past and the past is no longer there. The new generation is more responsive to the present -- that creates the gap. The old generation always wants old answers, old scriptures, old saints; the older they are the more true.

Every religion tries to prove that their scriptures are the oldest. It is strange that they want to prove that. And they glorify in their ancientness. In fact, the more ancient they are, the more useless they are, because they have lost touch with reality completely. The man of consciousness and wisdom, alive, actually responds to the situation. Otherwise all answers fall short and life becomes more and more a mess.

So there is no need to be worried about it, if you are losing your memory and you see that you don't feel any parallel upsurge of intelligence. You will not feel it. Intelligence is so subtle that you will not hear the sound of its footsteps. But slowly, slowly it will transform your whole being and then suddenly, when the work is complete, you will awake from a deep sleep and you will see yourself as a new being, reborn.

So as far as I see, everything is going perfectly well. And I am watching you every day -- because Anando is one of my secretaries, so I see her every day. She is growing, becoming more and more silent, joyous, humorous, sharp. But man has energy ... If you start becoming more sharp,

more intelligent, from where will you get the energy? The energy that is involved and invested in memories has to be taken out, and there is no harm in it. In the ordinary marketplace, perhaps, not to have a good memory can be dangerous. But if you look at the geniuses of the world, you will be surprised that one of the most common points amongst all those geniuses is their lapse of memory.
Edison is going for a lecture tour to a few universities. He is saying goodbye to his wife and the maidservant is also standing there. He kisses the maidservant, thinking that she is his wife and waves to his wife, thinking that she is the maidservant. The driver of the car who was taking him cannot believe what is happening.
He said, "Sir, you have forgotten, you have got mixed up. The woman whom you are waving to is your wife and the other woman is your servant."
He said, "My God. There is no harm, I can get out of the car and put things right." He kissed his wife, waved to the maidservant and he said, "It often happens that I forget very essential things." He had discovered more inventions than anybody else before or after him -- one thousand inventions. Such a genius ... but while he was working on a certain invention, his wife had to remember and take notes, because in the middle of working on the invention he would forget what he was doing. At first he used to keep notes on paper, loose papers. Then it became a problem because thousands of loose papers in his study ... and he was rushing like mad, looking for the loose papers, "Where are those notes?" The wife said, "It is better you write down your notes in a diary. I don't understand science, how can I help you?"

So he started writing in a diary. Then he started forgetting those diaries; where has he put the diary? Where has he left it? Finally, his wife started learning something about science and started taking notes, so that whenever he was in trouble, she could give him the notes. She had a good memory, but no intelligence. But it was fortunate that she was with Edison. Once he forgot his own name, which is a rare, very rare phenomenon. I don't think it has happened ever, or it will happen again. To forget one's own name, that seems to be getting to the rock bottom of forgetfulness. You cannot forget anything more -- nothing is left.

In the first world war, when ration cards were introduced for the first time, everybody had to go to register his name and get his ration card. Edison also went and he was standing in a long queue. Slowly, slowly, the queue was becoming smaller and he finally got to the front and the clerk shouted loudly, "Thomas Alva Edison!" He looked all around, "Who is Thomas Alva Edison?" He asked the man behind him, "Do you know this fellow?"

The clerk said, "It is strange, where is this man, Thomas Alva Edison?" Somebody far back in the queue recognized that he was a world famous scientist. He had seen his pictures in the newspapers. He shouted from the back of the queue, "You are Thomas Alva Edison, I can guarantee it." He said, "If you can guarantee it, I will accept it. But as far as I am concerned, I have completely forgotten what my name is, because almost for fifty years nobody has used my name. My students, out of respect, just call me professor. My colleagues, out of respect, just call me professor. And my parents died very early on, when I was very young, so there is nobody who uses my name. Slowly, slowly, I have

become accustomed to hear my name as `the professor'. But I think you are right. Far, far back I remember, as if in a dream, I have heard Thomas Alva Edison, perhaps that is my name. And anyway nobody else is claiming it."

The clerk said, "You seem to be insane." He said, "That's true."

The world is full of sane people and those sane people do nothing at all; it is only the insane who have helped man's evolution. And this is true not only about Edison, but about many scientists, about many painters, about many poets.

Once, George Bernard Shaw was traveling in a train. The ticket checker came and Bernard Shaw looked all over, he almost felt like he was having a nervous breakdown because the ticket could not be found. The ticket checker said, "Don't be worried, Sir. I know you, the whole world knows you. The ticket must be somewhere in your luggage and I will be coming in the next round, you can show me -- and even if you don't show me there is no need to worry."

He was not ready to listen to what Bernard Shaw said to him: "You shut up. You don't understand my problem. Who cares about you? The problem is if I don't find my ticket, then I don't know where I am going. It is written on the ticket. So are you going to decide for me? I am in such trouble, the ticket has to be found."

The ticket checker must have been taken aback, that this was a strange situation. Shaw was not worried about being caught without a ticket, his worry was far far deeper. Now the question was, where was he going? And because he could not find the ticket he had to go back home on the next train. He could not bring to his memory the place he was going to.

But all educational systems of the world have emphasized memory too much. And their emphasis on memory is a great conspiracy against humanity, because the whole energy has been focused on memory: Memorize more and more so that you can be successful in your examinations. And you can see what kind of success happens in the universities. The people who get first class, the people who get the top first class, the people who top the whole university -- gold medalists, they are all lost in the world. You will never hear of them again, because the world needs intelligence, not memory.

Each moment intelligence is needed, not memory. My own understanding is that if we want to make humanity more conscious, more alert, more enlightened, then the emphasis has to be taken away from memory; the emphasis has to be put on intelligence.

But for universities, for professors, for pedagogues, emphasis on memory is simple. You just ask five questions and if the person can memorize the books, he can answer them.

My own professor was very much worried -- because he loved me so much -- because I never bothered about the prescribed books. And he was so concerned that, "Unless you answer exactly what is written in the books, it will be a great shock to all of us. You have the capacity to top the whole university, but the way you are behaving you cannot even pass."

I said, "Don't be worried," but he was so concerned that he used to come early in the morning to pick me up from the hostel and take me to the examination hall. He was not certain whether I would go or not, whether I would

remember to go or not. And he would stand there until I had gone in and he would tell every examiner, "Keep an eye on this student, don't let him get out of the hall before the three hours are over, because he may answer within one hour and be gone. Force him, whether he has answered or not, to be here for three hours."

I said, "This is strange," but the examiners listened to him because he was also the dean of the Faculty of Arts. They were all under him; it was just a coincidence. And that's why I say life is so full of mysteries. All my professors, my vice-chancellors, everybody was so surprised when I topped the university and got the gold medal. Nobody was expecting that.

But a coincidence -- one of the most famous professors of Allahabad University, Professor Ranade ... It was well known that in his life he had given only two persons first class. Those two were the bare minimum. Otherwise it was very difficult even to get pass marks from him. And he was thought to be not only a professor, but a sage. He had written great books with great insight; there was no doubt about his intellectual acumen.

Just by coincidence my papers reached his hands. And he wrote a note which the vice-chancellor showed to me, because he had written in the notes, "This note should be shown to the student: you are the only person in my life who has fulfilled my desire. I always hated memorized answers; your answers are so fresh and so short, to the point. You are not a man of memory. I wanted to give you a hundred percent marks, but that may look a little suspicious -- perhaps I am favoring you -- that's why I am giving you ninety-nine percent.

"But if you happen to come to Allahabad any time, I would love to meet you. In my whole life-long career as a professor, I have been waiting perhaps for you. I wanted these kind of answers. I wanted this courage -- that rather than answering the question, you questioned the question and you demolished the question completely. You have not answered it because there is nothing to answer; the question is absurd. And when you answer a question, you answer to the point. I don't want to read long answers, which are all repetitive. Everybody else is writing them, nobody is using his intelligence."

He was aware of the fact that memory is only mechanical; intelligence is your real treasure. And now it has become an absolute fact. In the future, memory will not be used at all, because you can carry a small computer in a pocket with all the answers for all the questions that can be asked. Even absurd questions ... for example, on what day Socrates was married. Or, who was the first man to use the bow and arrow. Everything can be ready-made. You can get any answer from the computer.

And computers can be so small that you can keep them in your pocket. They can be so small that you can make just a wristwatch out of them. On the surface it will look like a wristwatch, but deep down it is carrying all the answers that you need. Just ask the question and the answer is there.

It has happened in different areas before. Before the fountain-pen came into existence, people's handwriting was very beautiful, because there was great emphasis on handwriting. As the fountain-pen came into existence, those days of great handwriting disappeared.

Before calculators came into existence, everybody was able to calculate. Now, even the greatest mathematician never does any calculation without a calculator. Without a calculator he is at a loss. He may have even forgotten that two plus two is four. The calculator has demolished the great memory system about figures.

And now computers have come into existence. You may have a small computer but it can be connected with a big computer in your town, in your state or in your country, from where every kind of knowledge is available immediately. You just ask the question and the answer will appear on the screen of the computer.

Just the other day, Anando brought the news -- man is such a strange animal -- that in America there is now so much use of computers that a few criminals have started a new crime. That is, erasing people's computers' memory. And they have found such a beautiful system that you will never know what you are doing.

They simply advertise a certain puzzle or a certain game that can be played with the computer -- between you and the computer. And those games are so interesting that people start playing them on their computer. For a few moments, everything goes right. Those games are made in such a way that when the game is over and you are absolutely satisfied with it, the game that you have fed into the computer will start demolishing all memory that is in the computer. It will erase it all, blank. Next time when you ask anything, no answer will come.

Now there is a great fear; these people are very dangerous. And they are not getting anything out of it. Perhaps they are agents of the computer agencies which sell computers,

because if one program is completely erased, you are bound to go and get another. So the computer market will go on always having more demand than they can supply. Otherwise I don't see the point of why somebody should start such a thing. He is not gaining anything unless he is being paid by the computer agencies.
It seems that as man becomes more and more intelligent, his crimes also become more and more intelligent; his criminal mind is far ahead of his effort to become enlightened.
But, Anando, you don't have to be worried about your memory. What is essential is intelligence. And the whole energy should move towards intelligence. It will make you feel very light. And as far as memory is concerned, just use a notebook. Anything essential, fundamental, just note it down. Soon we will have computers, but before that you can use a diary. And there is no leakage. Leakage as such never happens.

Paddy, Sean and Mick were out hunting one day when they came upon some tracks. After looking at them closely, Paddy said, "Those are bear tracks."
"No, no," said Sean, "those are deer tracks."
"Hey Mick," they both asked, "what do you think they are?"
But before he could answer, all three were hit by a train.

Intelligence is going to be the savior, not memory.

A factory had a football game between the Polacks and the Italians. They played all afternoon, but neither team was

able to score. Suddenly it was five o'clock, the factory whistle blew and the Italian team walked off the field. Twenty minutes later the Polacks scored a goal.

Little Eddy said to his mother, "Mom, I want to be early at school this afternoon so that I can sit in the front row. We are going to have a lesson on sex." When he returned home later that day, his mother noticed that he looked very sad and disappointed. "What is the matter, Eddy, didn't you enjoy the lesson?" she asked.
"Phooey," replied Eddy, "it was all theory."

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,
I FIND MORE AND MORE THAT THE MOST ESSENTIAL THING FOR ME IN RELATIONSHIP, AS WELL AS MY STRONGEST WISH, IS TO BE LOVED AND ACCEPTED COMPLETELY, EXACTLY THE WAY I AM. IS THIS JUST ANOTHER WAY OF BEING NEEDY AND DEMANDING? WILL YOU THROW SOME LIGHT ON THIS CONFUSION I AM IN?

Tamar, you have put everything upside down. I have been telling you, accept everybody as he is. Don't make demands that he should fulfill some ideal of your conditioning, that he should be according to your fancy. This is not the way of love, and this is not even the way to behave humanly. Love accepts the person as he is. Certainly, the acceptance of the person as he is brings tremendous changes in the person. But they are not demanded. They happen on their own accord. But you have put the whole story in an

absolutely wrong way. Rather than accepting others as they are, you want them to accept you as you are.

Your question is really funny. And it shows how you go on listening to me and making up things which I have never said. I have never said such a thing in my whole life. What I said was just the contrary.

You are saying "I find more and more that the most essential thing for me in relationship, as well as my strongest wish, is to be loved and accepted completely, exactly the way I am. Is this just another way of being needy and demanding?"

It is simply the way of being stupid.

I have heard about a man who remained celibate to his very last breath. When he was dying -- and he was very old, ninety-years old ... and he was not a religious man either; why he remained celibate was a mystery. Many times people asked him, but he simply smiled and never answered. His friends had gathered and they said, "At least now, before you leave the body, solve the puzzle; otherwise it will torture our minds and the curiosity will remain lingering, and nobody will be able to find the answer. Only you can tell us why you remained celibate."

The man said, "I can say it now. I remained celibate because I was in search of a perfect woman." The people around him said, "Couldn't you get a perfect woman in a lifetime's search of ninety years?"

He said, "That is the most sad thing. Once I came across a perfect woman, but she was looking for a perfect man."

Now, it is not in your hands or in your power that the other should accept you as you are, and you should be loved and accepted completely. You cannot enforce this kind of idea

on anybody. Yes, you can love somebody as he is or she is, without making any demands. But you have put everything upside down. Rather than becoming accepting of people, you have got a new idea -- a very original idea -- that you should be accepted as you are and loved totally and perfectly. Then you will never be loved and you will never be accepted. You will remain always empty, hollow, and you will live a life of despair.
You have put the bullock behind the cart. Now there can be no movement. Just bring a little intelligence and see what you are doing. This is not possible. And never ask for the impossible, unless you are ready for a great frustration.

Paddy telephoned the police in a terrible state. "Officer," he cried, "come over at once. The steering wheel, the gear-stick, the clutch, the brake and the accelerator have all been stolen from my car." A few minutes later Paddy called back and said, "I am sorry, officer, no need to bother. I just realized I got in the back seat by mistake."

Tamar, you are in the back seat.

The woman was watching the next door neighbors embracing on their front door step one morning. She commented to her husband, "That's the most devoted couple I have ever met. Every time he goes out he kisses her. Why don't you do that?"
"Why should I?" nodded her husband, reading his newspaper, "I hardly know the woman."

When I am speaking, please try to understand what I am saying. Don't continue to read your newspaper.

Sally came home from her first date looking very pleased with herself. "How did it go with John?" asked her mother. "Ah, it was alright until after dinner," Sally replied, "But on the way home he stopped the car in a lonely lane and started kissing me to distract my attention. He then started feeling around inside my clothes but I fooled him -- I had hidden my money in my shoes."

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

The New Dawn
Chapter #33

Chapter title: **The New Dawn** is very close
4 July 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
TWELVE YEARS AGO I LEFT JAPAN TO FIND MY OWN WAY, WITHOUT LOOKING BACK. AT THAT TIME I HATED TO FACE ANY REMINDER THAT PULLED ME BACK TO THE JAPANESE CONDITIONING. NOW, WHAT I FEEL IS TOTALLY DIFFERENT. IT SEEMS AS IF THE OLD JAPAN HAS DIED IN ME, AND A NEW JAPAN APPEARED. I CAN FEEL A QUALITY OF BEAUTY, SENSITIVITY AND A

TREMENDOUS CAPACITY TO EXPAND TOWARDS A NEW WORLD. I USED TO FEEL A THICK CLOUD OF REPRESSION SUFFOCATING ME. NOW I FEEL A DANCE IN THE AIR. BELOVED MASTER, WHAT HAS CHANGED?

Geeta, everything has changed. Fundamentally you have changed. You are no longer the same person who left Japan twelve years ago. Your consciousness has grown new wings. You have dropped all repressive conditioning. Unfortunately, Japan is one of the most repressed countries. It is the ancient influence of Confucius. Confucius has remained dominant for twenty-five centuries over the whole Far East, and Confucius is unparalleled as far as a man of etiquette, manners, culture, and civilized ways is concerned. But he is not a man of realization. He knows nothing of the soul. He in fact does not believe that there is even a possibility of an inner world. His whole conception is of the outside world, and how to live in this outside world in the most cultured, refined and graceful way is the foundation of his philosophy.

China, Korea, Japan, Thailand -- except India, almost the whole of Asia has been dominated by Confucius. They all have lived in a tremendously beautiful way, but that beauty is only of the outside, of manners. Their smiles are false, but they have been trained to such a degree that it is absolutely impossible to make any distinction between an authentic smile and a false smile. Perhaps the false looks better because it is practiced, it is the discipline.

The Japanese mind is one of the most disciplined minds, but in that discipline all spontaneity dies. Man lives

according to fixed rules, regulations, but has not the freedom of consciousness to respond to situations. And situations are changing every day, every moment. Unless you are also capable of changing with the changing existence, you will never feel joy, you will never feel contented, you will never feel at ease. There will be always a great tension and anguish inside you.

The suicide rate is the highest in Japan; for small reasons people commit suicide. The tension is so much that suicide seems to be easier than living under the pressure and tension. And the pressure and tension is so respectable that anybody who goes against it is badly condemned, so rebels don't exist in Japan. Rebellion as such is not known to Japan. It has created a very strange society, where everybody is fake -- beautiful but unauthentic, looking joyous but without joy. Only the appearance is well painted; the interior is empty.

Geeta, your coming to me was coming to a totally and diametrically opposite world. Here I emphasize spontaneity, not discipline. Here my teaching is to be responsible in the moment.

Don't act out of your knowledge, but act out of your consciousness. Don't be dictated to by any discipline, howsoever old, howsoever ancient. Withdraw yourself from all conditionings and live an unconditional, spontaneous, moment-to-moment, changing, flowing and relaxed life.

To me there is no other way of being religious. All that is known as religion has been only destroying people's lives. It has been poisoning their naturalness, it has been creating immense tension and allowing no relaxation. And except

man, the whole of existence is utterly relaxed. The moment you are tense you are no longer part of existence, you are left alone. That creates great anxiety.

If you are relaxed, the stars are with you, and the trees and the rivers and the mountains and the birds, everything is with you. The whole of existence suddenly turns into a home. You are not a foreigner in existence, you are not an outsider. You are not a stranger, you belong to it, you are rooted in it. Your life and its life are not two separate things; they are one phenomenon. The whole idea of separation is false.

I know in these twelve years that you have been with me you have not looked back towards Japan. Japan has a main current ... it is a very fossilized society; it consists of dead people. But a small part is very alive. It is not the main current, it flows side by side with the main current -- but that is the true Japan, its very soul. That small part consists of those people who are committed totally to only one single thing, and that is meditation.

They have focused all their energies only on one point: how to get beyond mind. Those few people are the very soul ... they are the living people, the most living people. In their monasteries they are living a life as natural as possible, as full of reverence towards existence as human nature allows. Those are the most beautiful flowers you can find anywhere in the world.

Coming here, you have really found the living Japan. That's why there has not been a need to look back.

When I was arrested in America, the first protest came from a Zen monastery, from Japan. Then thousands of protests came from all over the world. But the first to reach

was from Japan, from a Zen master, addressed to the president of America and to the jail where I was being kept. The jailer could not believe it. He rushed to me and showed me the telegram: "Do you know this man?"

I said, "I don't know him." But a Zen master from Japan had written to the president of America, saying, "We are teaching Zen in our monastery and in our university from the books of Osho. Arresting a man who is absolutely innocent -- and you don't have any proof, any evidence against him -- and keeping him in jail without giving him bail, is so ugly that it condemns your whole propaganda of being a democratic country. We vehemently protest, and want you to understand that anybody in the world who is interested in the inner growth of man will feel the same; it is not only our feeling."

Just a few days ago I received a message that one of my books, THE SUPREME UNDERSTANDING, is the biggest selling book of one publisher in Japan. Sixty thousand copies ... and it is still in demand; more editions are needed. It has gone through twelve editions already. Somebody has sent a list of the books: my books are the top sellers, next to me is Friedrich Nietzsche, and then third comes somebody Japanese. Although I have not been in Japan, almost two dozen of my books have been translated into Japanese and have been received with great love and understanding. Almost every university in Japan is teaching Zen through my books. It is their tradition, they have developed it, but my interpretations have appealed to them more than their own commentaries and their own interpretations.

Coming to me, Geeta, you have come to yourself, to Japan's very soul. It was because of this fact that you never missed Japan. You are saying, "Twelve years ago I left Japan to find my own way, without looking back." You have found your own way. Now there is no need of looking back at all.

"At that time I hated to face any reminder that pulled me back to the Japanese conditioning. Now, what I feel is totally different." It is bound to be so, because now you understand not the superficial Japan and its social structure. Now you have looked into the greatest contribution Japan has made to the world -- Zen. It is the purest form of meditation.

There are thousands of ways of meditation, but nothing is so pure and so refined as Zen. Now you will certainly look at Japan in a totally different way, with great respect. Now what is apparent to the ordinary eyes is not, to you, the real Japan. The real Japan is hidden in the monasteries, in the mountains. It has to be found within yourself, and nowhere else.

"It seems as if the old Japan has died in me and a new Japan appeared." It is absolutely true. "I can feel a quality of beauty, sensitivity and a tremendous capacity to expand towards a new world. I used to feel a thick cloud of repression suffocating me. Now I feel a dance in the air. Beloved master, what has changed?"

You have changed. You have come to know something of the inner. You have become relaxed. You are no longer clouded by tensions; you are no longer surrounded by the conditionings of a certain society, a certain land, a certain country. You have become, in this gathering, a citizen of a

world -- of a world that is going to come. These are the new arrivals here, the first arrivals of a world, of a whole new world with a whole new conception of man.
You are heralding a new dawn, a new beginning. You may not understand exactly right now, but through you human consciousness is moving towards a new height, dropping all that is rotten and old and creating a new garden with fresh flowers -- with more color, with more variety, with more individuality ... unique beings with a totally new vision of life. Spontaneous, alert, living moment to moment; neither being bothered by the past nor being tortured by the future ... a humanity that knows only one state of time and space: for time only now, and for space only here.
And twelve years are enough to destroy your personality, and to give you a rebirth and bring a new individuality to you. It has arrived. Hence you feel a dance in the air, because a dance is now in your heart.

After their first date, Mary refused to see George anymore. Not to be put off so easily, George began writing to her. He was so infatuated that he sent a special delivery letter twice a day for sixty-three consecutive days. On the sixty-fourth day, the campaign produced results: Mary ran off with the mail man.

Twelve years are going to produce some results, Geeta -- right?

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO,

MY BIGGEST FEAR AND LIMITATION, AS FAR AS I CAN DISCOVER, IS THE FEAR OF BEING LEFT ALONE. I FEEL THAT THIS ALWAYS HAD, AND STILL HAS, A STRONG INFLUENCE ON MY LIFE AND MY RELATIONSHIPS. BESIDES FEELING THIS FEAR AND LETTING IT BE THERE -- WHICH I OBVIOUSLY HAVEN'T DONE ENOUGH -- IS THERE ANY OTHER WAY OUT OF IT? BELOVED MASTER, WOULD YOU LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THIS FEAR OF BEING LEFT, AND ALONE?

Sadhan, the fear of being left alone is something natural, because everybody is born in a family, so from the very beginning one is always within a certain group, a certain crowd, a certain religion. Always there are people surrounding you. So being amongst people becomes almost natural to us, although it is only a habit.

It is not natural; as far as nature is concerned, everybody is born alone. It does not matter that one is born in a family. For nine months in the mother's womb you are alone. After you are born, whenever you close your eyes you will find your aloneness. Even in the marketplace, just close your eyes and you will find yourself alone.

Aloneness is your very nature, and the crowd is just a habit. But the habit has become so strong and you have become so unaware of your nature that there is always a fear that if everybody leaves you, what are you going to do? In fact, you don't know who you are if everybody leaves you. It is their opinions which create an identity for you.

Somebody says to you, "Sadhan, you are so beautiful." He is giving you a certain identity. Somebody says, "You are

so intelligent," somebody says, "You are so joyful," somebody says, "You are so loving." These are all opinions. They may have been expressed only as a form of etiquette, they may not mean anything, but you collect these opinions. And this is what your personality is.
Your personality depends on what people say about you. That's why everybody is so much concerned about his reputation, his name, his prestige. And society exploits this situation very cleverly. It keeps everybody trembling, afraid, because society has the power to take away your respectability, your honor. You are a slave, unknowingly, because you depend on society for your identity. Without that identity you don't know who you are. That is the ultimate fear of being left alone, that you will not know who you are.
I have told you a Sufi story .... A Sufi mystic comes to Mecca. It is a festival time, when Mohammedans from all over the world come to Mecca. It is part of their religion that every Mohammedan at least once in his life must go to Mecca. I have seen poor Mohammedans ... And Mohammedans are poor because of certain of their religious ideas. They are so fanatic that they cannot change those ideas, and unless they change those ideas they are not going to be rich. Their ideas simply go against the whole economics.
Mohammedans are against lending money with interest or borrowing money with interest. Now, the whole world of economics depends on interest. The whole of banking, the whole of business, even the nations, even the greatest industrialists, the super-rich -- all are dependent on loans. Nobody is going to give you money without interest, and

Mohammedanism is against interest, saying that it is the greatest sin, to take interest or to give interest. Naturally, Mohammedans have remained the poorest people of the world.

I have seen poor Mohammedans selling their houses, their land or whatsoever they had, just to go at least once to Mecca; otherwise they are not perfect Mohammedans. How are they going to face their God? The first question he will ask is, "Have you been to Mecca or not?"

This Sufi mystic, a poor Mohammedan, went to Mecca. All the hotels were full, all the caravanserais were full. And he was not a rich man. He knocked on many doors, but everywhere he was refused -- millions of people had gathered there. And in the desert in the cold night, hungry and thirsty, how was he going to survive? Finally he told the manager of a hotel, "I will lie down anywhere -- on the steps, in the basement. But at least for the night ... I am tired, I have been walking miles and miles to reach here."

The manager said, "I can see you are tired and you look a very simple and humble man. I cannot refuse you. But the trouble is, we don't have any room, any place. Just one thing is possible. One room I have given to a man -- he is rich. It is a double bedroom; he is alone, but he has paid for the room. I can ask him, perhaps he may feel some compassion for you. So come with me."

The manager thought, "There is no problem, because one bed is empty. Why send this poor man ...? He can go to sleep." So the manager left, and the mystic, with his turban, with his shoes, with his coat, went to bed -- even with his shoes on. He wore everything, and of course sleep was difficult. He was tossing and turning, and because of his

tossing and turning the man to whom the room belonged could not sleep.
Finally the man said, "Listen, I have allowed you to sleep here but you don't sleep, you are simply tossing and turning. And I can see that in such a situation nobody can sleep: you have not even taken your shoes off, your turban is on, you are sleeping in a tight coat; it is impossible. And you are not allowing me either to sleep."
The mystic said, "It is a great problem."
The man said, "What is the great problem?"
He said, "You are sleeping naked; I also have the habit of sleeping naked."
So the man said, "Then what is the problem? Just get naked and go to sleep!"
The mystic said, "It is not so easy. The problem is, if I go to sleep naked, in the morning how am I going to find out who is me -- you or me? Because my only identity is my clothes: my turban, my shoes. Naked, I don't have any identity. So in the morning who will say who I am ?"
The man laughed at the stupidity. He said, "I will suggest to you something. Just look in the corner -- some toy ... perhaps the previous people who stayed in the room, their children must have left it." So he said, "Do one thing: take that toy, tie it to your foot and go to sleep. In the morning you can see that the toy is there, so it is certainly you."
The mystic said, "That sounds absolutely right." He dropped his clothes, got naked; the other man helped in tying the toy to his foot and he fell asleep and immediately started snoring. He was really tired.
The other man had an idea. He untied the toy, tied it to his foot, and went to sleep. In the morning the mystic woke up,

looked at his foot, looked at the other man's foot and said, "My God, I know you are me, but who am I? It is absolutely certain you are me, because the toy is there on your foot. But now the problem arises, who am I?"
Mystics have used this story for centuries to tell you that your whole identity consists of very nonessential things: and those are the opinions given by others to you. They can withdraw their opinions; hence people are always afraid to do anything that goes against tradition, religion, political ideology, nationalistic attitudes. Even if it seems absolutely wrong, people go on supporting it for the simple reason that they are afraid that if they raise their voice against anything traditional, society can withdraw the identity that it has given to them. And then you will not know who you are.
This is the fear, Sadhan, that if you are left alone, how will you know who you are? Those people who had made you something, somebody, are all gone. And the fear remains until you come to know yourself directly, not via the other.
These are the two things to be remembered. When you know yourself via others, it is your personality, just a thin layer of opinions. When you know yourself directly, you know your individuality. And once you have known your individuality, the fear of being left alone disappears. There is no other way.
You are asking, "My biggest fear and limitation, as far as I can discover, is the fear of being left alone." This is not only your fear, this is the fear every human being suffers from. It is good that you have become aware of it, because that is the first step towards getting rid of it.
"I feel that this always had, and still has, a strong influence on my life and my relationships." If the fear is there it is

bound to have an influence on your life, because you will always move in such a way that you are not left alone, whatever the price you have to pay, even if you have to remain a slave your whole life. If you have to sell your soul you will sell it, but you will remain surrounded by the crowd. It feels cozy, secure, safe. You know who you are. It will destroy your whole spiritual beauty, your spiritual glory. It will destroy all your possibilities of inner growth. And it is going to influence your relationships. Millions of people go on living in relationships which are simply hell; but just out of the fear that they will be left alone they go on clinging. It is miserable, it is a great suffering, it is a torture, but at least somebody is with you.

In comparison to being left alone, it is better to be miserable but to be with someone. That is one of the reasons why millions of people go on suffering, and still go on clinging to the same relationships which are not giving them any nourishment, but are simply destructive, suicidal. Only a man or a woman who is capable of being alone is also capable of being in a relationship without being destroyed by it -- because being alone is no longer a fear. If some relationship is creating misery, you can simply get out of it. Nobody can prevent you. It is a very pathetic situation, that millions of people are clinging to each other just out of the fear that they might be left alone. And to be alone is our nature. There is nothing to fear, only you have to experience it. Once you have experienced, in the deep silences of your heart, the beauty of your aloneness and the ecstasy of your aloneness, all fear will be gone. And you will laugh at your past: how stupid you have been! What have you been doing with yourself?

"Besides feeling this fear and letting it be there -- which I obviously have not done enough -- is there any other way out of it?" There is only one way out of it, and that is: learn to enter into your aloneness as often as possible. Whenever you have a chance, don't unnecessarily get busy to avoid your aloneness. Whenever you have a chance, close your eyes, sit silently, relaxed, and look inside. Slowly, slowly the turmoil settles, the mind becomes quiet, and a deep silence prevails. And suddenly you start feeling your innermost being, your very center of life, which is alone. There is nobody and there can never be anybody.

Nobody can approach there except you. It is your territory. It is the only place which belongs to you. Nobody can take it away, not even death. That will happen to the outside, to the body, to the mind, but not to this inner space, which for centuries we have called the soul, the spirit or the god within you -- whatever name you want. But this aloneness, once known, simply removes all fear. In fact it brings a new dimension of blissfulness. Rather than being afraid of aloneness, you become more and more intrigued with its mystery. You want to be more and more alone.

In the middle of the night you will awake and sit in your bed and just move into your aloneness. And it is only a question of going again and again. By your moving in and out the way becomes easier, the path becomes easier. It becomes so easy that just any moment you close your eyes you immediately reach, without losing a split second, to the center. Then in the very marketplace you can be alone, in the crowd. And you will feel such a joy arising in you, such a song out of your silence, such fragrance that you have never known before.

Sadhan, it is not a big problem. It is a very simple thing. Just, because people have forgotten the very idea of going within themselves, it looks like something difficult. But I say unto you, it is the simplest thing in the world.

This fear of being alone, or left alone, is not a simple phenomenon; it is very complex. Because of it, many other things happen to you: jealousy is part of it, anger is part of it, sadness is part of it, attachment is part of it, possessiveness is part of it. You can see why -- why you want to dominate as a husband, as a wife, as a parent. Why do you want to dominate? Just to make sure that the other is absolutely under your control. Hence everybody is trying to keep everybody else under control. But deep down it is only the fear of being alone. And it is not only today; perhaps from the very beginning -- if there has ever been a beginning -- the fear has been there.

And, Sadhan, because you are a woman it is even more complex, because man has taken away all possibilities of your independence. Mostly he has not allowed you to be educated, he has not allowed you to learn any craftsmanship, any skill; he has not allowed you to be financially free and independent. That was his strategy to keep you in bondage. He is also afraid of being left alone. Out of his fear he has destroyed women's liberty. And a woman is more afraid of being left alone because now she is absolutely dependent. She will not be able to earn, she will not be able to stand on her own. So even if her husband is just a torturer, a sadist, she has to remain with him. At least he takes care of her food, of her clothes, of a shelter.

Coming home very late one night, Adam found Eve waiting angrily. "Late again," she shouted, "you must be seeing some other woman."
"I consider that accusation wildly absurd," said the outraged Adam. "You know perfectly well that you and I are quite alone in this world." Adam stamped off to bed. He was awakened by a tickling sensation on his chest. Opening his eyes, he saw Eve hovering over him, carefully counting his ribs.

Because God had created Eve by taking one rib out, she is counting the ribs. Perhaps he has taken out another rib and somewhere in the surroundings there is another woman in the bushes.
This fear, although natural, can be dropped, because you have the possibility of rising above nature. Your awareness can go higher, and from those heights what was very important in the dark valleys of life becomes absolutely unimportant and ridiculous. The day you can laugh about all your fears will be a great day in your life -- and I am preparing you for that day.

A naive priest is moved to a parish in a bad neighborhood of New York and is bewildered by the many women who are constantly approaching him to whisper, "Five bucks for a blowjob, buddy."
Not wanting to remain ignorant any longer, he approaches a local nun. "Excuse my ignorance, sister," says the young priest, "but could you please tell me what a blowjob is?"
The nun snaps back, "Five bucks, just like anywhere else."

I am preparing you so that one day you can laugh about everything that has been a fear, a misery, a possessiveness, a domination, and you can joke about everything that people are taking too seriously.

Two Irish girls were commiserating with each other about their unmarried state. "At least I was two-thirds married once," said Maureen.
"What do you mean, two-thirds married?" asked Eileen.
"Well," replied Maureen, "I was there, the priest was there, but that bloody Paddy never showed up."

Life is so hilarious. Why should you unnecessarily get worried about fear, about misery, and about Latifa and Om? I think most of your problems seem important because they are the problems of millions of people. So you think that certainly your problems are serious, and great, and difficult. But that is not the right conclusion.

Hymie and Betty Goldberg were having a day in the country. Betty saw a lovely place under a tree next to a small pond and pointed it out to Hymie.
"That's a beautiful spot for a picnic," she said.
"It must be, dear," shrugged Hymie. "Fifty million mosquitoes can't be wrong."
That is the trouble. But I say to you, fifty million mosquitoes may not be wrong, but fifty million human beings may be wrong, because they are simply imitating each other. It is the same story. They are all playing the same game, the same role, and just because the whole crowd is suffering from the same problem, a small problem

becomes an epidemic. If you look at the problem and forget the fifty million mosquitoes, it is a very small problem, and a very small method can bring you out of it.

Question 3
BELOVED OSHO,
ALTHOUGH AT THE TIME I LOOKED, FELT, AND BEHAVED MORE LIKE A MAFIA HEAVY THAN A MEDITATOR, YOU GAVE ME THE NAME, DHYAN VIPAL. OVER TWO YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE I TOOK SANNYAS, AND ALTHOUGH SOME PEOPLE STILL SAY I LOOK LIKE A GANGSTER, I DON'T OFTEN FEEL, AND VERY SELDOM BEHAVE LIKE ONE. MOMENTS OF SILENCE AND PEACEFULNESS HAVE PENETRATED MY TOUGH OUTWARD EXTERIOR AND HAVE BECOME MORE PROLONGED AND FREQUENT.
THE LONGER I SPEND HERE WITH YOU, THE MORE I SEE THE POSSIBILITY OF REALLY BECOMING THE NAME YOU HAVE GIVEN ME. DO YOU THINK IT WILL HELP IF I DROP MY SUNGLASSES AND TOOTHPICKS?

Dhyan Vipal, the first thing: you need not be worried about what the fifty million mosquitoes say. You simply be yourself. If you like your sunglasses, there is no question of dropping them. But if you yourself are feeling that they are unnecessary, or they no longer suit your new individuality that is arising, then certainly you should drop them -- but not because of what others say.

Always remember, I am absolutely against any change because of the opinion of the crowd. If you look like a mafia heavy, it is perfectly good. If you look like a gangster, that's great. I need all kinds of people. I trust in variety. A few mafia guys are certainly needed! So I don't think you have to drop your sunglasses and toothpicks, because once you drop them somebody else is going to pick them up -- here there are many mafia guys. It is better you keep them.

But if you feel that the changes that are happening in you ... you may never have thought about it, that when changes in your inner being start happening you want to wear different kinds of clothes, you want to have a different haircut. Because whatever you use -- your clothes, your sunglasses, your hats, your shoes -- are extensions of your mind. They are not just there by accident, you have chosen them; they show some quality in you.

So if the inner quality changes and suddenly you find that something has become outdated, it no longer fits with you, you have to drop it; but not because others are saying to drop it. Never listen to anybody. All these wise guys who go on advising everybody to do this, do that, these are very dangerous people. Their whole effort is to impose their ideas on others. I am not at all in favor of interfering in anybody's private affairs.

Now, your sunglasses are absolutely a private affair. You are not doing any harm to anybody. Why should somebody get upset? There are people who will get upset because you are wearing sunglasses; it is their problem if they get upset. Let the whole world be upset, but don't drop your

sunglasses. You don't know about all these wise guys, what their situation is.
You stick to your own individuality. Yes, if inner changes need outer changes, you have to listen to your inner voice. Always go according to it; that is your guide, and nobody else has the right to interfere in your life.

The pope is working on a crossword puzzle on Sunday afternoon. He stops for a moment, scratches his head, then asks the cardinal, "Can you think of a four-letter word, meaning woman, that ends in u-n-t?"
"Aunt," replies the cardinal.
"That's it," says the pope, blushing. "Have you got an eraser?"

These are the wise guys, who are advising everybody. They are the representatives of God. Particularly the pope is infallible -- and still he needs an eraser!
Don't be bothered by anybody. Simply be authentic and true to yourself. It will be something grand to see a mafia guy becoming a Gautam Buddha, with his sunglasses over his eyes, with his toothpicks, looking like a gangster. The world needs ... just one variety of Gautam Buddha, one size, one shape is boring.
I am in support of every kind of person -- of all sizes and all shapes, of unique personalities, of individualities which have no parallel anywhere -- becoming enlightened. But this is possible only if you don't become a follower, if you don't become a believer, if you don't imitate; if you simply listen to your own still, small voice, and without any fear, trusting it courageously, go on moving wherever it leads.

Only then will we have in the world different flowerings, with different fragrances, and a world immensely rich.
The crowd hates uniqueness; it likes similarity. It wants you all to be the same. It does not want you to stand alone, separate, a sunlit peak. The crowd hates individuals -- I love individuals. And the mind of the crowd has been the most destructive mind. My suggestion to my people is, never be influenced by the crowd. Try to remain aloof, try to remain yourself. Only then is there a possibility that someday your night will come to an end and a new dawn, a new beginning, a new birth, a new ecstasy, a new dance, a new song will overwhelm you.
That new dawn is very close, you just have to remember to be yourself, authentically, sincerely. Up to now mankind has lived as a crowd. From now onwards, if mankind wants to live at all it has to live as individuals, not as crowds.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.